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OF

CHOICE LITERATURE

OF ALL NATIONS AND ALL TIME.

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SAKOONTALÁ, OR THE LOST RING.

"Wouldst thou the young year's blossoms and the fruit
of its decline,
And all by which the soul is charmed, enraptured,
feasted, fed?
Would thou the earth and heaven itself in one sole
name combine?
I name thee, O 'Sakoontalá!' and all at once is
said." GOETHE.

[1 HOW AN ANCIENT LITERATURE DID MORE THAN GREAT ARMIES COULD.—When the people of Hindústán, in the last century, came under the British power, they were regarded as a debased and alien race. Their complexion reminded their conquerors of Africa. Their divinities were hideous monsters. Their social system was anti-human and detestable. Suttee, thuggee, Juggernaut, all sorts of cruel and shocking abominations, seemed to characterize and degrade them. The proudest Indian prince was, in the sight and ordinary speech of the rawest white subaltern, only a "nigger." This universal contempt was retorted with a hatred as universal, and threatening in the future most disastrous consequences to the British rule. Then came an unexpected and wonderful discovery. European philologists, studying the language of the conquered race, discovered that the classic mother-tongue of Northern Hindústán was the elder sister of the Greek, the Latin, the German, and the Celtic languages. At the same time a splendid literature was unearthed, which filled the scholars of Europe with astonishment and delight. The despised Asiatics became not only the blood relations, but the teachers and exemplars of their conquerors. The revulsion of feeling on both sides was immense. Mutual esteem and confidence, to a large extent, took the place of repulsion and distrust. Even in the mutiny which occurred while the change was yet in progress, a very large proportion of the native princes and people refused to take part in the outbreak. Since that time the good will has steadily grown with the fellowship of common studies and aims. It may fairly be affirmed at this day that the discovery of the Sanskrit language and literature has been of more value to England in the retention and increase of her Indian empire than an army of 100,000 men.—*Popular Science Monthly*, January, 1888.]

Only seventy years have elapsed since the great English Orientalist, Sir William Jones, astonished the learned world by the discovery of a Sanskrit dramatic literature. He has himself given us the history of this discovery. It appears that, on his arrival in Bengal, he was very solicitous to procure access to certain books called Nátaks, of which he had read in one of the *Lettres Édifiantes et Curieuses*, written by the Jesuit missionaries of China. But, although he sought information by consulting both Bráhmans and Europeans, he was wholly unable for some time to satisfy his curiosity as to the nature of these books. It was reported to him that they were not histories, as he had hoped, but that they abounded with fables, and consisted of conversations in prose and verse held before ancient Rájás in their public assemblies. Others, again, asserted that they were discourses on dancing, music, and poetry. At length, a sensible Bráhman, conversant with European manners, removed all his doubts, and gave him no less delight than surprise by telling him that the English nation had compositions of the same sort, which were publicly represented at Calcutta in the cold season, and bore the name of plays. The same Bráhman, when asked which of these Nátaks was most universally esteemed, answered without hesitation, "Sakoontalá."

It may readily be imagined with what interest the keen Orientalist received this communication; with what rapidity he followed up the clue; and, when at length his zeal was rewarded by actual possession of a MSS. copy of one of these dramas, with what avidity he proceeded to explore the treasures which, for eighteen hundred years, had remained as unknown to the European world as the gold-fields of Australia. Indeed, it has now been ascertained that the antiquity of some of the Sanskrit dramas thus brought to light extends back to a still more remote period than the commencement of the Christian era.

The earliest with which we are acquainted, "The Toy-Cart," translated by Professor H. H. Wilson, is attributed to a regal author, King Súdraka, whose reign is generally fixed in the second century B. C., and it is not improbable that others, the names of which only have been preserved, may belong to a previous century.

[1 See Michilet's "Bible of Humanity," *Library of Choice Literature*, Vol. III., page 89.

Considering that the nations of Europe can scarcely be said to have possessed a dramatic literature before the fourteenth or fifteenth century of the present era, the great age of the Hindú plays would of itself be a most interesting and attractive circumstance, even if their poetical merit were not of a very high order. But when to the antiquity of these productions is added their extreme beauty and excellence as literary compositions, and when we also take into account their value as representations of the early condition of Hindú society—which, notwithstanding the lapse of two thousand years, has in many particulars obeyed the law of unchangeableness ever stamped on the manners and customs of the East—we are led to wonder that the study of the Indian drama has not commended itself in a greater degree to the attention of Europeans.

Of all Indian dramatists, and indeed of all Indian poets, the most celebrated is Kálidása, the writer of "Sakoontalá." He comes next in date to Súdraka, the author of "The Toy-Cart;" and although little is known of the circumstances of his life, yet there is satisfactory evidence to prove that he lived in the time of King Vikramáditya I., whose capital was Ujjayiní, now Oujein (a sacred and very ancient city, situated to the northeast of Gujarát), and who flourished in the middle of the century preceding the commencement of our era.

From the absence of historical literature in India, our knowledge of the state of Hindústán between the incursion of Alexander and the Mohammedan conquest is very slight. But it is ascertained with tolerable accuracy that, after the invasion of the kingdoms of Bactria and Afghánistán, the Tartars or Scythians (called by the Hindús "Sakas") overran the northwestern provinces of India, and retained possession of them till the reign of Vikramáditya. This great monarch succeeded in driving back the barbaric hordes beyond the Indus, and so consolidated his empire that his dominion extended over the whole of Northern Hindústán. His name is even now cherished among the Hindús with pride and affection, and the date of his victory over the Scythians, B. C. 56, is the starting-point of the Samvat era, from which they still continue to count. There is good authority for affirming that the reign of Vikramáditya I. was equal in brilliancy to that of any monarch in any age or country. He was a liberal patron of science and literature, and gave the most splendid encouragement to poets, philologists, astronomers, and mathematicians. Nine illustrious men of genius adorned his court, and were supported by his bounty. They were called the "Nine Gems;" and Kálidása is by general consent allowed to have been the brightest of the nine. To him (as to another celebrated Indian dramatist, Bhavabhúti, who flourished in the eighth century) only three plays are attributed; and of these the "Sakoontalá," the third and fourth acts of which are here translated, has acquired the greatest celebrity.

Indeed, the popularity of this play with the natives of India exceeds that of any other dramatic, and probably of any other poetical composition. But it is not in India alone that the "Sakoontalá" is known and admired. Its excellence is now recognized in every literary circle throughout the continent of Europe; and its beauties, if not yet universally known and appreciated, are at least acknowledged by many learned men in every country of the civilized world.

PERSONS REPRESENTED AND REFERRED TO IN THIS EXTRACT.

DUSHYANTA, *king of* INDIA.
MÁTHAVYA, *the jester, friend and companion of the* KING.
KANWA, *chief of the hermits, foster-father of* SAKOONTALÁ.
SÁRNGARAVA, SÁRADWATA, } *two Bráhmans, belonging to the hermitage of* KANWA.
KARABHAKA, *a messenger of the queen-mother.*
RAIVATAKA, *the warder or door-keeper.*
SAKOONTALÁ, *daughter of the sage* VISWÁMITRA *and the nymph* MENAKÁ, *foster-child of the hermit* KANWA.
PRIYAMVADÁ *and* ANASUYÁ, *female attendants, companions of* SAKOONTALÁ.
GAUTAMI, *a holy matron, superior of the female inhabitants of the hermitage.*

[The first act is occupied with the introduction of KING DUSHYANTA who, with numerous attendants, is on a hunting expedition, and the act finishes with the accidental meeting between the KING and SAKOONTALÁ.]

SCENE.—*A plain on the skirts of the forest. Enter the Jester,* MÁTHAVYA, *in a melancholy mood.*

MÁTHAVYA. [*Sighing.*

HEIGH-HO! what an unlucky fellow I am! worn to a shadow by my royal friend's sporting propensities. "Here's a deer!" "There goes a boar!" "Yonder's a tiger!" This is the only burden of our talk, while in the heat of the meridian sun we toil on from jungle to jungle, wandering about in the paths of the woods, where the trees afford us no shelter. Are we thirsty? We have nothing to drink but the foul water of some mountain stream, filled with dry leaves, which give it a most pungent flavor. Are we hungry? We have nothing to eat but roast game, which we must swallow down at odd times as best we can. Even at night there is no peace to be had. Sleeping is out of the question, with joints all strained by dancing attendance upon my sporting friend; or if I do happen to doze, I am awakened at the very earliest dawn by the horrible din of a lot of rascally beaters and huntsmen, who must needs surround the wood before sunrise, and deafen me with their clatter. Nor are these my only troubles. Here's a fresh grievance, like a new boil rising upon

an old one! Yesterday, while we were lagging behind, my royal friend entered yonder hermitage after a deer; and there, as ill-luck would have it, caught sight of a beautiful girl, called Sakoontalá, the hermit's daughter. From that moment, not another thought about returning to the city! and all last night, not a wink of sleep did he get for thinking of the damsel. What is to be done? At any rate, I will be on the watch for him as soon as he has finished his toilet. [*Walking and looking about.*] Oh! here he comes, attended by the Yavana women with bows in their hands, and wearing garlands of wild flowers. What shall I do? I have it. I will pretend to stand in the easiest attitude for resting my bruised and crippled limbs. [*Stands leaning on a staff.*

Enter King DUSHYANTA, *followed by a retinue.*

KING.

True, by no easy conquest may I win her,
Yet are my hopes encouraged by her mien.
Love is not yet triumphant; but, methinks,
The hearts of both are ripe for his delights.

[*Smiling.*] Ah! thus does the lover delude himself; judging of the state of his loved one's feelings by his own desires. But yet,

The stolen glance with half-averted eye,
The hesitating gait, the quick rebuke
Addressed to her companion, who would fain
Have stayed her counterfeit departure; these
Are signs not unpropitious to my suit.
So eagerly the lover feeds his hopes,
Claiming each trivial gesture for his own.

MÁTHAVYA. [*Still in the same attitude.*

Ah, friend, my hands cannot move to greet you with the usual salutation. I can only just command my lips to wish your majesty victory.

KING.

Why, what has paralyzed your limbs?

MÁTHAVYA.

You might as well ask me how my eye comes to water after you have poked your finger into it.

KING.

I don't understand you; speak more intelligibly.

MÁTHAVYA.

Ah, my dear friend, is yonder upright reed transformed into a crooked plant by its own act, or by the force of the current?

KING.

The current of the river causes it, I suppose.

MÁTHAVYA.

Aye; just as you are the cause of my crippled limbs.

KING.

How so?

MÁTHAVYA.

Here are you living the life of a wild man of the woods in a savage, unfrequented region, while your state affairs are left to shift for themselves; and as for poor me, I am no longer master of my own limbs, but have to follow you about day after day in your chases after wild animals, till my bones are all crippled and out of joint. Do, my dear friend, let me have one day's rest.

KING. [*Aside.*

This fellow little knows, while he talks in this manner, that my mind is wholly engrossed by recollections of the hermit's daughter, and quite as disinclined to the chase as his own.

No longer can I bend my well-braced bow
Against the timid deer; nor e'er again
With well-aimed arrows can I think to harm
These her beloved associates, who enjoy
The privilege of her companionship;
Teaching her tender glances in return.

MÁTHAVYA. [*Looking in the* KING'S *face.*

I may as well speak to the winds, for any attention you pay to my requests. I suppose you have something on your mind, and are talking it over to yourself.

KING. [*Smiling.*

I was only thinking that I ought not to disregard a friend's request.

MÁTHAVYA.

Then may the King live forever! [*Moves off.*

KING.

Stay a moment, my dear friend. I have something else to say to you.

MÁTHAVYA.

Say on, then.

KING.

When you have rested, you must assist me in another business, which will give you no fatigue.

MÁTHAVYA.

In eating something nice, I hope.

KING.

You shall know at some future time.

MÁTHAVYA.

No time better than the present.

KING.

What ho! there.

WARDER. [*Entering.*

What are your Majesty's commands?

KING.

O Raivatika! bid the General of the forces attend.

WARDER.

I will, Sire. [*Exit and re-enters with the* GENERAL.] Come forward, General; his Majesty is looking towards you, and has some order to give you.

GENERAL. [*Looking at the* KING.

Though hunting is known to produce ill effects, my royal master has derived only benefit from it. For

Like the majestic elephant that roams
O'er mountain wilds, so does the King display
A stalwart frame, instinct with vigorous life.
His brawny arms and manly chest are scored
By frequent passage of the sounding string;
Unharmed he bears the mid-day sun; no toil
His mighty spirit daunts; his sturdy limbs,
Stripped of redundant flesh, relinquish nought
Of their robust proportions, but appear
In muscle, nerve, and sinewy fibre cased.

[*Approaching the* KING.] Victory to the King! We have tracked the wild beasts to their lairs in the forest. Why delay, when everything is ready?

KING.

My friend Máthavya here has been disparaging the chase, till he has taken away all my relish for it.

GENERAL. [*Aside to* MÁTHAVYA.

Persevere in your opposition, my good fellow; I will sound the King's real feelings, and humor him accordingly. [*Aloud.*] The blockhead talks nonsense, and your Majesty, in your own person, furnishes the best proof of it. Observe, Sire, the advantage and pleasure the hunter derives from the chase.

Freed from all grosser influences, his frame
Loses its sluggish humors, and becomes
Buoyant, compact, and fit for bold encounter.
'Tis his to mark with joy the varied passions,
Fierce heats of anger, terror, blank dismay,
Of forest animals that cross his path.
Then what a thrill transports the hunter's soul,
When, with unerring course, his driven shaft
Pierces the moving mark! Oh! 'tis conceit
In moralists to call the chase a vice;
What recreation can compare with this?

MÁTHAVYA. [*Angrily.*

Away! tempter, away! The King has recovered his senses, and is himself again. As for you, you may, if you choose, wander about from forest to forest, till some old bear seizes you, and makes a mouthful of you.

KING.

My good General, as we are just now in the neighborhood of a consecrated grove, your panegyric upon hunting is somewhat ill-timed, and I cannot assent to all you have said. For the present,

All undisturbed the buffaloes shall sport
In yonder pool, and with their ponderous horns
Scatter its tranquil waters, while the deer,
Couched here and there in groups beneath the shade
Of spreading branches, ruminate in peace.
And all securely shall the herd of boars
Feed on the marshy sedge; and thou, my bow,
With slackened string enjoy a long repose.

GENERAL.

So please your Majesty, it shall be as you desire.

KING.

Recall, then, the beaters who were sent in advance to surround the forest. My troops must not be allowed to disturb this sacred retreat, and irritate its pious inhabitants.

Know that within the calm and cold recluse
Lurks unperceived a germ of smothered flame,
All-potent to destroy; a latent fire
That rashly kindled bursts with fury forth:

As in the disc of crystal that remains
Cool to the touch, until the solar ray
Fall on its polished surface, and excite
The burning heat that lies within concealed.

GENERAL.

Your Majesty's commands shall be obeyed.

MÁTHAVYA.

Off with you, you son of a slave! Your nonsense won't go down here, my fine fellow.

[*Exit* GENERAL.

KING. [*Looking at his attendants.*

Here, women, take my hunting-dress; and you, Raivataka, keep guard carefully outside.

ATTENDANTS.

We will, Sire. [*Exeunt.*

MÁTHAVYA.

Now that you have got rid of these plagues, who have been buzzing about us, like so many flies, sit down, do, on that stone slab, with the shade of the tree as your canopy, and I will seat myself by you quite comfortably.

KING.

Go you, and sit down first.

MÁTHAVYA.

Come along, then.

[*Both walk on a little way, and seat themselves.*

KING.

Máthavya, it may be said of you that you have never beheld anything worth seeing: for your eyes have not yet looked upon the loveliest object in creation.

MÁTHAVYA.

How can you say so, when I see your Majesty before me at this moment?

KING.

It is very natural that every one should consider his own friend perfect; but I was alluding to Sakoontalá, the brightest ornament of these hallowed groves.

MÁTHAVYA. [*Aside.*

I understand well enough, but I am not going to humor him. [*Aloud.*] If, as you intimate, she is a hermit's daughter, you cannot lawfully ask her in marriage. You may as well, then, dismiss her from your mind, for any good the mere sight of her can do.

KING.

Think you that a descendant of the mighty Puru could fix his affections on an unlawful object?

Though, as men say, the offspring of the sage,
The maiden to a nymph celestial owes
Her being, and by her mother left on earth,
Was found and nurtured by the holy man
As his own daughter, in this hermitage;—
So, when dissevered from its parent stalk,
Some falling blossom of the jasmine, wafted
Upon the sturdy sun-flower, is preserved
By its support from premature decay.

MÁTHAVYA. [*Smiling.*

This passion of yours for a rustic maiden, when you have so many gems of women at home in your palace, seems to me very like the fancy of a man who is tired of sweet dates, and longs for sour tamarinds as a variety.

KING.

You have not seen her, or you would not talk in this fashion.

MÁTHAVYA.

I can quite understand it must require something surpassingly attractive to excite the admiration of such a great man as you.

KING.

I will describe her, my dear friend, in a few words.

Man's all-wise Maker, wishing to create
A faultless form, whose matchless symmetry
Should far transcend Creation's choicest works,
Did call together by his mighty will,
And garner up in his eternal mind,
A bright assemblage of all lovely things:
And then, as in a picture, fashion them
Into one perfect and ideal form.
Such the divine, the wondrous prototype,
Whence her fair shape was moulded into being.

MÁTHAVYA.

If that's the case, she must indeed throw all other beauties into the shade.

KING.

To my mind she really does.

This peerless maid is like a fragrant flower,
Whose perfumed breath has never been diffused;
A tender bud, that no profaning hand
Has dared to sever from its parent stalk;
A gem of priceless water, just released

Pure and unblemished from its glittering bed.
Or may the maiden haply be compared
To sweetest honey, that no mortal lip
Has sipped; or, rather to the mellowed fruit
Of virtuous actions in some former birth,[1]
Now brought to full perfection? Lives the man
Whom bounteous heaven has destined to espouse her?

MÁTHAVYA.

Make haste, then, to her aid; you have no time to lose, if you don't wish this fruit of all the virtues to drop into the mouth of some greasy-headed rustic of devout habits.

KING.

The lady is not her own mistress, and her foster-father is not at home.

MÁTHAVYA.

Well, but tell me, did she look at all kindly upon you?

KING.

Maidens brought up in a hermitage are naturally shy and reserved; but for all that,
She did look towards me, though she quick withdrew
Her stealthy glances when she met my gaze;
She smiled upon me sweetly, but disguised
With maiden grace the secret of her smiles.
Coy love was half unveiled; then, sudden checked
By modesty, left half to be divined.

MÁTHAVYA.

Why, of course, my dear friend, you never could seriously expect that at the very first sight she would fall over head and ears in love with you, and without more ado come and sit in your lap.

KING.

When we parted from each other, she betrayed her liking for me by clearer indications, but still with the utmost modesty.
Scarce had the fair one from my presence passed,
When, suddenly, without apparent cause,
She stopped, and counterfeiting pain, exclaimed,
"My foot is wounded by this prickly grass."
Then glancing at me tenderly, she feigned
Another charming pretext for delay,
Pretending that a bush had caught her robe,
And turned as if to disentangle it.

MÁTHAVYA.

I trust you have laid in a good stock of provisions, for I see you intend making this consecrated grove your game-preserve, and will be roaming here in quest of sport for some time to come.

KING.

You must know, my good fellow, that I have been recognized by some of the inmates of the hermitage. Now I want the assistance of your fertile invention, in devising some excuse for going there again.

MÁTHAVYA.

There is but one expedient that I can suggest. You are the King, are you not?

KING.

What then?

MÁTHAVYA.

Say you have come for the sixth part of their grain,[2] which they owe you for tribute.

KING.

No, no, foolish man; these hermits pay me a very different kind of tribute, which I value more than heaps of gold or jewels; observe,
The tribute which my other subjects bring
Must moulder into dust, but holy men
Present me with a portion of the fruits
Of penitential services and prayers—
A precious and imperishable gift.

A VOICE BEHIND THE SCENES.

We are fortunate; here is the object of our search.

KING. [*Listening.*

Surely those must be the voices of hermits, to judge by their deep tones.

WARDER. [*Entering.*

Victory to the King! two young hermits are

[1] The doctrine of the transmigration of the soul from one body to another is an essential dogma of the Hindú religion, and connected with it is the belief in the power which every human being possesses of laying up for himself a store of merit by good deeds performed in the present or former births. Indeed the condition of every person is supposed to derive its character of happiness or misery, elevation or degradation, from the virtues or vices of previous states of being. The consequences of actions in a former birth are called *vipáka;* they may be either good or bad, but are rarely unmixed with evil taint.

[2] The Indian monarchs, in the matter of taxes, were more severe than the modern English ecclesiastics, who only receive one-tenth, or tithes from their parishioners.

in waiting outside, and solicit an audience of your Majesty.

KING.

Introduce them immediately.

WARDER.

I will, my liege. [*Goes out, and re-enters with* TWO YOUNG HERMITS.] This way, Sirs, this way.

[*Both the* HERMITS *look at the* KING.

. . . . . .

BOTH THE HERMITS. [*Approaching*

Victory to the King!

KING. [*Rising from his seat.*

Hail to you both!

BOTH THE HERMITS.

Heaven bless your Majesty! [*They offer fruits.*

KING. [*Respectfully receiving the offering.*

Tell me, I pray you, the object of your visit.

BOTH THE HERMITS.

The inhabitants of the hermitage having heard of your Majesty's sojourn in our neighborhood, make this humble petition.

KING.

What are their commands?

BOTH THE HERMITS.

In the absence of our Superior, the great Sage Kanwa, evil demons are disturbing our sacrificial rites. Deign, therefore, accompanied by your charioteer, to take up your abode in our hermitage for a few days.

KING.

I am honored by your invitation.

MÁTHAVYA. [*Aside.*

Most opportune and convenient, certainly!

KING. [*Smiling.*

Ho! there, Raivataka! Tell the charioteer from me to bring round the chariot with my bow.

WARDER.

I will, Sire. [*Exit.*

BOTH THE HERMITS. [*Joyfully.*

Well it becomes the King by acts of grace
To emulate the virtues of his race.
Such acts thy lofty destiny attest;
Thy mission is to succor the distressed.

KING.—[*Bowing to the* HERMITS.

Go first, reverend Sirs, I will follow you immediately.

BOTH THE HERMITS.

May victory attend you! [*Exeunt.*

KING.

My dear Máthavya, are you not full of longing to see Sakoontalá?

MÁTHAVYA.

To tell you the truth, though I was just now brim-full of desire to see her, I have not a drop left since this piece of news about the demons.

KING.

Never fear; you shall keep close to me for protection.

MÁTHAVYA.

Well, you must be my guardian-angel, and act the part of a very Vishnu[1] to me.

WARDER. [*Entering.*

Sire, the chariot is ready, and only waits to conduct you to victory. But here is a messenger named Karabhaka, just arrived from your capital, with a message from the Queen, your mother.

KING. [*Respectfully.*

How say you? a messenger from the venerable Queen?

WARDER.

Even so.

KING.

Introduce him at once.

WARDER.

I will, Sire. [*Goes out and re-enters with* KARABHAKA.] Behold the King! Approach.

KARABHAKA.

Victory to the King! The Queen-mother bids me say that in four days from the present time she intends celebrating a solemn ceremony for the advancement and preservation of her son. She expects that your Majesty will honor her with your presence on that occasion.

KING.

This places me in a dilemma. Here, on the one hand, is the commission of these holy men to be executed; and, on the other, the command of my reverend parent to be obeyed. Both duties are too sacred to be neglected. What is to be done?

---

[1] Vishnu, the preserver, was one of the three principal gods. He becomes incarnate in various forms for the good of mortals, and is the great enemy of the demons.

MÁTHAVYA.

You will have to take up an intermediate position between the two, like King Trisanku,[1] who was suspended between heaven and earth, because the sage Viswámitra commanded him to mount up to heaven, and the gods ordered him down again.

KING.

I am certainly very much perplexed. For here,

Two different duties are required of me
In widely distant places; how can I
In my own person satisfy them both?
Thus is my mind distracted and impelled
In opposite directions, like a stream
That, driven back by rocks, still rushes on,
Forming two currents in its eddying course.

[*Reflecting.*] Friend Máthavya, as you were my playfellow in childhood, the Queen has always received you like a second son; go you, then, back to her and tell her of my solemn engagement to assist these holy men. You can supply my place in the ceremony, and act the part of a son to the Queen.

MÁTHAVYA.

With the greatest pleasure in the world; but don't suppose that I am really coward enough to have the slightest fear of those trumpery demons.

KING. [*Smiling.*

Oh! of course not; a great Bráhman like you could not possibly give way to such weakness.

MÁTHAVYA.

You must let me travel in a manner suitable to the King's younger brother.

KING.

Yes, I shall send my retinue with you, that there may be no further disturbance in this sacred forest.

MÁTHAVYA. [*With a strut.*

Already I feel quite like a young prince.

KING. [*Aside.*

This is a giddy fellow, and in all probability he will let out the truth about my present pursuit to the women of the palace. What is to be done? I must say something to deceive him. [*Aloud to* MÁTHAVYA, *taking him by the hand.*] Dear friend, I am going to the hermitage wholly and solely out of respect for its pious inhabitants, and not because I have really any liking for Sakoontalá, the hermit's daughter. Observe,

What suitable communion could there be
Between a monarch and a rustic girl?
I did but feign an idle passion, friend,
Take not in earnest what was said in jest.

MÁTHAVYA.

Don't distress yourself; I quite understand.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE.—*The Sacred Grove.*

Enter KING DUSHYANTA, *with the air of one in love.*

KING. [*Sighing thoughtfully.*]

The holy sage possesses magic power
In virtue of his penance; she, his ward,
Under the shadow of his tutelage
Rests in security. I know it well;
Yet sooner shall the rushing cataract
In foaming eddies re-ascend the steep,
Than my fond heart turn back from its pursuit.

God of Love! God of the flowery shafts![2] we are all of us cruelly deceived by thee, and by the Moon, however deserving of confidence you may both appear.

For not to us do these thine arrows seem
Pointed with tender flowerets; not to us
Doth the pale moon irradiate the earth
With beams of silver fraught with cooling dews:
But on our fevered frames the moon-beams fall
Like darts of fire, and every flower-tipt shaft

[1] The story of this monarch is told in the Rámáyana. He is there described as a just and pious prince of the solar race, who aspired to celebrate a great sacrifice, hoping thereby to ascend to heaven in his mortal body. After various failures, he had recourse to Viswámitra, who undertook to conduct the sacrifice, and invited all the gods to be present. They, however, failed to attend; upon which Viswámitra, by his own power transported Trisanku to heaven, whither he had no sooner arrived than he was hurled down by Indra; but being arrested midway by the sage, he remained suspended between heaven and earth, forming a constellation on the Southern hemisphere.

[2] The Hindú Cupid, or God of love (Káma), is armed with a bow made of sugar-cane, the string of which consists of bees. He has five arrows, each tipped with the blossom of a flower, which pierce the heart through the five senses; and his favorite arrow is pointed with the *chúta*, or mango-flower.

Of Káma,[1] as it probes our throbbing hearts,
Seems to be barbed with hardest adamant.
Adorable god of love! hast thou no pity for me? [*In a tone of anguish.*] How can thy arrows be so sharp when they are pointed with flowers? Ah! I know the reason:
E'en now in thine unbodied essence lurks
The fire of Siva's anger,[2] like the flame
That ever hidden in the secret depths
Of ocean, smoulders there unseen.[3] How else
Could'st thou, all immaterial as thou art,
Inflame our hearts thus fiercely?—thou, whose form
Was scorched to ashes by a sudden flash
From the offended god's terrific eye.
Yet, methinks,
Welcome this anguish, welcome to my heart
These rankling wounds inflicted by the god,
Who on his scutcheon bears the monster-fish[4]
Slain by his prowess: welcome death itself,
So that, commissioned by the lord of love,
This fair one be my executioner.
Adorable divinity! Can I by no reproaches excite your commiseration?
Have I not daily offered at thy shrine
Innumerable vows, the only food
Of thine ethereal essence? Are my prayers
Thus to be slighted? Is it meet that thou
Should'st aim thy shafts at thy true votary's heart,
Drawing thy bow-string even to thy ear? [*Pacing up and down in a melancholy manner.*] Now that the holy men have completed their rites, and have no more need of my services, how shall I dispel my melancholy? [*Sighing.*] I have but one resource. Oh for another sight of the idol of my soul! I will seek her. [*Glancing at the sun.*] In all probability, as the sun's heat is now at its height, Sakoontalá is passing her time under the shade of the bowers on the banks of the Máliní, attended by her maidens. I will go and look for her there. [*Walking and looking about.*] I suspect the fair one has but just passed by this avenue of young trees.
Here, as she tripped along, her fingers plucked
The opening buds: these lacerated plants,
Shorn of their fairest blossoms by her hand,
Seem like dismembered trunks, whose recent wounds
Are still unclosed; while from the bleeding socket
Of many a severed stalk, the milky juice
Still slowly trickles, and betrays her path. [*Feeling a breeze.*] What a delicious breeze meets me in this spot!
Here may the zephyr, fragrant with the scent
Of lotuses, and laden with the spray
Caught from the waters of the rippling stream,
Fold in its close embrace my fevered limbs. [*Walking and looking about.*] She must be somewhere in the neighborhood of this arbor of overhanging creepers, enclosed by plantations of cane. [*Looking down.*
For at the entrance here I plainly see
A line of footsteps printed in the sand.
Here are the fresh impressions of her feet;
Their well-known outline faintly marked in front,
More deeply towards the heel; betokening
The graceful undulation of her gait.
I will peep through those branches. [*Walking and looking. With transport.*] Ah! now my eyes are gratified by an entrancing sight.

---

[1] Káma is the Indian Cupid.

[2] The story is thus told in the Rámáyana. Cupid (Káma) once approached Siva that he might influence him with love for his wife, Párvatí. Siva happened then to be practising austerities, and intent on a vow of chastity. He therefore cursed the god of love in a terrible voice, and at the same time a flash from his eye caused the god's body to shrivel into ashes. Thus Cupid was made incorporeal, and from that time was called "the bodiless one."

[3] This submarine fire was called Aurva, from the following fable. The Rishi Urva, who had gained great power by his austerities, was pressed by the gods and others to perpetuate his race. He consented, but warned them that his offspring would consume the world. Accordingly, he created from his thigh a devouring fire, which as soon as it was produced, demanded nourishment, and would have destroyed the whole earth, had not Bráhma appeared and assigned the ocean as its habitation, and the waves as its food. The spot where it entered the sea was called "the mare's mouth." Doubtless the story was invented to suit the phenomenon of some marine volcano, which may have exhaled through the water bituminous inflammable gas, and which, perhaps in the form of a horse's mouth, was at times visible above the sea.

[4] The Hindú Cupid is said to have subdued a marine monster, which was, therefore, painted on his banner.

Yonder is the beloved of my heart reclining on a rock strewn with flowers, and attended by her two friends. How fortunate! Concealed behind the leaves, I will listen to their conversation, without raising their suspicions. [*Stands concealed, and gazes at them.*]

SAKOONTALÁ, *and her two attendants, holding fans in their hands, are discovered as described.*

PRIYAMVADÁ AND ANASUYÁ.

[*Fanning her. In a tone of affection.*

Dearest Sakoontalá, is the breeze raised by these broad lotus leaves refreshing to you?

SAKOONTALÁ.

Dear friends, why should you trouble yourselves to fan me?

[PRIYAMVADÁ *and* ANASUYÁ *look sorrowfully at one another.*

KING.

Sakoontalá seems indeed to be seriously ill. [*Thoughtfully.*] Can it be the intensity of the heat that has affected her? or does my heart suggest the true cause of her malady? [*Gazing at her passionately.*] Why should I doubt it?

The maiden's spotless bosom is o'erspread
With cooling balsam; on her slender arm
Her only bracelet, twined with lotus stalks,
Hangs loose and withered; her recumbent form
Expresses languor. Ne'er could noon-day sun
Inflict such fair disorder on a maid—
No, love, and love alone, is here to blame.

PRIYAMVADÁ. [*Aside to* ANASUYÁ.

I have observed, Anasuyá, that Sakoontalá has been indisposed ever since her first interview with King Dushyanta. Depend upon it, her ailment is to be traced to this source.

ANASUYÁ.

The same suspicion, dear, has crossed my mind. But I will at once ask her and ascertain the truth. [*Aloud.*] Dear Sakoontalá, I am about to put a question to you. Your indisposition is really very serious.

SAKOONTALÁ. [*Half-rising from her couch.*

What were you going to ask?

ANASUYÁ.

We know very little about love-matters, dear Sakoontalá; but for all that I cannot help suspecting your present state to be something similar to that of the lovers we have read about in romances. Tell us frankly what is the cause of your disorder. It is useless to apply a remedy, until the disease be understood.

KING.

Anasuyá bears me out in my suspicion.

SAKOONTALÁ. [*Aside.*

I am, indeed, deeply in love; but cannot rashly disclose my passion to these young girls.

PRIYAMVADÁ.

What Anasuyá says, dear Sakoontalá, is very just. Why give so little heed to your ailment? Every day you are becoming thinner; though I must confess your complexion is still as beautiful as ever.

KING.

Priyamvadá speaks most truly.

Sunk is her velvet cheek; her wasted bosom
Loses its fulness; e'en her slender waist
Grows more attenuate; her face is wan,
Her shoulders droop;—as when the vernal blasts
Sear the young blossoms of the Mádhaví,[1]
Blighting their bloom; so mournful is the change,
Yet in its sadness, fascinating still,
Inflicted by the mighty lord of love
On the fair figure of the hermit's daughter.

SAKOONTALÁ.

Dear friends, to no one would I rather reveal the nature of my malady than to you; but I should only be troubling you.

PRIYAMVADÁ AND ANASUYÁ.

Nay, this is the very point about which we are so solicitous. Sorrow shared with affectionate friends is relieved of half its poignancy.

KING.

Pressed by the partners of her joys and griefs,
Her much beloved companions, to reveal
The cherished secret locked within her breast,
She needs must utter it; although her looks
Encourage me to hope, my bosom throbs
As anxiously I listen for her answer.

[1] A large and beautiful creeping plant, bearing white flowers; often referred to in Sanskrit poetry.

SAKOONTALÁ.

Know then, dear friends, that from the first moment the illustrious Prince, who is the guardian of our sacred grove, presented himself to my sight—

[*Stops short, and appears confused.*

PRIYAMVADÁ AND ANASUYÁ.

Say on, dear Sakoontalá, say on.

SAKOONTALÁ.

Ever since that happy moment, my heart's affections have been fixed upon him, and my energies of mind and body have all deserted me, as you see.

KING. [*With rapture.*

Her own lips have uttered the words I most longed to hear.

Love lit the flame, and Love himself allays
My burning fever, as when gathering clouds
Rise o'er the earth in summer's dazzling noon,
And grateful showers dispel the morning heat.

SAKOONTALÁ.

You must consent, then, dear friends, to contrive some means by which I may find favor with the King, or you will have ere long to assist at my funeral.

KING. [*With rapture.*

Enough! These words remove all my doubts.

PRIYAMVADA. [*Aside to* ANASUYÁ.

She is far gone in love, dear Anasuyá, and no time ought to be lost. Since she has fixed her affections on a monarch who is the ornament of Puru's line, we need not hesitate for a moment to express our approval.

ANASUYÁ.

I quite agree with you.

PRIYAMVADÁ. [*Aloud.*

We wish you joy, dear Sakoontalá. Your affections are fixed on an object in every respect worthy of you. The noblest river will unite itself to the ocean, and the lovely Mádhaví-creeper clings naturally to the Mango, the only tree capable of supporting it.

KING.

Why need we wonder if the beautiful constellation Visákhá pines to be united with the Moon.[1]

ANASUYÁ.

By what stratagem can we best secure to our friend the accomplishment of her heart's desire both speedily and secretly?

PRIYAMVADÁ.

The latter point is all we have to think about. As to "speedily," I look upon the whole affair as already settled.

ANASUYÁ.

How so?

PRIYAMVADÁ.

Did you not observe how the King betrayed his liking by the tender manner in which he gazed upon her, and how thin he has become the last few days, as if he had been lying awake thinking of her?

KING. [*Looking at himself.*

Quite true! I certainly am becoming thin from want of sleep.

As night by night in anxious thought I raise
This wasted arm to rest my sleepless head,
My jewelled bracelet, sullied by the tears
That trickle from my eyes in scalding streams,
Slips toward my elbow from my shrivelled wrist.
Oft I replace the bauble, but in vain;
So easily it spans the fleshless limb
That e'en the rough and corrugated skin,
Scarred by the bow-string, will not check its fall.

PRIYAMVADÁ. [*Thoughtfully.*

An idea strikes me, Anasuyá. Let Sakoontalá write a love-letter; I will conceal it in a flower, and contrive to drop it in the King's path. He will surely mistake it for the remains of some sacred offering, and will, in all probability, pick it up.

---

[1] A complete revolution of the moon, with respect to the stars, being made in twenty-seven days, odd hours, the Hindús divide the heavens into twenty-seven constellations (asterisms) or lunar stations, one of which receives the moon for one day in each of his monthly journeys. As the Moon, Chandra, is considered to be a masculine deity, the Hindús fable these twenty-seven constellations as his wives, and personify them as the daughters of Daksha. Of these twenty-seven wives, twelve of whom give names to the twelve months, Chandra is supposed to show the greatest affection for the fourth, Rohiní, but each of the others, and amongst them Visákhá, is represented as jealous of this partiality, and eager to secure the Moon's favor for herself. Dushyanta probably means to compare himself to the Moon (he being of the lunar race), and Sakoontalá to Visákhá.

ANASUYÁ.

A very ingenious device! It has my entire approval; but what says Sakoontalá?

SAKOONTALÁ.

I must consider before I can consent to it.

PRIYAMVADÁ.

Could you not, dear Sakoontalá, think of some pretty composition in verse, containing a delicate declaration of your love?

SAKOONTALÁ.

Well, I will do my best; but my heart trembles when I think of the chances of a refusal.

KING. [*With rapture.*

Too timid maid, here stands the man from whom
Thou fearest a repulse; supremely blessed
To call thee all his own. Well might he doubt
His title to thy love; but how could'st thou
Believe thy beauty powerless to subdue him?

PRIYAMVADÁ AND ANASUYÁ.

You undervalue your own merits, dear Sakoontalá. What man in his senses would intercept with the skirt of his robe the bright rays of the autumnal moon, which alone can allay the fever of his body?

SAKOONTALÁ. [*Smiling.*

Then it seems I must do as I am bid. [*Sits down and appears to be thinking.*]

KING.

How charming she looks! My very eyes forget to wink, jealous of losing even for an instant a sight so enchanting.

How beautiful the movement of her brow,
As through her mind love's tender fancies flow!
And, as she weighs her thoughts, how sweet to trace
The ardent passion mantling in her face!

SAKOONTALÁ.

Dear girls, I have thought of a verse, but I have no writing materials at hand.

PRIYAMVADÁ.

Write the letters with your nail on this lotus leaf, which is smooth as a parrot's breast.

SAKOONTALÁ. [*After writing the verse.*

Listen, dear friends, and tell me whether the ideas are appropriately expressed.

PRIYAMVADÁ AND ANASUYÁ.

We are all attention.

SAKOONTALÁ. [*Reads.*

I know not the secret thy bosom conceals,
Thy form is not near me to gladden my sight;
But sad is the tale that my fever reveals,
Of the love that consumes me by day and by night.

KING. [*Advancing hastily towards her.*

Nay, Love does but warm thee, fair maiden, —thy frame
Only droops like the bud in the glare of the noon;
But me he consumes with a pitiless flame,
As the beams of the day-star destroy the pale moon.

PRIYAMVADÁ AND ANASUYÁ.

[*Looking at him joyfully, and rising to salute him.*

Welcome, the desire of our hearts, that so speedily presents itself!

[SAKOONTALÁ *makes an effort to rise.*

KING.

Nay, trouble not thyself, dear maiden,
Move not to do me homage; let thy limbs
Still softly rest upon their flowery couch,
And gather fragrance from the lotus stalks
Bruised by the fevered contact of thy frame.

ANASUYÁ.

Deign, gentle sir, to seat yourself on the rock on which our friend is reposing.

[*The* KING *sits down.* SAKOONTALÁ *is confused.*

PRIYAMVADÁ.

Any one may see at a glance that you are deeply attached to each other. But the affection I have for my friend prompts me to say something of which you hardly require to be informed.

KING.

Do not hesitate to speak out, my good girl. If you omit to say what is in your mind, you may be sorry for it afterwards.

PRIYAMVADÁ.

Is it not your special office as a King to remove the suffering of your subjects who are in trouble?

KING.

Such is my duty, most assuredly.

PRIYAMVADÁ.

Know, then, that our dear friend has been brought to her present state of suffering entirely through love for you. Her life is in your hands; take pity on her and restore her to health.

KING.

Excellent maiden, our attachment is mutual. It is I who am the most honored by it.

SAKOONTALÁ. [*Looking at* PRIYAMVADÁ.

What do you mean by detaining the King, who must be anxious to return to his royal consorts after so long a separation?

KING.

Sweet maiden, banish from thy mind the thought
That I could love another. Thou dost reign
Supreme, without a rival, in my heart,
And I am thine alone: disown me not,
Else must I die a second deadlier death,—
Killed by thy words, as erst by Káma's[1] shafts.

ANASUYÁ.

Kind Sir, we have heard it said that kings have many favorite consorts. You must not, then, by your behavior towards our dear friend, give her relations cause to sorrow for her.

KING.

Listen, gentle maiden, while in a few words I quiet your anxiety.

Though many beauteous forms my palace grace,
Henceforth two things alone will I esteem
The glory of my royal dynasty;—
My sea-girt realm, and this most lovely maid.

PRIYAMVADÁ AND ANASUYÁ.

We are satisfied by your assurances.

PRIYAMVADÁ. [*Glancing on one side.*

See, Anasuyá, there is our favorite little fawn running about in great distress, and turning its eyes in every direction as if looking for its mother; come, let us help the little thing to find her. [*Both move away.*

SAKOONTALÁ.

Dear friends, dear friends, leave me not alone and unprotected. Why need you both go?

[1] Káma is the Indian Cupid.

PRIYAMVADÁ AND ANASUYÁ.

Unprotected! when the Protector of the world is at your side. [*Exeunt.*

SAKOONTALÁ.

What! have they both really left me?

KING.

Distress not thyself, sweet maiden. Thy adorer is at hand to wait upon thee.

Oh, let me tend thee, fair one, in the place
Of thy dear friends; and, with broad lotus fans,
Raise cooling breezes to refresh thy frame;
Or shall I rather, with caressing touch,
Allay the fever of thy limbs, and soothe
Thy aching feet, beauteous as blushing lilies?

SAKOONTALÁ.

Nay, touch me not. I will not incur the censure of those whom I am bound to respect. [*Rises and attempts to go.*

KING.

Fair one, the heat of noon has not yet subsided, and thy body is still feeble.

How canst thou quit thy fragrant couch of flowers,
And from thy throbbing bosom cast aside
Its covering of lotus leaves, to brave
With weak and fainting limbs the noon-day heat? [*Forces her to turn back.*

SAKOONTALÁ.

Infringe not the rules of decorum, mighty descendant of Puru. Remember, though I love you, I have no power to dispose of myself.

KING.

Why this fear of offending your relations, timid maid? When your venerable foster-father hears of it, he will not find fault with you. He knows that the law permits us to be united without consulting him.

In Indra's heaven, so at least 'tis said,
No nuptial rites prevail,[1] nor is the bride
Led to the altar by her future spouse;

[1] A marriage without the usual ceremonies is called Gándharva. It was supposed to be the form of marriage prevalent among the nymphs of Indra's heaven. In the Third Book of Manu (v. 22), it is included among the various marriage rites, and is said to be an union proceeding entirely from love, or mutual inclination, and concluded without any religious services, and without consulting relatives. It was recognized as a legal marriage by Manu and other law-givers, though it is difficult to say in what respect it differed from unlawful cohabitation.

But all in secret does the bridegroom plight
His troth, and each unto the other vow
Mutual allegiance. Such espousals, too,
Are authorized on earth, and many daughters
Of royal saints thus wedded to their lords,
Have still received their father's benison.

SAKOONTALÁ.

Leave me, leave me; I must take counsel with my female friends.

KING.

I will leave thee when—

SAKOONTALÁ.

When

KING.

When I have gently stolen from thy lips
Their yet untasted nectar, to allay
The raging of my thirst, e'en as the bee
Sips the fresh honey from the opening bud.

[*Attempts to raise her face.* SAKOONTALÁ *tries to prevent him.*

[*After a pause.*

A VOICE BEHIND THE SCENES.

The loving birds, doomed by fate to nightly separation,[1] must bid farewell to each other, for evening is at hand.

SAKOONTALÁ. [*In confusion.*

Great Prince, I hear the voice of the matron Gautami. She is coming this way, to inquire after my health. Hasten and conceal yourself behind the branches.

KING.

I will. [*Conceals himself.*

Enter GAUTAMI *with a vase in her hand, preceded by two attendants.*

ATTENDANTS.

This way, most venerable Gautami.

GAUTAMI. [*Approaching* SAKOONTALÁ.

My child, is the fever of thy limbs allayed?

SAKOONTALÁ.

Venerable mother, there is certainly a change for the better.

GAUTAMI.

Let me sprinkle you with this holy water, and all your ailments will depart. [*Sprinkling* SAKOONTALÁ *on the head.*] The day is closing, my child; come, let us go to the cottage. [*They all move away.*

SAKOONTALÁ. [*Aside.*

O my heart! thou didst fear to taste of happiness when it was within thy reach. Now that the object of thy desires is torn from thee, how bitter will be thy remorse, how distracting thine anguish! [*Moving on a few steps and stopping. Aloud.*] Farewell! bower of creepers, sweet soother of my sufferings, farewell! may I soon again be happy under thy shade. [*Exit reluctantly with the others.*

KING. [*Returning to his former seat in the arbor. Sighing.*]

Alas! how many are the obstacles to the accomplishment of our wishes!

Albeit she did coyly turn away
Her glowing cheek, and with her fingers guard
Her pouting lips, that murmured a denial
In faltering accents, she did yield herself
A sweet reluctant captive to my will,
As eagerly I raised her lovely face:
But ere with gentle force I stole the kiss,
Too envious Fate did mar my daring purpose.

Whither now shall I betake myself? I will tarry for a brief space in this bower of creepers, so endeared to me by the presence of my beloved Sakoontalá. [*Looking round.*

Here printed on the flowery couch I see
The fair impression of her slender limbs;
Here is the sweet confession of her love,
Traced with her nail upon the lotus leaf:
And yonder are the withered lily stalks
That graced her wrist. While all around I view
Things that recall her image, can I quit
This bower, e'en though its living charm be fled?

A VOICE IN THE AIR.

Great King,
Scarce is our evening sacrifice begun,

[1] That is, the male and female of the Chakra-váka, commonly called Chakwa and Chakwí, or Bráhmaní duck (*anas casarca*). These birds associate together during the day, and are, like turtle-doves, patterns of connubial affection: but the legend is, that they are doomed to pass the night apart, in consequence of a curse pronounced upon them by a saint whom they had offended. As soon as night commences, they take up their station on the opposite banks of a river, and call to each other in piteous cries. The Bengálís consider their flesh to be a good medicine for fever.

When evil demons, lurid as the clouds
That gather round the dying orb of day,
Cluster in hideous troops, obscene and dread,
About our altars, casting far and near
Terrific shadows, while the sacred fire
Sheds a pale lustre o'er their ghostly shapes.

KING.

I come to the rescue, I come. [*Exit.*

SCENE.—*The garden of the Hermitage.*

Enter PRIYAMVADÁ *and* ANASUYÁ *in the act of gathering flowers.*

ANASUYÁ.

Although, dear Priyamvadá, it rejoices my heart to think that Sakoontalá has been happily united to a husband in every respect worthy of her, by the form of marriage prevalent among Indra's celestial musicians, nevertheless, I cannot help feeling somewhat uneasy in my mind.

PRIYAMVADÁ.

How so?

ANASUYÁ.

You know that the pious King was gratefully dismissed by the hermits on the successful termination of their sacrificial rites. He has now returned to his capital, leaving Sakoontalá under our care; and it may be doubted whether, in the society of his royal consorts, he will not forget all that has taken place in this hermitage of ours.

PRIYAMVADÁ.

On that score be at ease. Persons of his noble nature are not so destitute of all honorable feeling. I confess, however, that there is one point about which I am rather anxious. What, think you, will father Kanwa say when he hears what has occurred?

ANASUYÁ.

In my opinion, he will approve the marriage.

PRIYAMVADÁ.

What makes you think so?

ANASUYÁ.

From the first, it was always his fixed purpose to bestow the maiden on a husband, worthy of her; and since heaven has given her such a husband, his wishes have been realized without any trouble to himself.

PRIYAMVADÁ. [*Looking at the flower-basket.*

We have gathered flowers enough for the sacred offering, dear Anasuyá.

ANASUYÁ.

Well, then, let us now gather more, that we may have wherewith to propitiate the guardian-deity of our dear Sakoontalá.

PRIYAMVADÁ.

By all means. [*They continue gathering.*

A VOICE BEHIND THE SCENES.

Ho there! See you not that I am here?

ANASUYÁ. [*Listening.*

That must be the voice of a guest announcing his arrival.

PRIYAMVADÁ.

Surely, Sakoontalá is not absent from the cottage. [*Aside.*] Her heart at least is absent, I fear.

ANASUYÁ.

Come along, come along; we have gathered flowers enough. [*They move away.*

THE SAME VOICE BEHIND THE SCENES.

Woe to thee, maiden, for daring to slight a guest like me!
Shall I stand here unwelcomed; even I,
A very mine of penitential merit,
Worthy of all respect? Shalt thou, rash maid,
Thus set at nought the ever sacred ties
Of hospitality? and fix thy thoughts
Upon the cherished object of thy love,
While I am present? Thus I curse thee, then—
He, even he of whom thou thinkest, he
Shall think no more of thee; nor in his heart
Retain thine image. Vainly shalt thou strive
To waken his remembrance of the past;
He shall disown thee, even as the sot,
Roused from his midnight drunkenness, denies
The words he uttered in his revellings.

PRIYAMVADÁ.

Alas! alas! I fear a terrible misfortune has occurred. Sakoontalá, from absence of mind, must have offended some guest whom she was bound to treat with respect. [*Looking behind the scenes.*] Ah! yes; I see, and no less a person than the great sage Durvásas,[1] who is

[1] A saint or Muni, represented by the Hindú poets as excessively choleric and inexorably severe. The Puránas and other poems contain frequent accounts of the terrible effects of his imprecations on various occasions,

known to be most irascible. He it is that has just cursed her, and is now retiring with hasty strides, trembling with passion, and looking as if nothing could turn him. His wrath is like a consuming fire.

ANASUYÁ.

Go quickly, dear Priyamvadá, throw yourself at his feet, and persuade him to come back, while I prepare a propitiatory offering for him, with water and refreshments.

PRIYAMVADÁ.

I will. [*Exit.*

ANASUYÁ.

[*Advancing hastily a few steps and stumbling.*

Alas! alas! this comes of being in a hurry. My foot has slipped and my basket of flowers has fallen from my hand.

[*Stays to gather them up.*

PRIYAMVADÁ. [*Re-entering.*

Well, dear Anasuyá, I have done my best; but what living being could succeed in pacifying such a cross-grained, ill-tempered old fellow? However, I managed to mollify him a little.

ANASUYÁ. [*Smiling.*

Even a little was much for him. Say on.

PRIYAMVADÁ.

When he refused to turn back, I implored his forgiveness in these words: "Most venerable sage, pardon, I beseech you, this first offence of a young and inexperienced girl, who was ignorant of the respect due to your saintly character and exalted rank."

ANASUYÁ.

And what did he reply?

PRIYAMVADÁ.

"My word must not be falsified; but at the sight of the ring[1] of recognition the spell shall cease." So saying, he disappeared.

ANASUYÁ.

Oh! then we may breathe again; for now I think of it, the King himself, at his departure, fastened on Sakoontalá's finger, as a token of remembrance, a ring on which his own name was engraved. She has, therefore, a remedy for her misfortune at her own command.

PRIYAMVADÁ.

Come, dear Anasuyá, let us proceed with our religious duties. [*They walk away.*

PRIYAMVADÁ. [*Looking off the stage.*

See, Anasuyá, there sits our dear friend, motionless as a statue, resting her face on her left hand, her whole mind absorbed in thinking of her absent husband. She can pay no attention to herself, much less to a stranger.

ANASUYÁ.

Priyamvadá, let this affair never pass our lips. We must spare our dear friend's feelings. Her constitution is too delicate to bear much emotion.

PRIYAMVADÁ.

I agree with you. Who would think of watering a tender jasmine with hot water?

[The rest of the play deals almost entirely with the supernatural, or rather with Hindú superstition. As indicated in the Prelude to the 4th Act, Sakoontalá sets forth, properly attended, to seek the King at his palace in the distant capital of Delhi, or Hastinápur as it was then called; but on the way she loses the ring while washing her hands at a fountain; so, when she reaches the presence of the King (being moved by the spell of the offended sage Durvásas), he forgets that he has ever seen her, and, though much impressed by her beauty, he dismisses her, much puzzled at her condition and her claims. A poor fisherman is now brought on the scene, having been found in possession of a magnificent ring with the King's signet and other marks; and he narrowly escapes death as a robber, till he explains that he cut the ring from the maw of a carp which he had caught at the public fountain. The ring being shown the King, he immediately remembers all about Sakoontalá, and at once sets to work to find his Queen; but she has disappeared mysteriously. As the play explains, she was taken up to Heaven by her mother, where the King, being privileged to enter, finds her with their boy well grown; and they return to earth, and lived happy ever after.]

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the slightest offence being in his eyes deserving of the most fearful punishment. On one occasion he cursed Indra, merely because his elephant let fall a garland he had given to this god; and in consequence of this imprecation, all plants withered, men ceased to sacrifice, and the gods were overcome in their wars with the demons.

[1] On this ring the subsequent trouble hinges. In the 5th Act, which we do not give, Sakoontalá and her friends journey to the city of the King, but on the way the ring is lost; and when Sakoontalá presents herself, the King fails to recognize her, and she departs in despair. But a fisherman has found the ring in the entrails of a fish, and it is conveyed to the King, who instantly on beholding the ring remembers all about Sakoontalá, as explained in the note above.

TOWN AND COUNTRY LIFE IN AMERICA IN 1800.

[**John Bach McMaster,** an American historical writer, was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., June 29, 1852. Educated at the College of the City of New York, where he graduated in 1872, he at first pursued the profession of a civil engineer, and published *Bridge and Tunnel Centres* (1876), and *Geometry of Position Applied to Surveying* (1883). He was instructor in civil engineering in the College of New Jersey, at Princeton, 1877–83. In 1883 he was appointed professor of American history in the University of Pennsylvania, and has since resided at Philadelphia. He has become widely known by his *History of the People of the United States, from the Revolution to the Civil War*, which is intended to be comprised in five volumes. The first volume appeared in 1883 and the second in 1885, bringing the history down to the year 1803. This work is remarkable for the wide research among early newspapers, pamphlets, travellers' narratives, etc., the fruits of which are evinced upon almost every page, and for the minute and sometimes graphic descriptions of places, manners, and modes of life. Judged by strict canons of historical writing, the work has been criticised as fragmentary, episodical, and wanting in logical sequence and due literary proportion; but that it is extremely entertaining as a lifelike description of characters and scenes long passed away cannot be denied. Indeed, the writer often tells the story of the times almost in the language of the writers of the times, briefing controversial pamphlets and newspaper articles in such a way that the absence of quotation marks sometimes makes it doubtful whether the author uses his own or another's language. Our selection (from the second volume of McMaster's *History*) well describes the New England life and the Western emigration at the close of the last century.]

Among the Germans, as among farmers of all sorts, agriculture was believed to be much affected by the moon. Grain should not be sown, orchards should not be pruned, reaping should not begin, till the proper moon had reached its proper quarter and appearance. Whether it lay upon its back or stood upon its horn, whether it gave promise of drought or rain, were all matters of deep concern. When at last the crops had been gathered, the labor of transporting them began. Then the great wagons were brought from under the shed, and, while the men put on the load, the women made ready the provisions for the whole trip. The capacity of the vehicles was often four tons. Their covers of linen were high at each end and low in the middle. Their wheels were at times fifteen inches wide. The horses that tugged them through the mire of the country roads were of the far-famed Conestoga breed. These creatures were of English origin. Some emigrants who settled in Chester county brought a few horses with them. From the English, in turn, the Swiss Mennonites obtained that stock which, in the valley of the Pequea and along the banks of Conestoga Creek, they brought to a high state of perfection. The horse and the ox were the only draught animals in general use. The mule was almost unused.

Twelve years had not passed since the first pair of jacks in America landed at Portsmouth, in New Hampshire. The King of Spain had sent them to Washington, that mules might be bred at Mount Vernon. In a few years the progeny of "Royal Gift" was scattered over the plantations of Northern Virginia, and regularly offered for sale on the race-course at Annapolis. Other jacks were afterward imported from Spain by numbers of breeders, and finally great cargoes of mules. Yet the animals were little used north of the Virginia line. In every State the number of farmers who had ever in their lives beheld a mule was extremely small. Through the whole farming region of New England and New York ox-carts and ox-sleds were oftener met with than horses and wagons. There most of the vehicles went upon two wheels. Only in the large towns were chariotees and coaches, gigs, carriages and stage-coaches to be seen.

The stage-coach was little better than a huge covered box mounted on springs. It had neither glass windows, nor door, nor steps, nor closed sides. The roof was upheld by eight posts, which rose from the body of the vehicle, and the body was commonly breast-high. From the top were hung curtains of leather, to be drawn up when the day was fine, and let down and buttoned when rainy and cold. Within were four seats. Without was the baggage. Fourteen pounds of luggage were allowed to be carried free by each passenger. But if his portmanteau or his brass-nail-studded hair trunk weighed more, he paid for it at the same rate per mile as he paid for himself. Under no circumstances, however, could he be permitted to take with him on the journey more than one hundred and fifty pounds. When the baggage had all been weighed and strapped on the coach, when

the horses had been attached and the way-bill made out, the eleven passengers were summoned, and, clambering to their seats through the front of the stage, sat down with their faces toward the driver's seat. On routes where no competition existed progress was slow, and the travellers were subjected to all manner of extortion and abuse. "Brutality, negligence and filching," says one, "are as naturally expected by people accustomed to travelling in America as a mouth, a nose and two eyes are looked for in a man's face." Another set out one day in March, 1796, to go from Frenchtown to New Castle, on the Delaware. Seventeen miles separated the two towns, a distance which, he declares, a good healthy man could have passed over in four hours and a half. The stage-coach took six. When it finally reached New Castle it was high noon, the tide was making, the wind was fair, and the boat for Philadelphia was ready at the wharf. Yet he was detained for an hour and a half, "that the inn-keeper might scrub the passengers out of the price of a dinner." Dinner over, the boat set sail and ran up the river to within two miles of Gloucester Point. There, wind and tide failing, the vessel dropped anchor for the night. Some passengers, anxious to go on by land, were forced to pay half a dollar each to be rowed to the shore. At one in the morning the tide again turned. But the master was then drunk, and, when he could be made to understand what was said, the tide was again ebbing, and the boat was aground. Evening came before the craft reached Philadelphia. The passengers were forty-eight hours on board. Another came from New York by stage and by water. He was almost shipwrecked in the bay, lost some of his baggage at Amboy, was nearly left by the coach, and passed twenty hours going sixteen miles on the Delaware. The captain was drunk. The boat three times collided with vessels coming up the river. A gentleman set out in February to make the trip from Philadelphia to Baltimore. Just beyond Havre de Grace the axle broke. A cart was hired and the passengers driven to the next stage-inn. There a new coach was obtained, which, in the evening, overset in a wood. Toward daylight the whole party, in the midst of a shower of rain and snow, found shelter and breakfast at a miserable house three miles from Baltimore. But the host would not suffer one of them to dry his clothes by the kitchen stove. When an editor in the town was asked to publish an account of their trip he refused. The owners of the coach-line might, he said, hinder the circulation of his newspaper. To add to the vexation of such delays, "the Apostolic Assembly of the State of Delaware" had forbidden stage-coaches to cross their hand's-breadth of territory on the Sabbath. The worst bit of road in the country seems to have been between Elkton, in Maryland, and the Susquehanna Ferry. There the ruts were so deep that as the wheels were about to enter one the driver would call upon the passengers to lean out of the opposite side of the coach, to prevent the vehicle being overturned. "Now, gentlemen," he would say, "to the right." "Now, gentlemen, to the left."

Yet another traveller had quitted Philadelphia for New York. All went smoothly till the coach drew near to the town of Brunswick. There one of a rival line was overtaken, and a race begun. At Elizabethtown a young woman, well mounted, rode up behind the coach and attempted to pass. In an instant half of the men on the stage began to revile her most shamefully, raised a great shout, frightened her horse, and all but unseated her. One, indeed, ventured to expostulate. But he was quickly silenced by the question, "What! suffer anybody to take the road of us?" At New York three of the passengers found lodgings in a single room at an inn. The custom was a general one, and of all customs was the most offensive to foreigners. No such thing, it was said, was ever seen in the British Isles. There every decent person not only had a bed, but even a room to himself, and, if he were so minded, might lock his door. In America, however, the traveller sat down at the table of his landlord, slept in the first bed he found empty, or, if all were taken, lay down on one beside its occupant without so much as asking leave, or caring who the sleeper might be. If he demanded clean sheets, he was looked upon as an aristocrat, and charged well for the trouble he gave; for the bedclothes were changed at stated times, and not to suit the whims of travellers.

It was not against every tavern, however, that this reproach could be brought. Many a New England village inn could, in the opinion of the most fastidious of Frenchmen, well bear comparison with the best to be found in France. The neatness of the rooms, the goodness of the beds, the cleanliness of the sheets, the smallness of the reckoning, filled him with amazement. Nothing like them were to be met with in France. There the wayfarer who stopped at an ordinary inn over night slept on a bug-infested bed, covered himself with ill-washed sheets, drank adulterated wine, and to the annoyance of greedy servants was added the fear of being robbed. But in New England he might with perfect safety pass night after night at an inn whose windows were destitute of shutters, and whose doors had neither locks nor keys. Save the post-office, it was the most frequented house in the town. The great room, with its low ceiling and neatly sanded floor, its bright pewter dishes and stout-backed, slat-bottomed chairs ranged along the walls, its long table, its huge fireplace, with the benches on either side, where the dogs slept at night, and where the guests sat, when the dipped candles were lighted, to drink mull and flip, possessed some attraction for every one. The place was at once the town hall and the assembly-room, the court-house and show-tent, the tavern and the exchange. There the selectmen met. There the judges sometimes held court. On its door were fastened the list of names drawn for the jury, notices of vendues, offers of rewards for stray cattle, the names of tavern-haunters, and advertisements of the farmers who had the best seed-potatoes and the best seed-corn for sale. It was at the "General Greene," or the "United States Arms," or the "Bull's Head," that wandering showmen exhibited their automatons and musical clocks, that dancing-masters gave their lessons, that singing-school was held, that the caucus met, that the colonel stopped during general training. Thither came the farmers from the back country, bringing their food in boxes and their horses' feed in bags, to save paying the landlord more than lodging rates. Thither, many a clear night in winter, came sleigh-loads of young men and women to dance and romp, and, when nine o'clock struck, go home by the light of the moon. Thither, too, on Saturdays, came half the male population of the village. They wrangled over politics, made bets, played tricks, and fell into disputes which were sure to lead to jumping matches, or wrestling matches, or trials of strength on the village green. As the shadows lengthened, the loungers dispersed, the tavern was closed, and quiet settled upon the town. At sundown the Sabbath began. Then the great Bible was taken from its shelf and devotion opened with Scripture reading, with Psalms, and a long season of self-examination and prayer. By eight o'clock every farmer's household was asleep. On the morrow no meals were cooked. No labor but the most necessary was done. Not the most innocent pleasures were allowed. To gather flowers in the fields, to stroll through the woods, to sit on the river bank, was sinful. The whole family went in a body to meeting. When the distance was as great as four miles, the farmer would mount his horse and take his wife on the pillion behind him. When he drove the two-wheeled cart, his wife enjoyed the comforts of a chair. The boys walked barefoot. The girls bore their shoes and stockings in their hands, and as they neared the meeting-house stepped into the bushes to draw them up. The horse-block where the pillion-riders got down was sometimes in the training-field, and sometimes hard by the steps that led to the meeting-house door. The sides of the building were unpainted, the roof was shingled, and often destitute of steeple or bell. The main door opened on a broad aisle that led to the high pulpit, with its green cushions and funnel-shaped sounding-board that hung, like an extinguisher, from the roof. A narrow aisle crossed the broad one midway and joined the doors on either side. Close to the four walls was a row of pews, separated by a continuous aisle from the body of the church. Beneath the pulpit sat the deacons, and just before them were the deaf-seats and benches for the old and feeble who owned no pews. In the front gallery sat the singers. The young women filled the wall-pews of the right-hand gallery. The little girls had benches. Spinsters and elderly women of the flock were given the first row of seats. In the left-hand gallery were the young men and boys. There, too, was the tithing-man.

This great functionary was still chosen in the old way, and still attempted to carry out the duties ordered by law. Once each year the freemen of the township met, and elected persons of good substance and of sober life to be tithing-men. To them the community looked for a strict enforcement of the Sunday laws. They were to see to it that the taverns were shut, that the village was quiet, that none behaved with levity, that no artificer nor laborer did a stroke of work, and were to ask of all who travelled on the Sabbath their names, their purposes, and whither they were bound. But the day when men would answer such questions was gone. The tithing-man who, in 1800, rushed from the meeting-house to stop the driver of a coach or a four-wheeled carriage or a sleigh, and bid him give his name, was likely to get a surly answer, and be left standing in the road while the transgressor drove rapidly away. Pious men complained that the war had been a great demoralizer. Instead of awakening the community to a lively sense of the goodness of God, the license of war made men weary of religious restraint. The treaty of peace had not been signed, the enemy were still in the land, when delegates to the General Court of Massachusetts boldly said the Sabbath was too long. Country members demanded a Sabbath of thirty-six hours; town members would give but eighteen, and had their way. The effect was soon apparent. Levity, profaneness, idle amusements and Sabbath-breaking increased in the towns with fearful rapidity. What, the sober-minded cried out, is to become of this nation? Before the war nobody swore, nobody used cards. Now every lad is proficient in swearing and knows much of cards. Then apprentices and young folks kept the Sabbath, and, till after sundown, never left their homes but to go to meeting. Now they go out more on the Sabbath than on any other day in the week. Now the barber-shops are open, and men of fashion must needs be shaved on the Lord's day. They ride on horseback; they take their pleasure in chaises and hacks. How much better, they say, is this than sitting for two hours in a church hearing about hell? Who would not rather ride with a fine young woman in a hack than hear about the devil from Adam's fall? Against this impiety, the impiety of the nineteenth century, the tithing-man continued fighting stoutly to the last. He was the rear guard of New England Puritanism, covering it as it slowly retreated into the past.

When the deacons had taken their seats, when the congregation had all come in, a sudden rush into the men's gallery served to announce that the minister was near. As he walked gravely down the broad aisle, whispering would cease, and, in the midst of profound silence, the sexton would hasten to his seat on the pulpit steps. Then the minister would rise and read two lines of a Psalm, a deacon would repeat them, the precentor with a pitch-pipe would set the key, and the congregation and the choir join in the song. The singing would now be thought abominable. The congregation that could drone ten tunes was an exception. York and Windsor, Martyrs, Hackney and St. Mary's, commonly made up the list. The days of "deaconing," it is true, were soon to end. The Bay Psalm-Book had already given place to Watts's Hymns. Singing-schools had become general. Choirs had been introduced, and with them had come a longing for the music of the organ and the bass-viol.

The hymn sung, a prayer followed; then a sermon, and after the sermon the benediction and a long pause. The reverend man would then quit the pulpit, take his wife on his arm, and, followed by his children, go bowing and smiling out. The congregation were then at liberty to leave. Some, who came from afar, would be carried off to partake of a cold lunch at a friend's, and there wait for the service of the afternoon. Others would eat their luncheon in the pews. Such waiting in summer was thought little of. But in winter not the sturdiest among them could call it pleasant. Not a meeting-house was warmed. Not a chimney, not a fireplace, not a stove was to be seen. Stories have come down to us of a minister who, in the depth of winter, preached in great-coat and mittens, and complained that his voice was drowned by persons stamping and knocking their feet to keep warm. Yet nothing was done to improve this. In Connecticut a few obtained "winter privileges," and stayed away. Others were suffered to put up "Sabbath day houses," or "noon-houses," hard by the meeting-house on the road. They were rude structures, sixteen feet square,

with a door on one side and a window on another. To them, when morning service was ended, the people would flee to eat and warm themselves by an open fire that almost took up one side of the house. Indulgences of this kind were not approved of in Massachusetts. There even old and feeble women were forced to be contented with tin foot-stoves and a few hot coals. The expenses of maintaining the meeting-house were great enough without the addition of fires and stoves. The chief outlay was the settlement of the minister and his pay. The settlement was a sum of money bestowed when he assumed charge of the church. Rarely did it exceed £200 currency, and was payable, in four annual instalments, in boards and shingles, corn or produce, or whatsoever the congregation saw fit. His salary might be any amount, from £75 to £140, Massachusetts currency. Translated into the language of the Federal coinage, £75 would have been expressed by $250. This translation, however, seldom took place. A few great towns, a few importers and merchants, a few men of enterprise and push, made use of the Federal terms. But the people still adhered to the ancient way, and bought, sold and kept their accounts in pounds, shillings and pence. Travellers from abroad were amazed at this, and smiled to see a tradesman, who wished to pay three shillings, four and a half pence to his customer, put down on the counter a quarter, an eighth, and a sixteenth of a Spanish milled dollar, two half pence of George II., and one of George III. Six dimes would, in New England, have served as well. Dimes, however, were scarce. Numbers of men had never seen one. Their circulation was confined to the seaports and the eastern towns. Not one was to be met with in the cabins of the far West.

What was then known as the far West was Kentucky, Ohio and Central New York. Into it the emigrants came streaming along either of two routes. Men from New England took the most northern, and went out by Albany and Troy to the great wilderness which lay along the Mohawk and the lakes. They came by tens of thousands from farms and villages, and represented every trade, every occupation, every walk in life, save one—none were seafarers. No whaler left his vessel; no seaman deserted his mess; no fisherman of Marblehead or Gloucester exchanged the dangers of a life on the ocean for the privations of a life in the West. Their fathers and their uncles had been fishermen before them, and their sons were to follow in their steps. Long before a lad could nib a quill, or make a pot-hook, or read half the precepts his primer contained, he knew the name of every brace and stay, every sail and part of a "Grand Banker" and a "Chebacco;" all the nautical terms, what line and hook should be used for catching halibut, and what for mackerel and cod. If he ever learned to write, he did so at "writing-school," which, like singing-school, was held at night, and to which he came, bringing his own dipped-candle, his own paper and his own pen. The candlestick was a scooped-out turnip, or a piece of board with a nail driven through it. His paper he ruled with a piece of lead, for the graphite lead-pencil was unknown. All he knew of theology, and much of his knowledge of reading and spelling, was gained with the help of the New England Primer. There is not, and there never was, a text-book so richly deserving a history as the Primer. The earliest mention of it in print now known is to be found in an almanac for the year 1691. The public are there informed that a second impression is "in press, and will suddenly be extant." and will contain, among much else that is new, the verses "John Rogers the Martyr" made and left as a legacy to his children. When the second impression became extant, a rude cut of Rogers lashed to the stake, and, while the flames burned fiercely, discoursing to his wife and nine small children, embellished the verses, as it has done in every one of the innumerable editions since struck off. The tone of the Primer is deeply religious. Two-thirds of the four-and-twenty pictures placed before the couplets and triplets in rhyme, from

> "In Adam's fall
> We sinned all,"

to

> "Zaccheus, he
> Did climb a tree
> Our Lord to see,"

represent Biblical incidents. Twelve words of "six syllables" are given in the spelling-lesson. Five of them are abomi-

nation, edification, humiliation, mortification, purification. More than half the book is made up of the Lord's Prayer and the Creed, some of Watts's hymns, and the whole of that great Catechism which one hundred and twenty divines spent five years in preparing. There, too, are Mr. Rogers's verses, and John Cotton's "Spiritual Milk for American Babes;" exhortations not to cheat at play, not to lie, not to use ill words, not to call ill names, not to be a dunce, and to love school. The Primer ends with the famous dialogue between Christ, Youth, and the Devil.

Moved by pity and a wish to make smooth the rough path to learning, some kind soul prepared "A Lottery-Book for Children." The only difficulty in teaching children to read was, he thought, the difficulty of keeping their minds from roaming, and to "prevent this precipitancy" was the object of the alphabet on the other two pictures. As soon, he explained, as the child could speak, it should thrust a pin through the leaf from the side whereon the pictures were at the letter on the other, and should continue to do this till at last the letter was pierced. Turning the leaf after each trial, the mind of the child would be fixed so often and so long on the letter that it would ever after be remembered.

The illustrations in the book are beneath those of a patent-medicine almanac, but are quite as good as any that can be found in children's books of that day. No child had then ever seen such specimens of the wood-engraver's and the printer's and the binder's art as now, at the approach of every Christmas, issue from hundreds of presses. The covers of such chap-books were bits of wood, and the backs coarse leather. On the covers were sometimes a common blue paper, and sometimes a hideous wall-paper, adorned with horses and dogs, roosters and eagles, standing in marvellous attitudes on gilt or copper scrolls. The letter-press of none was specially illustrated, but the same cut was used again and again to express the most opposite ideas. A woman with a dog holding her train is now Vanity, and now Miss Allworthy going abroad to buy books for her brother and sister. A huge vessel with three masts is now a yacht, and now the ship in which Robinson Crusoe sailed from Hull. The virtuous woman that is a crown to her husband and naughty Miss Kitty Bland are one and the same. Master Friendly, listening to the minister at church, now heads a catechism, and now figures as Tommy Careless in the "Adventures of a Week." A man and woman feeding beggars become, in time, transformed into a servant introducing two misers to his mistress. But no creature played so many parts as a bird which, after being named an eagle, a cuckoo and a kite, is called, finally, Noah's dove.

Mean and cheap as such chap-books were, the pedler who hawked them sold not one to the good wives of a fishing village. The women had not the money to buy with; the boys had not the disposition to read. Till he was nine a lad did little more than watch the men pitch pennies in the road, listen to sea stories, and hurry at the cry of "Rock him," "Squael him," to help his playmates pelt with stones some unoffending boy from a neighboring village. By the time he had seen his tenth birthday he was old enough not to be sea-sick, not to cry during a storm at sea, and to be of some use about a ship, and went on his first trip to the Banks. The skipper and the crew called him "cut-tail," for he received no money save for the fish he caught, and each one he caught was marked by snipping a piece from the tail. After an apprenticeship of three or four years the "cut-tail" became a "header," stood upon the same footing as the "sharesmen," and learned all the duties which a "splitter" and a "salter" must perform. A crew numbered eight; four were "sharesmen" and four were apprentices; went twice a year to the Banks, and stayed each time from three to five months.

Men who had passed through such a training were under no temptation to travel westward. They took no interest; they bore no part in the great exodus. They still continued to make their trips and bring home their "fares," while hosts of New Englanders poured into New York, opening the valleys, founding cities, and turning struggling hamlets into villages of no mean kind. Catskill, in 1792, numbered ten dwellings and owned one vessel of sixty tons. In 1800 there were in the place one hundred and fifty-six houses, two ships, a schooner, and eight sloops of one hundred tons each, all owned there, and employed in carrying produce

to New York. Six hundred and twenty-four bushels of wheat were brought to the Catskill market in 1792. Forty-six thousand one hundred and sixty-four bushels came in 1800. On a single day in 1801 the merchants bought four thousand one hundred and eight bushels of wheat, and the same day eight hundred loaded sleighs came into the village by the western road. In 1790 a fringe of clearings ran along the western shore of Lake Champlain to the northern border, and pushed out through the broad valley between the Adirondacks and the Catskills to Seneca and Cayuga Lakes. In 1800 the Adirondack region was wholly surrounded. The emigrants had passed Oneida Lake, had passed Oswego, and, skirting the shores of Ontario and the banks of the St. Lawrence, had joined with those on Lake Champlain. Some had gone down the valleys of the Delaware and Susquehanna to the Southern border of the State. The front of emigration was far beyond Elmira and Bath. Just before it went the speculators, the land-jobbers, the men afflicted with what in derision was called "terra-phobia." They formed companies and bought millions of acres. They went singly and purchased whole townships as fast as the surveyors could locate, buying on trust and selling for wheat, for lumber, for whatever the land could yield or the settler give. Nor was the pioneer less infatuated. An irresistible longing drove him westward, and still westward, till some Indian scalped him, or till hunger, want, bad food, and exposure broke him down, and the dreaded Genesee fever swept him away. The moment such a man had built a log-cabin, cleared an acre, girdled the trees, and sowed a handful of grain, he was impatient to be once more moving. He had no peace till his little farm was sold and he had plunged into the forest, to seek a new and temporary home. The purchaser in time would make a few improvements, clear a few more acres, plant a little more grain, and then in turn sell and hurry westward. After him came the founders of villages and towns, who, when the cabins about them numbered ten, felt crowded and likewise moved away. Travellers through the Genesee valley tell us they could find no man who had not in this way changed his abode at least six times. The hardship which these people endured is beyond description. Their poverty was extreme. Nothing was so scarce as food; many a wayfarer was turned from their doors with the solemn assurance that they had not enough for themselves. The only window in many a cabin was a hole in the roof for the smoke to pass through. In the winter the snow beat through the chinks and sifted under the door, till it was heaped up about the sleepers on the floor before the fire.

Just behind the pioneers came the more thrifty settlers, a class long since historical and now almost extinct. During eighty years the emigrant train, so often portrayed both by painters and by travellers, has been gradually disappearing beyond the Alleghanies, beyond the Mississippi, beyond the Missouri, beyond the Rocky Mountains into the region of the extreme Northwest. To-day it can seldom be seen out of Washington and Oregon, and has reached the shores of Puget Sound. In 1800 the high-peaked wagons with their white canvas covers, the little herd, the company of sturdy men and women, were to be seen travelling westward on all the highways from New England to Albany, and from Albany towards the lakes. They were the true settlers, cleared the forests, bridged the streams, built up towns, cultivated the land, and sent back to Albany and Troy the yield of their farms. With them the merchants of the East kept up a close connection, exchanging rum and molasses, hoes, axes, iron pots, clothing, everything of which they stood in want, and receiving lumber, wheat, pot and pearl ashes in return. Favored by this great trade, Troy grew and prospered at an astonishing rate. The place may be said to have begun its existence in 1786, when a few men of push induced the owners of the Van Der Heyden farms to sell them some plots, and on these put up a few houses, and named the village Vanderheyden. From the very start it began to thrive. In 1791 it was made the county-seat; yet, even then, it was so small that the inhabitants were every Sunday summoned to church in the store by blasts upon a conch-shell. Two years later Troy had a court-house and a jail, a church, the only paper-mill north of the highlands, and in 1797 a weekly newspaper. The next year the *Northern Budget* was drawn away from Lansingburg and became a Troy weekly paper. In his appeal to the citizens the editor declares

that, with the utmost economy, the expenses of his office are thirty dollars a week, and they sustained him. In 1799 the taxable property was over eight hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Grain and lumber were the source of this wealth. No sleigh that came into Troy with boards or logs, no wagon that rolled up to a granary with bags of grain, was suffered to go away loaded. Along the river bank were great storehouses filled with bins. On the land-side was the lifting tackle, by which the sacks of corn or wheat were raised to the loft and placed in the pan of the clumsy scales. The counter weights were stones, and to weigh with them was a problem in arithmetic. On the water-side projected long spouts, through which the grain was poured into the sloops and schooners beneath. In the great flour-mills of Pennsylvania, grain elevators, with buckets not larger than a common tea-cup, were in use.

The second pathway over which thousands of emigrants rushed westward lay through the valley of the Ohio. As early as 1794 the trade between Pittsburg and Cincinnati had become so paying that a line of packet-boats began to ply between the two towns. They made the trip once a month, were bullet-proof, and, for defence against the Indians, carried six cannon throwing a pound-ball each, and were plentifully supplied with muskets and ammunition.

When Wayne quieted the Indians, the stream of emigration turned northward, and the territory northwest of the river filled rapidly. At the time the first census was taken there could not be found from the Ohio to the Lakes, from Pennsylvania to the Mississippi, but four thousand two hundred and eighty human beings. The second census gave to Ohio Territory alone a population of forty-five thousand three hundred and sixty-five. The numbers in Kentucky in the same period had swollen from seventy-three thousand six hundred to two hundred and twenty thousand nine hundred and fifty. This was nine thousand greater than in the State of New Jersey. The figures of the census are expressive of the enormous exodus from New England. The total increase of population in the five States of that section, including Maine, was two hundred and twenty-nine thousand. In the five Southern States the gain was four hundred and sixteen thousand. Of the New England States, four lost and one retained rank. Of the five Southern States, two lost rank, two gained rank, and Virginia remained first. Such was the emigration to New York that it rose from the fifth to the third State in the Union. North Carolina fell from the third in 1790 to the fourth in 1800. Thousands of her people had gone over the mountains to settle along the Cumberland, the Holston, and the Kentucky border, there to live a life of poverty, sacrifice, and independence. The centre of population had moved westward forty-one miles.

Beyond the Blue Ridge everything was most primitive. Half the roads were "traces," and blazed. More than half the houses, even in the settlements, were log-cabins. When a stranger came to such a place to stay, the men built him a cabin, and made the building an occasion for sport. The trees felled, four corner men were elected to notch the logs, and while they were busy, the others ran races, wrestled, played leap-frog, kicked the hat, fought, gouged, gambled, drank, did everything then considered an amusement. After the notching was finished the raising took but a few hours. Many a time the cabin was built, roofed, the door and window cut out, and the owner moved in before sundown. The chinks were stopped with chips and smeared with mud. The chimney was of logs, coated with mud six inches thick. The table and the benches, the bed-stead and the door, were such as could be made with an axe, an auger, and a saw. A rest for the rifle and some pegs for clothes completed the fittings.

PSALM CXXXIII. OF DAVID, KING OF ISRAEL.

[Dirk Rafael Kamphuysen was born at Gorkum, Holland, 1586, died 1626. Celebrated for his "Paraphrase of the Psalms."]

O, blest abode, where love is ever vernal,
Where tranquil peace and concord are eternal,
Where none usurp the highest claim,
But each with pride asserts the other's fame!

O, what are all earth's joys, compared to thee,
Fraternal unanimity?

E'en as the ointment, whose sweet odors blended,
From Aaron's head upon his beard descended;
Which hung a while in fragrance there,
Bedewing every individual hair,
And, falling thence, with rich perfume ran o'er
The holy garb the prophet wore:

So doth the unity that lives with brothers
Share its best blessings and its joys with others,
And makes them seem as if one frame
Contained their minds, and they were formed the same,
And spreads its sweetest breath o'er every part,
Until it penetrates the heart.

E'en as the dew, that, at the break of morning,
All nature with its beauty is adorning,
And flows from Hermon calm and still,
And bathes the tender grass on Zion's hill,
And to the young and withering herb resigns
The drops for which it pines:

So are fraternal peace and concord ever
The cherishers, without whose guidance never
Would sainted quiet seek the breast,—
The life, the soul of unmolested rest,—
The antidote to sorrow and distress,
And prop of human happiness.

Ah! happy they whom genial concord blesses!
Pleasure for them reserves her fond caresses,
And joys to mark the fabric rare,
On virtue founded, stand unshaken there;
Whence vanish all the passions that destroy
Tranquillity and inward joy.

Who practise good are in themselves rewarded,
For their own deeds lie in their hearts recorded;
And thus fraternal love, when bound
By virtue, is with its own blisses crowned,
And tastes, in sweetness that itself bestows,
What use, what power, from concord flows.
God in his boundless mercy joys to meet it;
His promises of future blessings greet it,
And fixed prosperity, which brings
Long life and ease beneath its shadowing wings,
And joy and fortune, that remain sublime
Beyond all distance, change, and time.

Translated by BOWRING.

THE LIVES OF THE ROMAN POETS.

[**Caius Tranquillus Suetonius,** son of Suetonius Lenis, a tribune of the 13th legion under Otho, was born probably a few years after the death of Nero. He is known to us chiefly as a Roman historian and miscellaneous writer, for his merits as which he is highly praised by the younger Pliny. He was also, it is supposed, a teacher of grammar and rhetoric, and a composer of exercises in pleading; nay, from a letter of Pliny's to him, it may be gathered that he sometimes pleaded causes in person. Pliny procured him the dignity of military tribune, which, by Suetonius' desire, he got transferred to another. Though childless, Suetonius was, through the same friendly agency, presented by Trajan with the *jus trium liberorum*, which, in that reign, was only to be had by great interest. He was afterward secretary of the emperor Hadrian, whose favor he had secured. The date of his death is unknown. All his works (among which, as we learn from Suidas, there were several on topics usually treated by grammarians) have been lost, except his *Lives of the Cæsars*, his *Lives of Eminent Grammarians*, and (in part only) his *Lives of Eminent Rhetoricians*, and *Lives of the Poets*. It is by the first of these works that he is most favorably known, replete as it is with information about the twelve Cæsars, from Caius Julius to Domitian, which is to be had nowhere else, and abounding with anecdotes which, while they too often prove the profligacy of his heroes, testify to the impartiality of their chronicler. From a period long before the renaissance to the present these "Lives" have always been favorite reading, and have found numerous editors, the best of whom is still Burmann (Amsterdam, 1736), and numerous translators into nearly every European language. From his works we select all that has come down to us of the lives of the Roman poets.]

THE LIFE OF TERENCE.

Publius Terentius Afer, a native of Carthage, was a slave, at Rome, of the senator Terentius Lucanus, who, struck by his abilities and handsome person, gave him not only a liberal education in his youth, but his freedom when he arrived at years of maturity. Some say

that he was a captive taken in war, but this, as Fenestella[1] informs us, could by no means have been the case, since both his birth and death took place in the interval between the termination of the second Punic war and the commencement of the third;[2] nor even supposing that he had been taken prisoner by the Numidian or Getulian tribes, could he have fallen into the hands of a Roman general, as there was no commercial intercourse between the Italians and Africans until after the fall of Carthage.[3] Terence lived in great familiarity with many persons of high station, and especially with Scipio Africanus, and Caius Lælius.

He wrote comedies, the earliest of which, *The Andria*, having to be performed at the public spectacles given by the ædiles, he was commanded to read it first before Cæcilius.[4] Having been introduced while Cæcilius was at supper, and being meanly dressed, he is reported to have read the beginning of the play seated on a low stool near the great man's couch. But after reciting a few verses, he was invited to take his place at table, and, having supped with his host, went through the rest to his great delight. This play and five others were received by the public with similar applause, although Volcatius, in his enumeration of them, says that "*The Hecyra*[5] must not be reckoned among these."

The Eunuch was even acted twice the same day, and earned more money than any comedy, whoever was the writer, had ever done before, namely, eight thousand sesterces;[6] besides which, a certain sum accrued to the author for the title. But Varro prefers the opening of *The Adelphi* to that of Menander. It is very commonly reported that Terence was assisted in his works by Lælius and Scipio,[7] with whom he lived in such great intimacy. He gave some currency to this report himself, nor did he ever attempt to defend himself against it, except in a light way; as in the prologue to *The Adelphi:*

Nam quod isti dicunt malevoli, homines nobiles
Hunc adjutare, assidueque una scribere;
Quod illi maledictum vehemens existimant,
Eam laudem hic ducit maximam: cum illis placet,
Qui vobis universis et populo placent;
Quorum opera in bello, in otio, in negotio,
Suo quisque tempore usus est sine superbiâ.

——— For this,
Which malice tells that certain noble persons
Assist the bard, and write in concert with him,
That which they deem a heavy slander, he
Esteems his greatest praise: that he can please
Those who in war, in peace, as counsellors
Have rendered you the dearest services,
And ever borne their faculties so meekly.
Colman.

He appears to have protested against this imputation with less earnestness, because the notion was far from being disagreeable to Lælius and Scipio. It therefore gained ground, and prevailed in after times.

Quintus Memmius, in his speech in his own defence, says: "Publius Africanus, who borrowed from Terence a character which he had acted in private, brought it on the stage in his name." Nepos tells us he found in some book that C. Lælius, when he was on some occasion at Puteoli, on the calends [the first] of March,[8] being requested by his wife to rise early, begged her not to suffer him to be disturbed, as he had gone to bed late, having been engaged in writing with more than usual success. On her asking him to tell her what he had been writing, he repeated

[1] Lucius Fenestella, an historical writer, is mentioned by Lactantius, Seneca, and Pliny, who says, that he died towards the close of the reign of Tiberius.

[2] The second Punic war ended A.U.C. 552, and the third began A.U.C. 605. Terence was probably born about 560.

[3] Carthage was laid in ruins A.U.C. 606 or 607, six hundred and sixty-seven years after its foundation.

[4] St. Jerom also states that Terence read the "Andria" to Cæcilius who was a comic poet at Rome; but it is clearly an anachronism, as he died two years before this period. It is proposed, therefore, to amend the text by substituting Acilius, the ædile.

[5] The "Hecyra," *The Mother-in-law*, is one of Terence's plays.

[6] About £80 sterling; the price paid for the two performances. What further right of authorship is meant by the words following, is not very clear.

[7] This report is mentioned by Cicero (*Ad Attic.* vii. 3), who applies it to the younger Lælius. The Scipio here mentioned is Scipio Africanus, who was at this time about twenty-one years of age.

[8] The calends of March was the festival of married women.

the verses which are found in the Heautontimoroumenos :

Satis pol proterve me Syri promessa
—*Heauton.* IV. iv. 1.
I'faith! the rogue Syrus' impudent pretences—

Santra is of opinion that if Terence required any assistance in his compositions,[1] he would not have had recourse to Scipio and Lælius, who were then very young men, but rather to Sulpicius Gallus,[2] an accomplished scholar, who had been the first to introduce his plays at the games given by the consuls; or to Q. Fabius Labeo, or Marcus Popilius,[3] both men of consular rank, as well as poets. It was for this reason that, in alluding to the assistance he had received, he did not speak of his coadjutors as very young men, but as persons of whose services the people had full experience in peace, in war, and in the administration of affairs.

After he had given his comedies to the world, at a time when he had not passed his thirty-fifth year, in order to avoid suspicion, as he found others publishing their works under his name, or else to make himself acquainted with the modes of life and habits of the Greeks, for the purpose of exhibiting them in his plays, he withdrew from Rome, to which he never returned. Volcatius gives this account of his death :

Sed ut Afer sei populo dedit comœdias,
Iter hic in Asiam fecit. Navem cum semel
Conscendit, visus nunquam est. Sic vita vacat

When Afer had produced six plays for the entertainment of the people,
He embarked for Asia; but from the time he went on board ship
He was never seen again. Thus he ended his life.

Q. Consentius reports that he perished at sea on his voyage back from Greece, and that one hundred and eight plays, of which he had made a version from Menander,[4] were lost with him. Others say that he died at Stymphalos, in Arcadia, or in Leucadia, during the consulship of Cn. Cornelius Dolabella and Marcus Fulvius Nobilior,[5] worn out with a severe illness, and with grief and regret for the loss of his baggage, which he had sent forward in a ship that was wrecked, and contained the last new plays he had written.

In person, Terence is reported to have been rather short and slender, with a dark complexion. He had an only daughter, who was afterwards married to a Roman knight; and he left also twenty acres of garden ground,[6] on the Appian Way, at the Villa of Mars.

Afranius places him at the head of all the comic writers, declaring, in his *Compitalia*,

Terentio non similem dices quemquam.

Terence's equal cannot soon be found.

On the other hand, Volcatius reckons him inferior not only to Nævius, Plautus, and Cæcilius, but also to Licinius. Cicero pays him this high compliment, in his *Limo*—

Tu quoque, qui solus lecto sermone, Terenti,
Conversum expressumque Latina voce Menandrum
In medio populi sedatis vocibus offers,
Quidquid come loquens, ac omnia dulcia dicens.

"You, only, Terence, translated into Latin, and clothed in choice language the

[1] The idea seems to have prevailed that Terence, originally an African slave, could not have attained that purity of style in Latin composition which is found in his plays, without some assistance. The style of Phædrus, however, who was a slave from Thrace, and lived in the reign of Tiberius, is equally pure, although no such suspicion attaches to his work.

[2] Cicero (*de Clar. Orat.* c. 207) gives Sulpicius Gallus a high character as a finished orator and elegant scholar. He was consul when the *Andria* was first produced.

[3] Labeo and Popilius are also spoken of by Cicero in high terms.

[4] The story of Terence's having converted into Latin plays this large number of Menander's Greek comedies, is beyond all probability, considering the age at which he died, and other circumstances. Indeed, Menander never wrote so many as are here stated.

[5] They were consuls A. U. C. 594. Terence was, therefore, thirty-four years old at the time of his death.

[6] *Hortulorum*, in the plural number. This term, often found in Roman authors, not inaptly describes the vast number of little inclosures, consisting of vineyards, orchards of fig-trees, peaches, etc., with patches of tillage, in which maize, legumes, melons, pumpkins, and other vegetables are cultivated for sale, still found on small properties, in the south of Europe, particularly in the neighborhood of towns.

plays of Menander, and brought them before the public, who, in crowded audiences, hung upon hushed applause—

Grace marked each line, and every period charmed."

So also Caius Cæsar:

Tu quoque tu in summis, O dimidiate Menander,
Poneris, et merito, puri sermonis amator,
Lembus atque utinam scriptis adjuncta foret vis
Comica, ut æquato virtus polleret honore
Cum Græcis, neque in hoc despectus parte jaceres!
Unum hoc maceror, et doleo tibi deesse, Terenti.

"You, too, who divide your honors with Menander, will take your place among poets of the highest order, and justly too, such is the purity of your style. Would only that to your graceful diction was added more comic force, that your works might equal in merit the Greek masterpieces, and your inferiority in this particular should not expose you to censure. This is my only regret; in this, Terence, I grieve to say you are wanting."

THE LIFE OF JUVENAL.

D. Junius Juvenalis, who was either the son[1] of a wealthy freedman, or brought up by him, it is not known which, declaimed till the middle of life,[2] more from the bent of his inclination, than from any desire to prepare himself either for the schools or the forum. But having composed a short satire,[3] which was clever enough, on Paris,[4] the actor of pantomimes, and also on the poet of Claudius Nero, who was puffed up by having held some inferior military rank for six months only: he afterwards devoted himself with much zeal to that style of writing. For a while indeed, he had not the courage to read them even to a small circle of auditors, but it was not long before he recited his satires to crowded audiences, and with entire success; and this he did twice or thrice, inserting new lines among those which he had originally composed.

Quod non dant proceres, dabit histrio, tu Camerinos,
Et Bareas, tu nobilium magna atria curas.
Præfectos Pelopea facit, Philomela tribunos.

Behold an actor's patronage affords
A surer means of rising than a lord's!
And wilt thou still the Camerinos[5] court,
Or to the halls of Bareas resort,
When tribunes Pelopea can create
And Philomela præfects, who shall rule the state?[6]

At that time the player was in high favor at court, and many of those who fawned upon him were daily raised to posts of honor. Juvenal therefore incurred the suspicion of having covertly satirized occurrences which were then passing, and, although eighty years old at that time,[7] he was immediately removed from the city, being sent into honorable banishment as præfect of a cohort, which was under orders to proceed to a station at the extreme frontier of Egypt. That sort of punishment was selected, as it appeared severe enough for an offence which was venial, and a mere piece of drollery. However, he died very soon afterwards, worn down by grief, and weary of his life.

THE LIFE OF PERSIUS.

Aulus Persius Flaccus was born the day before the Nones of December [4th De-

[1] Juvenal was born at Aquinum, a town of the Volscians, as appears by an ancient MS., and is intimated by himself. *Sat.* iii. 319.

[2] He must have been therefore nearly forty years old at this time, as he lived to be eighty.

[3] The *seventh* of Juvenal's Satires.

[4] This Paris does not appear to have been the favorite of Nero, who was put to death by that prince, but another person of the same name, who was patronized by the Emperor Domitian.

[5] Sulpicius Camerinus had been proconsul in Africa; Bareas Soranus, in Asia. *Tacit. Annal.* xiii. 52; xvi. 23. Both of them are said to have been corrupt in their administration; and the satirist introduces their names as examples of the rich and noble, whose influence was less than that of favorite actors, or whose avarice prevented them from becoming the patrons of poets.

[6] The "Pelopea," was a tragedy founded on the story of the daughter of Thyestes; the "Philomela," a tragedy on the fate of Itys, whose remains were served to his father at a banquet by Philomela and her sister Progne.

[7] This was in the time of Adrian. Juvenal, who wrote first in the reigns of Domitian and Trajan, composed his last Satire but one in the third year of Adrian, A. U. C. 872.

cember],[1] in the consulship of Fabius Persicus and L. Vitellius. He died on the eighth of the calends of December [24th November],[2] in the consulship of Rubrius Marius and Asinius Gallus. Though born at Volterra, in Etruria, he was a Roman knight, allied both by blood and marriage to persons of the highest rank.[3] He ended his days at an estate he had at the eighth milestone on the Appian Way. His father, Flaccus, who died when he was barely six years old, left him under the care of guardians, and his mother, Fulvia Silenna, who afterwards married Fusius, a Roman knight, buried him also in a very few years. Persius Flaccus pursued his studies at Volterra till he was twelve years old, and then continued them at Rome, under Remmius Palæmon, the grammarian, and Verginius Flaccus, the rhetorician. Arriving at the age of twenty-one, he formed a friendship with Annæus Cornutus,[4] which lasted through life; and from him he learned the rudiments of philosophy. Among his earliest friends were Cæsius Bassus,[5] and Calpurnius Statura; the latter of whom died while Persius himself was yet in his youth. Servilius Numanus,[6] he reverenced as a father. Through Cornutus he was introduced to Annæus, as well as to Lucan, who was of his own age, and also a disciple of Cornutus. At that time Cornutus was a tragic writer; he belonged to the sect of the Stoics, and left behind him some philosophical works. Lucan was so delighted with the writings of Persius Flaccus, that he could scarcely refrain from giving loud tokens of applause while the author was reciting them, and declared that they had the true spirit of poetry. It was late before Persius made the acquaintance of Seneca, and then he was not much struck with his natural endowments. At the house of Cornutus he enjoyed the society of two very learned and excellent men, who were then zealously devoting themselves to philosophical inquiries, namely, Claudius Agaternus, a physician from Lacedæmon, and Petronius Aristocrates, of Magnesia, men whom he held in the highest esteem, and with whom he vied in their studies, as they were of his own age, being younger than Cornutus. During nearly the last ten years of his life he was much beloved by Thraseas, so that he sometimes travelled abroad in his company; and his cousin Arria was married to him.

Persius was remarkable for gentle manners, for a modesty amounting to bashfulness, a handsome form, and an attachment to his mother, sister, and aunt, which was most exemplary. He was frugal and chaste. He left his mother and sister twenty thousand sesterces, requesting his mother, in a written codicil, to present to Cornutus, as some say, one hundred sesterces, or as others, twenty pounds of wrought silver,[7] besides about seven hundred books, which, indeed, included his whole library. Cornutus, however, would only take the books, and gave up the legacy to the sisters, whom his brother had constituted his heirs.

He wrote seldom, and not very fast; even the work we possess he left incomplete. Some verses are wanting at the end of the book,[8] but Cornutus thoughtlessly recited it, as if it was finished; and on Cæsius Bassus requesting to be allowed to publish it, he delivered it to him for that purpose. In his younger days, Persius had written a play, as well as an Itinerary, with several copies of verses on Thraseas' father-in-law, and Arria's[9] mother, who had made away with herself before her husband. But Cornutus used

[1] A. U. C. 786. A. D. 34. [2] A. U. C. 814. A. D. 62.

[3] Persius was one of the few men of rank and affluence among the Romans, who acquired distinction as writers; the greater part of them having been freedmen, as appears not only from these lives of the poets, but from our author's notices of the grammarians and rhetoricians. A Caius Persius is mentioned with distinction by Livy in the second Punic war, *Hist.* xxvi. 39; and another of the same name by Cicero, *de Orat.* ii. 6, and by Pliny; but whether the poet was descended from either of them, we have no means of ascertaining.

[4] Persius addressed his fifth satire to Annæus Cornutus. He was a native of Leptis, in Africa, and lived at Rome in the time of Nero, by whom he was banished.

[5] Cæsius Bassus, a lyric poet, flourished during the reigns of Nero and Galba. Persius dedicated his sixth Satire to him.

[6] "Numanus." It should be Servilius *Nonianus*, who is mentioned by Pliny.

[7] Commentators are not agreed about these sums, the text varying both in the manuscripts and editions.

[8] There is no appearance of any want of finish in the sixth Satire of Persius, as it has come down to us; but it has been conjectured that it was followed by another, which was left imperfect.

[9] There were two Arrias, mother and daughter. Tacit. *Annal.* xvi. 34, 3.

his whole influence with the mother of Persius to prevail upon her to destroy these compositions. As soon as his book of Satires was published, all the world began to admire it, and were eager to buy it up. He died of a disease in the stomach, in the thirtieth year of his age.[1] But no sooner had he left school and his masters, than he set to work with great vehemence to compose satires, from having read the tenth book of Lucilius; and made the beginning of that book his model; presently launching his invectives all around with so little scruple, that he did not spare cotemporary poets and orators, and even lashed Nero himself, who was then the reigning prince. The verse ran as follows:

> Auriculas asini Mida rex habet;
>
> King Midas has an ass's ears;

but Cornutus altered it thus;

> Auriculas asini quis non habet?
>
> *Who* has *not* an ass's ears?

in order that it might not be supposed that it was meant to apply to Nero.

THE LIFE OF HORACE.

Horatius Flaccus was a native of Venusium,[2] his father having been, by his own account,[3] a freedman and collector of taxes, but, as it is generally believed, a dealer in salted provisions; for some one with whom Horace had a quarrel, jeered him, by saying: "How often have I seen your father wiping his nose with his fist?" In the battle of Philippi, he served as a military tribune,[4] which post he filled at the instance of Marcus Brutus,[5] the general; and having obtained a pardon, on the overthrow of his party, he purchased the office of scribe to a quæstor. Afterwards insinuating himself first, into the good graces of Mecænas, and then of Augustus, he secured no small share in the regard of both. And first, how much Mecænas loved him may be seen by the epigram in which he says:

> Ni te visceribus meis, Horati,
> Plus jam diligo, Titium sodalem,
> Ginno tu videas strigosiorem.[6]

But it was more strongly exhibited by Augustus, in a short sentence uttered in his last moments: "Be as mindful of Horatius Flaccus as you are of me!" Augustus offered to appoint him his secretary, signifying his wishes to Mecænas in a letter to the following effect: "Hitherto I have been able to write my own epistles to friends; but now I am too much occupied, and in an infirm state of health. I wish, therefore, to deprive you of our Horace: let him leave, therefore, your luxurious table and come to the palace, and he shall assist me in writing my letters." And upon his refusing to accept the office, he neither exhibited the smallest displeasure, nor ceased to heap upon him tokens of his regard. Letters of his are extant, from which I will make some short extracts to establish this: "Use your influence over me with the same freedom as you would do if we were living together as friends. In so doing you will be perfectly right, and guilty of no impropriety; for I could wish that our intercourse should be on that footing, if your health admitted of it." And again: "How I hold you in memory you may learn from our friend Septimius,[7] for I happened to mention you when he was present. And if you are so proud as to scorn my friendship, that is no reason why I should lightly esteem yours, in return." Besides this, among other drolleries, he often called him, "his most immaculate ——," and "his charming little man," and loaded him from time to time with proofs of his munificence. He

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[1] Persius died about nine days before he completed his twenty-ninth year.

[2] Venusium stood on the confines of the Apulian, Lucanian, and Samnite territories.

> Sequor hunc, Lucanus an Appulus anceps;
> Nam Venusinus arat finem sub utrumque colonus.
> *Hor. Sat.* xi. 1, 34.

[3] *Sat.* i. 6, 45.

[4] Horace mentions his being in this battle, and does not scruple to admit that he had made rather a precipitate retreat, "relictâ non bene parmulâ."—*Ode* xi. 7—9.

[5] See *Ode* xi. 7, 1.

[6] The editors of *Suetonius* give different versions of this epigram. It seems to allude to some passing occurrence, and in its present form the sense is to this effect: "If I love you not, Horace, to my very heart's core, may you see the priest of the college of Titus leaner than his mule."

[7] Probably the Septimius to whom Horace addressed the ode beginning

> Septimi, Gades aditure mecum.—*Ode* xl. b. i.

admired his works so much, and was so convinced of their enduring fame, that he directed him to compose the Secular Poem, as well as that on the victory of his stepsons Tiberius and Drusus over the Vindelici; and for this purpose urged him to add, after a long interval, a fourth book of Odes to the former three. After reading his *Sermones*, in which he found no mention of himself, he complained in these terms: "You must know that I am very angry with you, because in most of your works of this description you do not choose to address yourself to me. Are you afraid that, in times to come, your reputation will suffer, in case it should appear that you lived on terms of intimate friendship with me?" And he wrung from him the eulogy which begins with,

Cum tot sustineas, et tanta negotia solus:
Res Italas armis tuteris, moribus ornes,
Legibus emendes: in publica commoda peccem,
Si longo sermone morer tua tempora, Cæsar.
—*Epist.* ii. i.

While you alone sustain the important weight
Of Rome's affairs, so various and so great;
While you the public weal with arms defend,
Adorn with morals, and with laws amend;
Shall not the tedious letter prove a crime,
That steals one moment of our Cæsar's time.
—*Francis.*

In person, Horace was short and fat, as he is described by himself in his *Satires*,[1] and by Augustus in the following letter: "Dionysius has brought me your small volume, which, little as it is, not to blame you for that, I shall judge favorably. You seem to me, however, to be afraid lest your volumes should be bigger than yourself. But if you are short in stature, you are corpulent enough. You may, therefore, if you will, write in a quart, when the size of your volume is as large round as your paunch."

He lived for the most part in the retirement of his farm,[2] on the confines of the Sabine and Tiburtine territories, and his house is shown in the neighborhood of a little wood not far from Tibur. Some Elegies ascribed to him, and a prose Epistle apparently written to commend himself to Mecænas, have been handed down to us; but I believe neither of them are genuine works of his; for the Elegies are commonplace, and the Epistle is wanting in perspicuity, a fault which cannot be imputed to his style. He was born on the sixth of the ides of December [27th December], in the consulship of Lucius Cotta[3] and Lucius Torquatus; and died on the fifth of the calends of December [27th November],[4] having completed his fifty-ninth year. He made a nuncupatory will, declaring Augustus his heir, not being able, from the violence of his disorder, to sign one in due form. He was interred and lies buried on the skirts of the Esquiline Hill, near the tomb of Mecænas.[5]

[1] See *Epist.* i. iv. xv.

Me pinguem et nitidum bene curatâ cute vises.

[2] The works of Horace abound with references to his Sabine farm which must be familiar to many readers. Some remains are still shown, consisting of a ruined wall and a tesselated pavement in a vineyard, about eight miles from Tivoli, which are supposed, with reason, to mark its site. At least, the features of the neighboring country, as often sketched by the poet—and they are very beautiful—cannot be mistaken.

[3] Aurelius Cotta and L. Manlius Torquatus were consuls A. U. C. 688. The genial Horace, in speaking of his old wine, agrees with Suetonius in fixing the date of his own birth:

O nata mecum consule Manlio
Testa.—*Ode* iii. 21.

And again,

Tu vina, Torquato, move
Consule pressa meo.—*Epod.* xiii. 8.

[4] A. U. C. 745. So that Horace was in his fifty-seventh, not his fifty-ninth year, at the time of his death.

[5] It may be concluded that Horace died at Rome, under the hospitable roof of his patron Mecænas, whose villa and gardens stood on the Esquiline hill; which had formerly been the burial ground of the lower classes; but, as he tells us,

Nunc licet Esquiliis habitare salubribus, atque
Aggere in aprico spatiare.—*Sat.* i. 8.

THE LIFE OF LUCAN.

M. Annœus Lucanus, a native of Corduba,[6] first tried the powers of his genius in an encomium on Nero, at the Quinquennial games. He afterwards recited his poem on the Civil War carried on between Pompey and Cæsar. His vanity was so immense, and he gave such liberty to his tongue, that in some preface, comparing his age and his first efforts with those of Virgil, he had the assurance

[6] Cordova. Lucan was the son of Annæus Mella, Seneca's brother.

to say: "And what now remains for me is to deal with a gnat." In his early youth, after being long informed of the sort of life his father led in the country, in consequence of an unhappy marriage,[1] he was recalled from Athens by Nero, who admitted him into the circle of his friends, and even gave him the honor of the quæstorship; but he did not long remain in favor. Smarting at this, and having publicly stated that Nero had withdrawn, all of a sudden, without communicating with the senate, and without any other motive than his own recreation, after this he did not cease to assail the emperor both with foul words and with acts which are still notorious. So that on one occasion, when easing his bowels in the common privy, there being a louder explosion than usual, he gave vent to the hemistych of Nero: "One would suppose it was thundering under ground," in the hearing of those who were sitting there for the same purpose, and who took to their heels in much consternation.[2] In the poem also, which was in every one's hands, he severely lashed both the emperor and his most powerful adherents.

At length, he became nearly the most active leader in Piso's conspiracy; and while he dwelt without reserve in many quarters on the glory of those who dipped their hands in the blood of tyrants, he launched out into open threats of violence, and carried them so far as to boast that he would cast the emperor's head at the feet of his neighbors. When, however, the plot was discovered, he did not exhibit any firmness of mind. A confession was wrung from him without much difficulty; and, humbling himself to the most abject entreaties, he even named his innocent mother as one of the conspirators;[3] hoping that his want of natural affection would give him favor in the eyes of a parricidal prince. Having obtained permission to choose his mode of death,[4] he wrote notes to his father, containing corrections of some of his verses, and, having made a full meal, allowed a physician to open the veins in his arm.[5] I have also heard it said that his poems were offered for sale, and commented upon, not only with care and diligence, but also in a trifling way.[6]

[1] This sentence is very obscure, and Ernesti considers the text to be imperfect.

[2] They had good reason to know that, ridiculous as the tyrant made himself, it was not safe to incur even the suspicion of being parties to a jest upon him.

[3] St. Jerom (*Chron. Euseb.*) places Lucan's death in the tenth year of Nero's reign, corresponding with A. U. C. 817.

[4] These circumstances are not mentioned by some other writers. See Dr. Thompson's account of Lucan, where it is said that he died with philosophical firmness.

THE LIFE OF PLINY.[7]

Plinius Secundus, a native of New Como,[8] having served in the wars with strict attention to his duties, in the rank of a knight, distinguished himself, also, by the great integrity with which he administered the high functions of procurator for a long period in the several provinces intrusted to his charge. But still he devoted so much attention to literary pursuits, that it would not have been an easy matter for a person who enjoyed entire leisure to have written more than he did. He comprised, in twenty volumes, an account of all the various wars carried on in successive periods with the German tribes. Besides this, he wrote a Natural History, which extended to seven books. He fell a victim to the calamitous event

[5] We find it stated that Lucan expired while pronouncing some verses from his own Pharsalia: for which we have the authority of Tacitus, *Annal.* XV. 20. 1. Lucan, it appears, employed his last hours in revising his poems; on the contrary, Virgil, we are told, when his death was imminent, renewed his directions that the Æneid should be committed to the flames.

[6] The text of the concluding sentence of Lucan's life is corrupt, and neither of the modes proposed for correcting it make the sense intended very clear.

[7] Although this brief memoir of Pliny is inserted in all the editions of Suetonius, it was unquestionably not written by him. The author, whoever he was, has confounded the two Plinys, the uncle and nephew, into which error Suetonius could not have fallen, as he lived on intimate terms with the younger Pliny; nor can it be supposed that he would have composed the memoir of his illustrious friend in so cursory a manner. Scaliger and other learned men consider that the life of Pliny, attributed to Suetonius, was composed more than four centuries after that historian's death.

[8] Caius Plinius Cæcilius Secundus (the younger Pliny) was born at Como, A. U. C. 814; A. D. 62. His father's name was Lucius Cæcilius, also of Como, who married Plinia, the sister of Caius Plinius Secundus, supposed to have been a native of Verona, the author of the *Natural History*, and by this marriage the uncle of Pliny the younger. It was the nephew who enjoyed the confidence of the emperors Nerva and Trajan, and was the author of the celebrated *Letters*.

which occurred in Campania. For, having the command of the fleet at Misenum, when Vesuvius was throwing up a fiery eruption, he put to sea with his galleys for the purpose of exploring the causes of the phenomenon close on the spot.[1] But being prevented by contrary winds from sailing back, he was suffocated in the dense cloud of dust and ashes. Some, however, think that he was killed by his slave, having implored him to put an end to his sufferings, when he was reduced to the last extremity by the fervent heat.

SÆMUND'S EDDA.

[In that strange island, Iceland,—burst up, the geologists say, by fire, from the bottom of the sea; a wild land of barrenness and lava; swallowed many months of every year in black tempests, yet with a wild gleaming beauty in summer-time; towering up there, stern and grim, in the North Ocean; with its snow-jökuls, roaring geysers, sulphur pools, and horrid volcanic chasms, like the waste, chaotic battle-field of Frost and Fire,—where, of all places, we least looked for literature or written memorials, the record of these things was written down. On the seaboard of this wild land is a rim of grassy country, where cattle can subsist, and men by means of them and of what the sea yields; and it seems they were poetic men these, men who had deep thoughts in them, and uttered musically their thoughts. Much would be lost, had Iceland not been burst up from the sea, not been discovered by the Northmen! The old Norse poets were many of them natives of Iceland.

Sæmund, one of the early Christian priests there, who perhaps had a lingering fondness for Paganism, collected certain of their old Pagan songs, just about becoming obsolete then,—Poems, or Chants, of a mythic, prophetic, mostly all of a religious character: this is what Norse critics call the *Elder* or Poetic *Edda*. *Edda*, a word of uncertain etymology, is thought to signify *Ancestress*. Snorro Sturleson, an Iceland gentleman, an extremely notable personage, educated by this Sæmund's grandson, took in hand next, near a century afterwards, to put together, among several other books he wrote, a kind of Prose Synopsis of the whole mythology, elucidated by new fragments of traditionary verse,—a work constructed really with great ingenuity, native talent, what one might call unconscious art; altogether a perspicuous, clear work, pleasant reading still: this is the *Younger* or Prose *Edda*. By these and the numerous other *Sagas*, mostly Icelandic, with the commentaries, Icelandic or not, which go on zealously in the North to this day, it is possible to gain some direct insight even yet, and see that old Norse system of belief, as it were, face to face. Let us forget that it is erroneous Religion; let us look at it as old Thought, and try if we cannot sympathize with it somewhat.

The primary characteristic of this old Northland mythology I find to be Impersonation of the visible workings of Nature,—earnest, simple recognition of the workings of Physical Nature, as a thing wholly miraculous, stupendous and divine. What we now lecture of, as Science, they wondered at, and fell down in awe before, as Religion. The dark, hostile Powers of Nature they figured to themselves as *Jötuns*, Giants,—huge, shaggy beings, of a demoniac character. Frost, Fire, Sea, Tempest; these are Jötuns. The friendly Powers again, as Summer-heat, the Sun, are Gods. The empire of this Universe is divided between these two; they dwell apart, in perennial internecine feud. The Gods dwell above in *Asgard*, the Garden of the *Asen* or Divinities; *Jötunheim*, a distant, dark, chaotic land, is the Home of the Jötuns.

Curious all this; and not idle or inane, if we will look at the foundation of it! The power of *Fire*, or *Flame*, for instance, which we designate by some trivial chemical name, thereby hiding from ourselves the essential character of wonder that dwells in it, as in all things, is, with these old Northmen, *Loge*, a most swift, subtle Demon, of the brood of the Jötuns. The savages of the Ladrones Islands, too (say some Spanish voyagers), thought Fire, which they never had seen before, was a Devil or God, that bit you sharply when you touched it, and lived there upon dry wood. From us, too, no chemistry, if it had not stupidity to help it, would hide that Flame is a wonder. What *is* Flame? —*Frost* the old Norse seer discerns to be a monstrous, hoary Jötun, the Giant *Thrym, Hrym;* or *Rime*, the old word now nearly obsolete here, but still used in Scotland to signify hoar-frost. *Rime* was not then, as now, a dead, chemical thing, but a living Jötun or Devil; the monstrous Jötun *Rime* drove home his horses at night, sat "combing their manes,"—which horses were *Hail-clouds*, or fleet *Frost-winds*. His Cows —No, not his, but a kinsman's, the Giant Hymir's Cows —are *Icebergs:* this Hymir "looks at the rocks" with his devil-eye, and they *split* in the glance of it.

Thunder was not then mere Electricity, vitreous or resinous; it was the God Donner (Thunder) or Thor,—God also of beneficent Summer-heat. The thunder was his wrath; the gathering of the black clouds is the drawing down of Thor's angry brows; the fire-bolt bursting out of heaven is the all-rending Hammer flung from the hand of Thor: he urges his loud chariot over the mountain-tops,—that is the peal: wrathful he "blows in his red beard,"—that is the rustling storm-blast before the thunder begins. Balder again, the White God, the beautiful, the just and benignant (whom the early Christian missionaries found to resemble Christ), is the Sun,—beautifullest of visible things; wondrous, too, and divine still, after all our

[1] The first eruption of Mount Vesuvius occurred A. U. C. 831, A. D. 79. The younger Pliny was with his uncle at Misenum at the time, and has left an account of his disastrous enterprise in one of his letters, *Epist.* vi. xvi.

Astronomies and Almanacs! But perhaps the notablest god we hear tell of is one of whom Grimm, the German Etymologist, finds trace: the God *Wünsch*, or Wish. The God *Wish;* who could give us all that we *wished!* Is not this the sincerest and yet rudest voice of the spirit of man? The *rudest* ideal that man ever formed; which still shows itself in the latest forms of our spiritual culture. Higher considerations have to teach us that the God *Wish* is not the true God.

Of the other Gods or Jötuns, I will mention only for etymology's sake, that Sea-tempest is the Jötun *Aegir*, a very dangerous Jötun;—and now to this day, on our river Trent, as I learn, the Nottingham bargemen, when the river is in a certain flooded state (a kind of backwater or eddying swirl it has, very dangerous to them), call it *Eager;* they cry out, "Have a care, there is the *Eager* coming!" Curious; that word surviving, like the peak of a submerged world! The *oldest* Nottingham bargemen had believed in the God Aegir. Indeed, our English blood, too, in good part, is Danish, Norse; or rather, at bottom, Danish and Norse and Saxon have no distinction, except a superficial one,—as of Heathen and Christian, or the like. But all over our island we are mingled largely with Danes proper, —from the incessant invasions there were: and this, of course, in a greater proportion along the east coast; and greatest of all, as I find, in the North Country. From the Humber upwards, all over Scotland, the speech of the common people is still in a singular degree Icelandic; its Germanism has still a peculiar Norse tinge. They, too, are "Normans," Northmen, —if that be any great beauty!

Of the chief God, Odin. Mark at present so much; what the essence of Scandinavian, and, indeed, of all Paganism is: a recognition of the forces of Nature as godlike, stupendous, personal Agencies,—as Gods and Demons.[1] Not inconceivable to us. It is the infant Thought of man opening itself, with awe and wonder, on this ever-stupendous Universe. To me there is in the Norse system something very genuine, very great and man-like. A broad simplicity, rusticity, so very different from the light gracefulness of the old Greek Paganism, distinguishes this Scandinavian system. It is Thought; the genuine thought of deep, rude, earnest minds, fairly opened to the things about them; a face-to-face and heart-to-heart inspection of the things,—the first characteristic of all good thought in all times. Not graceful lightness, half-sport, as in the Greek Paganism; a certain homely truthfulness and rustic strength, a great rude sincerity, discloses itself here. It is strange, after our beautiful Apollo statues and clear smiling mythuses, to come down upon the Norse Gods "brewing ale" to hold their feast with Aegir, the Sea-Jötun; sending out Thor to get the caldron for them in the Jötun country; Thor, after many adventures, clapping the pot on his head, like a huge hat, and walking off with it,—quite lost in it, the ears of the pot reaching down to his heels! A kind of vacant hugeness, large, awkward gianthood, characterizes that Norse system; enormous force, as yet altogether untutored, stalking, helpless, with large, uncertain strides. Consider only their primary mythus of the Creation. The Gods, having got the Giant Ymer slain, —a giant made by "warm winds" and much confused work out of the conflict of Frost and Fire,—determined on constructing a world with him. His blood made the Sea; his flesh was the Land, the Rocks his bones; of his eyebrows they formed Asgard, their Gods'-dwelling; his skull was the great blue vault of Immensity, and the brains of it became the clouds. What a Hyper-Brobdignagian business! Untamed Thought, great, giant-like, enormous;—to be tamed in due time into the compact greatness, not giant-like, but god-like and stronger than giant-hood, of the Shakspeares, the Goethes!—Spiritually, as well as bodily, these men are our progenitors.

I like, too, that representation they have of the Tree Igdrasil. All Life is figured by them as a Tree. Igdrasil, the Ash-tree of Existence, has its roots deep down in the kingdom of *Hela* or Death; its trunk reaches up heaven-high, spreads its boughs over the whole Universe: it is the Tree of Existence. At the foot of it, in the Death-kingdom, sit Three *Nornas*, Fates,—the Past, Present, Future; watering its roots from the Sacred Well. Its "boughs," with their buddings and disleafings,—events, things suffered, things done, catastrophes,—stretch through all lands and times. Is not every leaf of it a biography, every fibre there an act or word? Its boughs are Histories of Nations. The rustle of it is the Noise of Human Existence, onwards from of old. It grows there, the breath of Human Passion rustling through it;—or storm-tost, the storm-wind howling through it like the voice of all the Gods. It is Igdrasil, the Tree of Existence. It is the past, the present, and the future; what was done, what is doing, what will be done;—"the infinite conjugation of the verb *To do.*" Considering how human things circulate, each inextricably in communion with all,—how the word I speak to you to-day is borrowed, not from Ulfila the Mœsogoth only, but from all men since the first man began to speak,—I find no similitude so true as this of a Tree. Beautiful; altogether beautiful and great. The "*Machine* of the Universe," —alas, do but think of that in contrast!—*From Carlyle's Heroes and Hero Worship.*]

[1] This remark applies generally to the early history of all nations, before ignorance has been overcome and dispelled.

THE VÖLUSPÂ:

Or, The Oracle of the Prophetess Vola.

The Prophetess, having imposed silence on all intellectual beings, declares that she is going to reveal the decrees of the Father of Nature, the actions and operations of the gods, which no person ever knew before herself. She then begins with a description of the chaos; and proceeds to the formation of the world, and of that of its various species of inhabitants, giants, men, and dwarfs. She then explains the employments of the fairies, or destinies; the functions of the gods;

their most remarkable adventures; their quarrels with Loke, and the vengeance that ensued. At last she concludes with a long description of the final state of the universe, its dissolution and conflagration; the battle of the inferior deities and the evil beings; the renovation of the world; the happy lot of the good, and the punishment of the wicked.

Give silence, all
Ye sacred race,
Both great and small,
Of Heimdal sprung:
Vol-father's deeds
I will relate,
The ancient tales
Which first I learned.

I know giants
Early born,
My ancestors
Of former times;
Nine worlds I know,
With their nine poles
Of tender wood,
Beneath the earth.

In early times,
When Ymer lived,
Was sand, nor sea,
Nor cooling wave;
No earth was found,
Nor heaven above;
One chaos all,
And nowhere grass.

Until Bör's sons
Th' expanse did raise,
By whom Midgard
The great was made.
From th' south the sun
Shone on the walls;
Then did the earth
Green herbs produce.

The sun turned south;
The moon did shine;
Her right hand held
The horse of heaven.
The sun knew not
His proper sphere;
The stars knew not
Their proper place;
The moon knew not
Her proper power.

Then all the powers
Went to the throne,
The holy gods,
And held consult:
Night and cock-crowing
Their names they gave,
Morning also,
And noon-day tide,
And afternoon,
The years to tell.

The Asas met
On Ida's plains,
Who altars raised
And temples built;
Anvils they laid,
And money coined;
Their strength they tried
In various ways,
When making songs,
And forming tools.

On th' green they played
In joyful mood,
Nor knew at all
The want of gold,
Until there came
Three Thursa maids,
Exceeding strong,
From Jötunheim:
. . . . .
Until there came
Out of the ranks,
Powerful and fair,
Three Asas home,
And found on shore,
In helpless plight,
Ask and Embla
Without their fate.

They had not yet
Spirit or mind,
Blood, or beauty,
Or lovely hue.
Odin gave spirit,
Heinir gave mind,
Lothur gave blood
And lovely hue.

. . . . .

I know an ash,
Named *Ygg-drasill*,
A stately tree,
With white dust strewed.

Thence come the dews
That wet the dales;
It stands aye green
O'er Urda's well.

Thence come the maids
Who much do know;
Three from the hall
Beneath the tree;
One they named *Was*,
And *Being* next,
The third, *Shall be*,
On the shield they cut.

. . . . .

She sat without
When th' Ancient came,
The awful god,
And viewed his eye.

What ask ye me?
Why tempt ye me?
Full well I know,
Great Odin, where
Thine eye thou lost;
In Mimi's well,
The fountain pure,
Mead Mimir drinks
Each morning new,
With Odin's pledge.
Conceive ye this?

To her the god
Of battles gave
Both costly rings
And shining gold,
The art of wealth,
And witchcraft wise,
By which she saw
Through every world.

She saw Valkyries
Come from afar,
Ready to ride
To th' tribes of god;
Skuld held the shield,
Skaugul came next,
Gunnr, Hildr, Gaundul,
And Geir-skaugul.
Thus now are told
The Warrior's Norns,
Ready to ride
The Valkyries.

Heith she was named
Where'er she came;
The prophetess
Of cunning arts.
She knew right well
Bad luck to seethe,
And mischief was
Her only sport.

She murder saw,
The first that e'er
Was in the world,
When Gullveig was
Placed on the spear,
When in Harr's hall
They did her burn:
Thrice she was burnt,
Thrice she was born,
Oft, not seldom,
And yet she lives.

When all the powers
Went to the throne,
The holy gods,
And held consult:
What punishment
They should inflict
On th' Asas now
For bad advice;
Or whether all
The gods should hold
Convivial feasts:

Were broken now
The castle-walls
Of Asaborg,
By murderous Vanes
Who took the field:
Forth Odin flew
And shot around:
This murder was
The first that e'er
Was in the world.

When all the powers
Went to the throne,
The holy gods,
And held consult:
Who had the air
Involved in flames,
Or Odder's maid
To giants given:

There Thor alone
Was in ill mood;
He seldom sits
When told the like;
Broken were oaths
And promises
And all contracts
That had been made.

She knows where hid
Lies Heimdal's horn,
Full deep beneath
The sacred tree:
She sees a flood
Rush down the fall
From Odin's pledge:
Conceive ye yet?
. . . . .
The sun turns pale;
The spacious earth
The sea ingulfs;
From heaven fall
The lucid stars:
At the end of time,
The vapors rage,
And playful flames
Involve the skies.

She sees arise,
The second time,
From th' sea, the earth
Completely green:
Cascades do fall;
The eagle soars,
That on the hills
Pursues his prey.

The gods convene
On Ida's plains,
And talk of man,
The worm of dust:
They call to mind
Their former might,
And th' ancient runes
Of Fimbultyr.

The fields unsown
Shall yield their growth;
All ills shall cease;
Balder shall come,
And dwell with Hauthr
In Hropt's abodes.
Say, warrior-gods,
Conceive ye yet?

A hall she sees
Outshine the sun,
Of gold its roof,
It stands in heaven:
The virtuous there
Shall always dwell,
And evermore
Delights enjoy.

Translated by HENDERSON.

PICCIOLA.

[**Joseph Xavier Boniface,** better known by his assumed name of **Saintine,** an elegant French writer, was born at Paris in 1798, and died in 1865. He wrote many poems, dramas and romances, and a history of Italian Wars. His beautiful story of *Picciola*, published in 1837, which was publicly crowned as a masterpiece of fiction, has been translated into many languages. Saintine, in co-operation with Eugène Scribe and other dramatists, produced many plays. We give an abridgment of this admired modern classic.]

BOOK I.

Charles Véramont, Count of Charney, whose name is, doubtless, not yet wholly forgotten by the learned of our time, and might, if sought, still be found in the records of the imperial police, was endowed by nature with an uncommon capacity for study. Unfortunately, his intellect, under scholastic discipline, had taken a disputatious turn. He was more used to discussion than to observation, and so became rather a learned man than a philosopher. At twenty-five the Count was master of seven languages; but, unlike certain learned polyglots, who seem to have given themselves the trouble of acquiring foreign tongues for the express purpose of exhibiting their ignorance and emptiness to foreigners, as well as to their own countrymen,—(for one can be a dolt in many languages as easily as in one,)—Charney regarded his acquirements as a linguist only as preparation for other and higher studies.

While he possessed this body of servants at the command of his intellect, yet each had his duty, his special business. With his servants, the Germans, he engaged in metaphysics; with the English and Italians, in politics and legislation; with all, in history, which he could investigate to its very origin, thanks to his

Hebrew, his Greek, and his Roman servants.

Twenty rival truths perplexed the horizon of his mind—false beacons that set his reason at defiance.

After being tossed about between Bossuet and Spinoza, between atheism and deism—bewildered among spiritualists, sensationalists, animists, ontologists, eclectics, and materialists, he took refuge in universal scepticism, desperately solving all doubts by universal negation.

Having set aside the doctrine of *innate ideas*, and the *revelation* of theologians, as well as the opinions of Leibnitz, Locke, and Kant, Count Charney shut himself up in gross pantheism, refusing to believe in one supreme intelligence. The disorder inherent in creation, the perpetual contradictions between ideas and things, the unequal distribution of strength and fortune among mankind, fixed in his mind the conviction that blind matter alone had created all, and alone organized and directed all.

Chance became his God, annihilation the object of his hope. He adopted his new creed with rapture, almost with triumph, as if he had himself created it, thinking himself happy in being freed by a sweeping incredulity from the doubts with which he had been besieged.

The death of a relative placed him in possession of a large fortune. He bade adieu to science, and determined to live for pleasure alone. Since the installation of the Consulate, society in France had been reorganized with its former habits of luxury and splendor. In the midst of the clarion of victory which was heard from all quarters at once, Paris was intoxicated.

Charney entered the world of wealth, the genial and dazzling world, the world of learning, wit, and grace; then in the midst of this life, at once idle and occupied, in this grand rush for pleasure, he was filled with surprise that he could not think himself happy.

Our philosopher called to his aid sensual pleasures. In society, which had been so long a stranger to joy and gayety, and was still defiled by the blood-stained orgies of the Revolution, now renewing its life, and outstripping at the first bound the ostentatious magnificence of the Regency, he signalized himself by the extravagance of his expenditure and his follies,—but all in vain.

He had horses, equipages, an open table; he gave concerts, balls, hunting-parties; but failed to secure pleasure as his guest. He had friends to flatter him in his triumphs, mistresses to love him in his moments of leisure, and although he put a high price on all this, he knew neither friendship nor love.

Charney could not be happy. He became a philanthropist.

To be useful to the men that he despised, he gave himself up anew to politics; not speculative, but active. He caused himself to be initiated into secret societies; he forced himself to feel again the only sort of fanaticism that remains for minds which have lost all illusions. In short, he became a conspirator; and against whom? Against the power of Bonaparte.

May it not have been that this patriotic love, this universal love which seemed to animate him, after all, at bottom, was only hatred for one single man, a man whose glory and success annoyed him?

Charney, the aristocrat, at last returned to the principle of equality; the proud nobleman from whom had been wrested his title of Count, which he held from his ancestors, did not choose that one should take with impunity that of Emperor, which could be held only from the sword.

It matters not what conspiracy this was. There was no lack of conspiracies at that epoch. I only know that this one was brooding from 1803 to 1804; but it was not suffered to break out. The police, that providence which watched over the destinies of the future empire, discovered it in time. Government decided to make no noise about it, not even to give it the honor of a discharge of muskets on the Plaine de Grenelle, the place of military execution. The heads of the conspiracy were surprised, seized in their own houses, condemned almost without trial, and separately distributed in the prisons, citadels, or fortresses of the ninety-six departments of consular France.

. . . . . .

I remember, when crossing the Alps into Italy, a tourist, travelling on foot, my knapsack on my shoulder, and alpenstock in my hand, stopping to gaze thoughtfully on a torrent near the pass of Rodoretto, swollen by the melting ice of the upper glaciers. This torrent is the Clusone.

Skirting its banks, I came with it into

one of four valleys called "Protestant," in memory of the ancient Vaudois, who formerly took refuge there. Here my torrent had no longer its rapid and riotous gait, nor its hundred roaring voices. Flowing now quietly, decently, almost coquettishly, it took upon itself the air of a modest rivulet, as it caressed with its waves the walls of Fenestrella.

It was then that I first saw Fenestrella, celebrated for the forts which crown the two mountains between which the town is placed. These forts, which communicate by a covered way, had been partly dismantled during the wars of the republic. One of them, however, repaired and refortified, had become a prison of state when Piedmont was incorporated into France.

It was in this fortress of Fenestrella that Charles Véramont, Count of Charney, was confined, accused of having plotted to subvert the regular and legal government of his country, to substitute for it a *régime* of disorder and terror.

The room occupied by Charney was at the rear of the citadel, in a small building raised on the ruins of an ancient fortification, formerly connected with the defensive works, but which, in the rebuilding of the fort, was rendered useless.

Four walls newly whitewashed, so that they did not even yield him the amusement of recognizing the traces of those who had before been inmates of this place of desolation; a table, at which he could do nothing but eat; one chair, whose singleness seemed ever to remind him that never would any human being sit there beside him; a trunk for his clothing; a little sideboard of painted deal, partly worm-eaten, presented a striking contrast to an elegant dressing-case inlaid with silver, which was placed upon it,—the only remnant which was left him of his former luxury; a narrow bed, but clean; a pair of curtains of blue cloth, which hung at his window,—a derisive superfluity, a bitter raillery, for the closeness of the bars, and the high wall rising but a few feet opposite his window, left him little to fear from prying eyes or the importunity of the too ardent rays of the sun. Such was the furnishing of his chamber.

Over this room was another exactly like it, but unoccupied; he had no companions in this detached portion of the fortress. The rest of his world was limited to a massive spiral stone stairway which led to a small paved court, sunk in one of the ancient moats of the citadel.

In this place, for two hours each day, he took as much exercise and enjoyed as much liberty as the rules prescribed by the commandant permitted. From this court the prisoner could look upon the summit of the mountains, and the vapors which rose from the plains; for the ramparts, lower at the east, allowed the air and sun to penetrate. But once more in his chamber, a horizon of masonry alone met his eye, in the midst of this sublime and picturesque scenery which surrounded him. At the right rose the enchanting green hills of Saluces; at the left, the last undulations of the valleys of Aosta, and the banks of the Chiara; before him were the marvellous plains of Turin; behind him, the Alps, rising one above another, adorned with rocks, forests, and abysses, from Mount Genevra to Mount Cenis, and he could see nothing,—nothing but a misty sky suspended over his head in a frame of stones, nothing but the pavement of his court and the bars of his prison, nothing but the high wall that faced his window, of which the wearisome uniformity was only broken towards its extremity by a small square window, at which, from time to time, through the bars, he had a glimpse of a sad and frowning face.

And this was the circumscribed world in which he must henceforward seek his diversions and find his joys. The effort taxed all his faculties.

He marked on his walls, with a bit of charcoal, figures and dates which recalled to him the happy events of his youth. Alas! how small the number of them! He turned from these remembrances with a sinking heart.

Then the fatal demon of scepticism returned with its desolating convictions, which he formed into phrases that he dared to inscribe on the walls, near the names of his mother and his sister.

He taxed his ingenuity to multiply difficulties to vanquish, problems to solve, enigmas to guess, and *ennui*, formidable enemy, came to surprise him in the midst of these grave employments.

The man whose face he had seen at the window at the extremity of the opposite wall might have furnished him, perhaps, with more real diversion; but this other prisoner seemed to avoid his notice, retir-

ing from the grating as soon as the Count showed any signs of observing him. Charney conceived a hatred for him.

Such was his opinion of human nature, that nothing more was necessary than this avoidance of him to convince him that the unknown was a spy employed to watch his movements even in prison, or some old enemy rejoicing over his misery and humiliation.

On interrogating the jailer, however, he saw that his suspicions were false.

"He is an Italian," said he, "a good fellow, a good Christian, for I often find him at his prayers."

Charney shrugged his shoulders. "And why is he here?" asked he.

"He attempted to assassinate the Emperor."

"Is he, then, a patriot?"

"Patriot? oh no! but the poor man had a son and a daughter; now he has only a daughter—his son is dead in Germany—poor fellow!"

"It was a paroxysm of selfishness, then," murmured Charney.

"Zounds! you are not a father, Signor Count," replied the jailer. "If my little Antonio, who is still at the breast, had to be weaned for the good of the empire, which is not much older than he—but silence, I do not wish to lodge at Fenestrella without the keys at my girdle or under my pillow."

"And what are now the occupations of this bold conspirator?"

"He catches flies," said the jailer, with a jesting glance.

Charney no longer hated his neighbor; he despised him.

"He is then mad," cried he.

"Why mad, Signor Count? a later comer than he you have already become a master in the art of carving in wood. Patience."

Notwithstanding the irony of these last words Charney resumed his manual labors, and the explanation of his hieroglyphics—remedies, alas! impotent against the pain with which he was tormented.

In these puerilities, in this weariness, passed all the winter.

Happily for him, a new subject of interest was soon to come to his aid.

One day, at the prescribed hour, Charney was walking in the court-yard, his head bowed, his arms crossed behind his back, pacing slowly, as if he could so make the narrow space which he was permitted to perambulate seem larger.

Spring announced its coming; a softer air dilated his lungs, and to live free, and be master of the soil and of space, seemed to him the goal of his desires.

He counted one by one the paving-stones of his little court, without doubt to verify the exactness of his former calculations, for it was by no means the first time he had numbered them, when he perceived there, under his eyes, a little mound of earth raised between two stones, slightly opened at the top. He stopped; his heart beat without his being able to tell why. But all is hope or fear for a captive. In the most indifferent objects, and the most insignificant events, he seeks some hidden cause which speaks to him of deliverance.

Perhaps this slight derangement on the surface might be produced by some great work under ground, perhaps a tunnel which would open and make a way for him to the fields and mountains. Perhaps his friends or his former accomplices were mining to reach him, and restore to him life and liberty.

Was he to be free? Had France changed its master?

In order, however, to make his mind quite clear about it, stooping over the little mound, he carefully removed some of the particles of earth, and saw with astonishment that the agitation which had overcome him for an instant had not even been caused by a busy, burrowing, scratching animal, armed with claws and teeth, but by a feeble specimen of vegetation, with scarcely strength to sprout, weak and languishing.

Raising himself, profoundly humiliated, he was about to crush it with his heel, when a fresh breeze, laden with the perfume of honeysuckle and hawthorn, was wafted to him, as if to implore mercy for the poor plant, which perhaps one day would also have perfume to give him.

Another thought came to him to arrest his destructive intention. How was it possible for that little plant, so tender, soft, and fragile, that a touch might break it, to raise, separate, and throw out that earth dried and hardened by the sun, trodden under foot by him, and almost cemented to the two blocks of granite between which it was pressed?

He bent over it again and examined it

with renewed attention. He saw at its upper extremity a sort of double fleshy valve, which folded over the first leaves, preserved them from the touch of anything that might injure them, and at the same time enabled them to pierce that earthy crust in search of air and sun.

Ah, said he to himself, behold all the secret. It receives from nature this principle of strength, as the young birds, who before they are born are armed with a bill hard enough to break the thick shell which confines them. Poor prisoner, thou possessest at least the instruments which can aid thee to gain thy freedom.

He stood gazing at it a few moments, and no longer dreamed of crushing it.

The next day, in taking his ordinary walk, he was striding along in an absent-minded manner, and nearly trod on it by accident. He drew back quickly, and, surprised at the interest with which his new acquaintance inspired him, he paused to note its progress.

The plant had grown, and the rays of the sun had caused it to lose somewhat of its sickly pallor. He reflected upon the power which that pale and slender stem possessed to absorb the luminous essence with which to nourish and strengthen itself, and to borrow from the prism the colors with which to clothe itself, colors assigned beforehand to each one of its parts. Yes, its leaves, without doubt, thought he, will be tinted with a different shade from its stem; and then its flowers, what color will they be? Yellow, blue, red? Why, nourished by the same sap as the stalk, do they not clothe themselves in the same livery? How do they draw their azure and scarlet from the same source where the other has only found a bright or sombre green? So it is to be, however; for notwithstanding the confusion and disorder of affairs here below, matter follows a regular though blind march. Blind, indeed, repeated he; I need no other proof of it than these two fleshy lobes which have facilitated its egress from the earth, but which now, of no use in its preservation, nourish themselves still from its substance, and hang down, wearying it by their weight—of what use are they?

As he said this, day was declining, and the chilly spring evening approached; the two lobes rose slowly as he watched them, apparently desiring to justify themselves from his reproach; they drew closer together, and enclosed in their bosom, to protect it against the cold and the attacks of insects, the tender and fragile foliage which was about to be deprived of the sun, and who thus sheltered and warmed, slept under the two wings which the plant had just softly folded over it.

The man of science comprehended more fully this mute but decided response, in observing that the outside of the vegetable bivalve had been slightly cut by the nibbling of a snail the night before, of which the traces still remained.

This strange colloquy between thought on one side and action on the other, between the man and the plant, was not to end here. Charney had been too long occupied with metaphysical discussions to surrender himself easily to a good reason.

"This is all very well," said he; "here as elsewhere a happy concurrence of fortuitous circumstances has favored this feeble creation. It was born, armed with a lever to lift the soil, and a buckler to protect its head, two conditions necessary to its existence; if it had happened that these had not been fulfilled, the plant must have died, stifled in its germ, like myriads of other individuals of its species, whom Nature has no doubt created, unfinished, imperfect, incapable of preserving and reproducing themselves and who have had but an hour of life on earth. Who can calculate the number of false and impotent combinations Nature has made, before succeeding in producing one single specimen fitted to endure? A blind man may hit the mark, but how many arrows must he lose before he attains this result. For thousands of ages matter has been triturated by the double movement of attraction and repulsion; is it then strange that Chance should so many times produce the right combinations? I grant that this envelope can protect these first leaves, but will it grow and enlarge so as to shelter and preserve also the other leaves against the cold and the attacks of their enemies? Next spring, when new foliage will be born as fragile and tender as this, will it be here to protect it again? No! Nothing then has been planned in all this, nothing is the result of intelligent thought, but rather of a happy chance."

Sir Count, Nature has more than one response with which to refute your argument. Have patience, and observe that

feeble and isolated production, sent forth and thrown into the court of your prison, perhaps less by a stroke of chance than by the benevolent foresight of Providence. These excrescences in which you have divined a lever and a shield had already rendered other services to this feeble plant. After having served it as envelope in the frozen ground through the winter, the right time having arrived, they lent it their nourishing breast, as it were, suckling it when, a simple germ, it had not yet roots with which to seek moisture from the ground, or leaves to breathe the air and the sun.

The philosopher had followed attentively all the progress and the transformations of the plant. Again he had contended with her by reasoning, and she had ever an answer for all his arguments.

"Of what use are these prickly hairs that garnish thy stem?" said he. And the next day she showed them to him covered with a slight hoar-frost, which, thanks to them, kept at a distance, had not chilled her tender skin.

"Of what use in the fine days will be your warm coat, wadded with down?"

The fine days arrived; she cast off her winter cloak to adorn herself with her spring toilette of green, and her new branches sprang forth free from these silken envelopes, henceforward useless.

"But if the storm rages, the wind will bruise thee, and the hail will cut thy leaves, too tender to resist it."

The wind blew, and the young plant, too feeble yet to dare to fight, bent to the earth, and was defended in yielding. The hail came, and by a new manœuvre, the leaves rising along the stem, shielding it, pressed against each other for mutual protection, presenting only their underside to the blows of the enemy, and opposed their solid ribs to the weight of the atmospheric projectiles — in their union was their strength; this time the plant had come forth from the combat, not without some slight mutilations, but alive and still strong, and ready to expand before the rays of the sun, which would heal her wounds.

"Is Chance then intelligent?" said Charney; "must I spiritualize matter, or materialize mind?" And he did not cease to interrogate his mute instructress; he delighted to watch her growth, and mark her gradual metamorphoses.

One day, after he had contemplated it for a long time, he was surprised to find that he had been lost in thought, that his reveries had an unaccustomed tenderness, and that his happy thoughts continued during his walk in the court. Raising his head he saw at the barred window of the great wall the "catcher of flies," who seemed to be observing him. At first he blushed, as if the man could read his thoughts, but then he smiled, for he no longer despised him. Had he the right to do so? Was not his mind also absorbed in the contemplation of one of the lowest ranks of creation?

"Who knows," said he, "but this Italian may have discovered in a fly as much worthy of study as I in my plant?"

On returning to his chamber, that which first struck his eye was this maxim of the fatalist, inscribed by him upon the wall two months before:

Chance is blind, and is the sole author of creation.

He took a bit of charcoal and wrote underneath —PERHAPS!

Charney wrote no more upon his wall, and cut upon his table only growing stems protected by their cotyledons, only leaves with their serrated edges, and salient veins. He passed the greater part of his hours for exercise before his plant, examining and studying its development; and when again in his chamber, he would often, through the window-bars, still gaze upon it.

It is now the favorite occupation, the plaything, the whim of the prisoner. Will he tire of it as he has of others?

One morning from his window he saw the jailer, in rapidly crossing the court, pass so near to his plant, that it seemed in danger of being crushed by his foot. For the moment he shuddered with fear. When Ludovic came to bring him his pittance for breakfast, he determined to petition him to spare the only ornament of his walk; but he found it difficult to put in form a request so simple. Perhaps the discipline of the prison required that the court should be cleared of all vegetation. It was then a favor that he would ask, and he possessed little with which to repay it. This Ludovic had already heavily taxed him, in extorting from him as much as possible, in payment for the articles that the jailer reserves the right of furnishing to the prisoners. Besides, Charney had rarely spoken to the man, whose

brusque manners and sordid character repelled him. Without doubt he would find him little disposed to be agreeable to him. His pride made him shrink from appearing by his tastes to be on the same level with the fly-catcher, for whom he had so plainly shown his contempt. Then, after all, his request might be refused; for the inferior whose position gives him for the moment the right to grant or deny a favor, almost always uses his power with harshness, not knowing that indulgence belongs to strength.

A refusal would profoundly wound the pride and the hopes of the prisoner. It was, then, only after a host of oratorical precautions, and strengthening himself with all his philosophical knowledge of human weakness, that Charney broached his discourse, previously logically arranged, to gain his object without compromising his *amour propre*, or rather his vanity.

He commenced by addressing the jailer in Italian, thus awakening the *souvenirs* of childhood and nationality. He spoke to him of his son, his little Antonio. He knew how to touch the sensitive chord of his heart, and so force him to listen. Then he took from his elegant dressing-case a small silver-gilt goblet, and desired him to present it as his gift to his child. Ludovic smiled, but refused it.

Charney, though somewhat abashed, would not consider himself defeated. He insisted by an adroit transition, saying, "I know that a toy, or rattle, or flower, would be a more suitable gift for the child, but you can sell the cup, my good man, and with the price purchase these for him. *Apropos* of flowers," said he,—and behold him fairly launched into his subject.

Thus the great springs of human action—love of country, paternal love, personal interest—were all brought to bear upon the accomplishment of his object. Could more have been done if his own fate had been at stake? Judge, then, whether he already loved his plant!

"Signor Count," said Ludovic, when he had ceased to speak, "keep your goblet, lest the other bijoux in the case should miss it; you forget that my little boy, but three months old, has no need of a goblet to drink from; as to your gillyflower"—

"What! a gillyflower! Is it a gillyflower?" cried Charney, foolishly disappointed to have set his heart upon so common a flower.

"I am sure I do not know, Signor Count; to my eyes all plants are more or less gillyflowers. But since the preservation of this one is the matter in question, you are a little late in recommending it to my tender mercies. I should long ago have crushed it without any intention of hurting either you or it, if I had not noticed your tender interest in the pretty thing."

"Oh! that interest," said Charney, somewhat confused, "is a very simple thing."

"Tut, tut, tut, I understand that," replied Ludovic, with a wink of the eye, "occupation is a necessity to man; he must attach himself to something, and prisoners have but few objects from which to make their choice. Among our inmates here, Signor Count, are those who were once, without doubt, grand personages, and learned men, (for they do not bring the small fry here). Now they amuse and occupy themselves with the most trivial things. One catches flies—there is no harm in that. Another," added he, with a wink of the eye, more significant than the first, "cuts and hacks with his penknife the deal table, without considering that I am responsible for the furniture of the place."

The Count would have spoken, but Ludovic gave him no opportunity. "Some," said he, "raise canary birds and goldfinches, and others white mice. I respect their fancies to that degree, that I have given away a superb white Angora cat, which was the pet of my wife and myself, lest this small game should prove too strong a temptation for it; and all the cats in the world are not worth a captive's mouse."

"You are very good, Monsieur Ludovic," said Charney, annoyed that any one should suppose that his tastes could descend to such puerilities—"but that plant is to me more than a diversion."

"What matter! if it only reminds you of the tree under which your mother rocked you in your infancy, *per Bacco*, it may shade half the court-yard. My orders say nothing about it, so I will shut my eyes to it. Were it to become a tree and aid you to scale the wall, that would be another thing; but we have time enough to think of that," said he, with a coarse laugh; "not that I do not wish you, with

all my heart, the enjoyment of liberty and the free air, but it must come at the right time, according to rule, and with the permission of the authorities; if you should attempt to escape from the citadel"—

"What would you do?"

"What would I do! bar your passage, though you killed me; or order the sentinel to fire on you, with no more pity than if you were a rabbit,—that is the order,—but touch one of the leaves of your gilly-flower, no, no! Put my foot upon it, never! I have always regarded as a consummate rascal, and unworthy to be a jailer, the man who would maliciously crush the spider of a poor prisoner; it is an ugly action—yes, it is a crime."

Charney was at once surprised and touched to find so much sensibility in his guardian; and as his respect for him increased, his vanity was all the more determined to account by some sufficient reasons for his interest in the plant.

"My good fellow," said he, "I thank you for your good will; I acknowledge that this plant is for me the source of a multitude of philosophical observations, full of interest. I delight to study its physiological phenomena." And as he saw by the jailer's expression that he listened without understanding, he added: "Besides, the species to which it belongs possesses medicinal virtues, particularly useful in a disease to which I am subject."

He lied; but it would have cost him too much to allow the man who had just begun to rise in his esteem to think that he too had descended to the whimsical puerilities of the prison,—the only man who approached him, and who for him represented the whole human race.

"If your plant, Signor Count, has rendered you such service," replied Ludovic, as he prepared to leave the room, "you ought to show your gratitude to it by watering it sometimes; for if I had not taken care, in bringing water to you, to moisten it from time to time, the poor *picciola* would have died of thirst. Adieu, sir Count."

"One instant, my good Ludovic," cried Charney, more and more surprised to find such delicate instincts inclosed in so rough an exterior, and repenting that he had until now so wronged him. "What! you interest yourself thus in my pleasures, and yet are so silent before me. I pray you accept this little present as a souvenir of my gratitude. If hereafter I can more fully acquit myself to you, count upon me."

And he again presented him the goblet. This time Ludovic took it, and while examining it with a sort of curiosity, said: "Acquit yourself of what, Signor Count? Plants ask nothing but water, and one can give them a drink without ruining one's self at the inn. If this one diverts you a little from your troubles, if it produces something of use to you, enough is said."

And he went at once and replaced the goblet in its case.

The Count stepped towards Ludovic and offered him his hand.

"Oh, no, no!" said he, drawing back with a constrained but respectful air; "one only gives his hand to his equal or his friend."

"Well, Ludovic, be my friend."

"No, no!" said the jailer, "that cannot be, *Excellenza*. It is necessary to foresee all, that one may be able to fulfil his duties conscientiously to-morrow as well as to-day. If you were my friend and tried to give us the slip, should I have courage to cry to the sentinel 'Fire!' No, I am your guardian, your jailer, your most devoted servant."

After the departure of Ludovic Charney reflected, and thought how, notwithstanding all his personal advantages, in all the relation between them, he had shown himself inferior to this man. To what miserable subterfuges had he resorted to surprise the heart of this simple and kindly being! he had not even hesitated to descend to a falsehood.

How thankful he was to him for the secret cares lavished upon his plant. What! this jailer, supposed capable of a refusal, when only the refraining from an unkind action was in question, had anticipated his wishes; he had been a spy upon him, not to sneer at his weakness, but to favor his pleasures. His disinterestedness forced the proud Count to acknowledge himself his debtor!

The hour for his exercise having arrived, he does not forget to share with his plant the portion of water which is allowed him. Not content with watering it, he takes care to free it from the dust which tarnishes its leaves, and the insects which attack it.

While thus occupying himself he thinks

of Ludovic, and desires to know him better, to seek an explanation of the singular contrasts which the character of this man present, at the same time rude and good-natured, pitiless and tender-hearted, niggardly and disinterested.

He who had formerly been so much occupied with the study of the fall of old empires, the migration of races, the exploits and conquests of Cyrus, Alexander, and Gengis-Khan, asked nothing more of the great history of the world than the history of his jailer. By means of questions, suppositions, and logical deductions, this is what he learned from Ludovic himself:

Ludovic Ritti, a Piedmontese, was born at Nice, a compatriot and contemporary of Masséna. They were both children of the same quarter of the town, comrades in school, and out of school next-door neighbors.

Yet, from their earliest youth, in accordance with their different natures, if they played *horse*, Ludovic was the horse and Masséna the driver; if they were to take the fruit from a neighbor's orchard, Ludovic served as the ladder by which Masséna climbed the wall, and the climber knew very well how to reserve for himself the lion's share; if they went poaching in the woods, Ludovic beat the bushes, while Masséna was the hunter.

Thus the two companions had grown up together, had been vagabonds together, then together they had enlisted as soldiers in the service of the Republic, and together they had taken their letters of naturalization,—not in the ordinary manner, by declaring themselves French, but in aiding the conquest, which declared France their own country.

At this epoch, it is true, Masséna wore already the badge of *general of division*, while Ludovic still preserved his first woollen epaulettes: one had been born to dominion and command, the other to obedience.

In the terrible year '95, in the midst of the snows of the Alps, when he and his companions marched with bare feet and empty stomachs, Ludovic quietly said, "It is the order!"

Wounded at Marengo, slightly lamed by a ball which lodged in the flesh of his thigh, Ludovic was forced to retire from the service.

Great then was his embarrassment. He had only gained, during his campaigns and his sojourn in Germany, Italy, and various parts of France, a marvellous facility in swearing in four or five different idioms.

Again at Nice, his native place, condemned to a sedentary life, abandoned to himself, with no impetus from without, he knew not how to arrange his movements, or what rule to impose upon his conduct.

He had no other diversion, no other pleasure, no other happiness, but to see the parade of the garrison, and to march with limping step after the guard.

In order to escape from this perplexing situation, Ludovic took a grand resolution.

He married.

Into his domestic economy he carried the same passive obedience that had distinguished him in the army. As if all happiness was to come to him at the same time, the office of jailer at Fenestrella, just then becoming vacant, was given to him, through the influence of his old comrade Masséna. He had then two superior officers, in place of one—his wife and his commandant.

His wife, younger than himself, passed, notwithstanding an enormous *goître*, for a tolerably good-looking girl when he married her; but being of a crabbed disposition and sordidly avaricious, she had forced Ludovic, who was naturally disinterested, to overcharge the prisoners on all articles which the jailer was allowed to furnish them. But beyond that, notwithstanding the wishes of his wife, he would not accept from them the slightest gift. This refusal could only happen in the interior of the prison, away from his wife's cognizance; that was his own affair; besides, it was the order.

There were then three distinct shades of character impressed upon Ludovic—by his commandant, his wife, and his own instincts. Unsparing when the discipline of the citadel was in question, *voilà* his commandant; avaricious with the prisoners, *voilà* his wife; but good, sensible, generous, compassionate, when the commandant or the good woman of the house did not breathe upon his heart to make it hard or avaricious, *voilà* himself.

If a more complete portrait of Ludovic Ritti is desired, he was forty years of age, his complexion dark, his beard thick, his shoulders broad, his frame strong, and of middle height.

One day soon after, at the appointed hour, Charney was at his post near his plant, when he saw a heavy black cloud obscuring the sun, hanging like a gray floating dome over the towers of the fortress. Soon large drops of rain began to fall: he started to go quickly under shelter, when hail-stones mingled with the rain pattered on the pavement of the court. *La povera*, whirled and twisted by the storm, seemed on the point of being uprooted from the earth; her wet leaves fretting one against the other, trembling with the tossing of the wind, uttered, as it were, plaintive murmurs and cries of distress.

Charney paused. He remembered the reproaches of Ludovic, and looked eagerly around for some object with which to protect his plant; he found nothing; the hail-stones became larger and fell more quickly, and threatened its destruction. He trembled for her, for her whom he had seen so lately resist so well the violence of the wind and the hail; but now he loved his plant too well to suffer it to run any risk of injury, for the sake of getting the better of it in an argument.

Taking, then, a resolution worthy of a lover, worthy of a father, he drew near, he placed himself before his *protégée*, and interposed himself as a wall between her and the wind; he bent over her, serving as a shield against the shock of the hail; and there, motionless, panting from his struggles with the storm, from which he sheltered her, protecting her with his hands, with his body, with his head, with his love, he waited till the cloud had passed.

The storm was over. But might not a similar danger menace it when he, its protector, was held from it by bolts and bars? Moreover, the wife of Ludovic, followed by a large dog, sometimes came into the court. This dog in his gambols might, with one snap of his mouth, or a stroke of his paw, destroy the darling of the philosopher. Charney spent the rest of the day in meditating upon a plan, and the next day prepared to put it in execution.

The small portion of wood allowed him was scarcely enough for his comfort in this climate, where the evenings and mornings are so chilly. What matter? Has he not the warmth of his bed? he can retire earlier and rise later. In this way, sparing his wood, he soon amassed enough for his purpose. When Ludovic questioned him about it, he said, "It is to build a palace for my mistress." The jailer winked his eye, as if he understood; but he did not.

During this time Charney split, shaped, and pointed his sticks, laid together the most supple branches, preserved carefully the flexible osier which was used to tie together his daily bundle of fagots. Then he found the lining of his trunk to be of a coarse, loosely-woven fabric, which he detached, and from it drew the coarsest and strongest threads. His materials thus prepared, he set himself bravely to work as soon as the laws of the jail, and the scrupulous exactness of the jailer, would allow.

Around his plant, between the pavement of the court, he carefully inserted sticks of various sizes, making them firm at their base by a cement composed of earth, gathered bit by bit, here and there in the interstices between the stones, and of plaster, and saltpetre, purloined from the old moat of the castle. The principal frame-work thus arranged, he interlaced it with light twigs, thus making a sort of hurdle, capable, in case of need, of protecting *la povera* from any blow, or the approach of the dog.

He was greatly encouraged during his work to find that Ludovic, who, at the commencement, shaking his head with a low grumbling sound of evil augury, had seemed uncertain whether to allow him to continue his work, had now decided in his favor; and sometimes, while quietly smoking his pipe, leaning against the door at the entrance of the court, he would smilingly watch the inexperienced worker; occasionally taking his pipe from his mouth to give him some counsel, which Charney did not always know how to profit by.

But inexpert as he was, his work progressed. In order to complete it, he impoverished himself, by robbing his scanty bed of straw with which to make a sort of matting to use when needed for the protection of his tender plant from the sharp gusts of Alpine wind which threatened it on one side, or the mid-day rays of the sun reflected from the granite.

One evening the wind blew violently. Charney from his window saw the court strewed with bits of straw and little twigs. The matting of straw and the twigs had

not been firmly enough bound to resist the wind. He promised himself to repair the misfortune the next day; but the next day when he descended, it was all rebuilt. A hand more skilful than his had firmly interlaced the straw and the branches, and he knew well who to thank in his heart.

Thus, against all peril, thanks to him, thanks to *them*, the plant was sheltered by rampart and roof; and Charney became more and more warmly attached to it, watching with delight its growth and development, as it unceasingly opened to him new marvels for admiration.

Time gave firmness and solidity to the plant; the covering of the stem, at first so delicate, gave, from day to day, assurance of increasing fitness to endure, and the happy possessor of the plant was seized with a curious and impatient desire to see it blossom.

At last, then, he desired something; this man of a worn-out heart and frozen brain; this man so priding himself in his intellect, stoops from the proud heights of science to be absorbed in the contemplation of an herb of the field.

But do not hasten to accuse him of puerile weakness or of lunacy. The celebrated Quaker, John Bartram, after having passed long hours in examining the structure of a violet, determined to devote the powers of his mind to the study of the vegetable wonders of nature, and so gained a place among the masters of science.

If a philosopher of India became mad in seeking to explain the phenomena of the sensitive plant, perhaps Charney, on the contrary, will learn from his plant true wisdom. Has he not already found in it the charm which has the power to dissipate his *ennui*, and enlarge his prison?

"Oh, the flower! the flower!" said he, "that flower whose beauty will expand only for my eyes, whose perfume will exhale for me alone, what form will it take? What shades will color its petals? Without doubt it will offer me new problems to solve, and throw a last challenge to my reason. Well! Let it come! Let my frail adversary show herself armed at all points, I will not shrink from the contest. Perhaps only then shall I be able to comprehend, in her completeness, that secret which her imperfect formation has thus far hidden from me. But wilt thou flower,—wilt thou show thyself to me one day in all the glory of thy beauty and its adornment, Picciola?"

Picciola! that is the name by which he called her when, in the necessity of hearing a human voice, he conversed aloud with the companion of his captivity, while lavishing upon her his cares. *Povera Picciola!* (poor little one) such had been the exclamation of Ludovic, moved with pity for the poor little thing, when it had nearly died for want of water. Charney remembered it.

"Picciola! Picciola! wilt thou flower soon?" repeated he, while carefully opening the leaves at the extremities of the stems, to see if there was any promise of blossom. And this name, Picciola, was very pleasant to his ear, for it brought to his mind, at once, the two beings who peopled his world,—his plant and his jailer.

One morning, when at the hour of his daily promenade, he interrogated Picciola, leaf by leaf, his eyes were suddenly arrested by something peculiar in its appearance; his heart beat violently, he laid his hand upon it, and the blood suffused his face. It was a long time since he had experienced so keen an emotion. That which he saw was at the end of the main stem, a new excrescence, green, silky, of a spherical form, covered with delicate scales placed one upon the other, like the slates upon the rounded dome of a kiosk.

He cannot doubt—it is the bud—the flower will soon be here.

The fly-catcher, who often came to his window, seemed to take pleasure in watching the Count, so busy about his plant. He had seen him mix and prepare his mortar, braid his mats, tie his osiers, and at last erect his palisades, and, prisoner like him, and for a yet longer time, he could easily sympathize in thought with the entire preoccupation of the philosopher.

And now, at that same barred window, another face, fresh and smiling, appears. It is the face of a woman,—a young girl, with an air at the same time timid and lively; the carriage of her head and the sparkle of her eyes showed that her vivacity was only tempered by her modesty: her glance, full of soul and expression, was partly veiled by her long drooping lashes. Standing in the shadow of the heavy grating, her head bent in an attitude of reverie, her fair hand leaning upon the

bars for support, one might easily take her for a personification of captivity. But when she raises her brow, and the light falls upon it, the harmony and serenity of her features, and the richness and freshness of her complexion, give assurance that she has been nurtured in liberty of action and in the free air, and not under bolt and bar.

Is she then one of those angels of charity who visit those who are sick and in prison? No; filial love has, until now, wholly filled her heart; it is from that love that she has drawn her strength, and even her beauty. Daughter of Girhardi, the Italian, the catcher of flies, she had left the fêtes and gay promenades of Turin, to take up her residence in the little town of Fenestrella; not, at first, that she might see her father, for that permission was not granted her, but that she might breathe the same air with him, and be near him, while thinking of him. Now she has obtained, by persistent entreaties, liberty to visit him from time to time, and that is the reason that she is joyous, animated, and beautiful.

Curiosity has led her to the window which looks upon the court; a sentiment of interest holds her there, notwithstanding she fears to be noticed by the prisoner. Let her be reassured; Charney will not see her; at this moment Picciola and her incipient bud wholly absorb his attention.

The following week, when the young girl came again to visit her father, as she went towards the window to look at the other prisoner, Girhardi said, "For three days he has not been near his plant; the poor man must be very ill."

"Ill!" said she, with emotion.

"I have seen physicians crossing the court, and from what Ludovic tells me, they seem to agree only on one point—that he may die."

"Die!" exclaimed the young girl, with dilated eye and terror rather than pity expressed in her face. "Oh the unfortunate man! how I pity him!" Then fixing upon her father a look of solicitude and anguish, "Then one can die here; or rather, can one live? It is, without doubt, the confinement of the prison, and the pestilential air that rises from the old moats, that have caused his illness," cried she, clasping the old man in her arms, for while speaking of Charney she thought only of her father.

Girhardi strove to console her, while she covered his hand with tears.

At this moment Ludovic entered. He brought to the "catcher of flies" a new capture which he had made for him. It was a golden-winged beetle, which he presented with a triumphant air. Girhardi smiled, thanked him, and when unobserved by Ludovic, gave the insect its liberty; it was the twentieth individual of the same species that Ludovic had brought him within a few days.

He profited by the opportune entrance of Ludovic to inquire after Charney.

"By my patron saint!" said Ludovic, "I do not forget him any more than the others, and until God shall take him into his own keeping, he is my care; so I have just been watering his plant."

"Ah, but of what use is that, if he will never see a flower?" sadly asked the young girl.

"Ah! young lady," said Ludovic. Then he added with his customary wink of the eye, emphasizing his words with a motion of his raised forefinger,—"Our seigneurs the physicians think that the poor man is on his back forever; but I, the seigneur jailer, do not believe it: I have my secret."

And turning on his heel he went out, after having tried to put on his rough voice and his stern face to notify the young girl that only twenty-two minutes remained of the time allotted for her visit. In exactly twenty-two minutes he returned and executed the order.

The illness of Charney was only too real. One evening, on re-entering his room after having paid his visit to Picciola, and bestowed upon her his daily care, he was attacked by a slight faintness. His head heavy and his limbs trembling, he threw himself upon his bed, disdaining to call any one to his aid, and trusting to sleep to cure him.

But instead of sleep came pain; and the next day, when the Count wished to rise, a stronger power than his will nailed him to his pallet. He closed his eyes and resigned himself to his weakness.

In the face of danger the calm of the philosopher and the pride of the conspirator returned. He would have thought himself dishonored by a murmur or a complaint, or an appeal for aid to those who had caused his sequestration from the world. He simply gave some direc-

tions to Ludovic, with regard to the care of his plant in case he should be indefinitely kept a prisoner in his bed,—in this double incarceration which came to aggravate his original captivity. Physicians were called in, and he refused to answer their questions. It seemed to him that, his life being no longer his own, he was no more responsible for its preservation than for the administration of his confiscated property, and that it belonged to those who had appropriated all to watch over all.

At first the physicians insisted upon an answer, but finding him persistently silent, they determined in future only to interrogate his disease.

The symptoms of the disease replied to each one with diverse meaning, for each of them held to a different system. In the dilation of the pupil, and the purple hue of his lips, one saw certain symptoms of a putrid fever; the other, of inflammation of the bowels; and the last, (for there were three of them) decided that it was a case of apoplexy or paralysis, from the color of the neck and temples, the coldness of the extremities, the rigidity of the features, and declared that the silence of the patient was only to be attributed to the commencement of congestion of the brain.

Twice the colonel in command of the citadel came to visit the prisoner in his chamber. The first time he asked him if he had any request to make; he even offered to change his lodging if he thought that the situation was the cause of his illness. The Count only replied by a negative sign.

The second time he came accompanied by a priest. Charney, given over by the physicians, it was the duty of the commandant to prepare the prisoner to receive the last offices of religion.

If, in the offices of the Church, there is one function more august and sacred than another, it is that of the priest of prisons,—this priest the only spectator whose presence sanctifies the scaffold; and yet the scepticism of our age has not feared to make him the object of its bitter railleries. "Steeled by habit," they say, "these men are no longer capable of emotion, they cannot weep with the guilty, and in their exhortations and their consolations, incessantly expressing the same thoughts, professional routine destroys inspiration."

Thank Heaven, the priest called to the bedside of Charney, one truly worthy of his name, had not such painful duties to perform. A man of enlarged mind, he comprehended, from the silence and immobility of the sick man, and still more from the desolating inscriptions that he read upon the walls, how little he had to hope from this proud spirit.

He passed the night in prayer at his bedside, only interrupting his pious office to aid Ludovic in the cares which he lavished upon the sufferer, awaiting with patience a favorable moment when he could lighten, with a ray of hope, these profound shadows of incredulity.

During this critical night, the blood determining to the brain, caused a violent delirium, so that for more than an hour it required the united efforts of the priest and the jailer to prevent the patient from throwing himself out of bed. And while he struggled in their arms, in the midst of a crowd of incoherent words, of sentences without connection, of wild apostrophes, the words, "Picciola! poor Picciola!" were uttered again and again by Charney.

"I must go! I must go! the moment has come!" murmured Ludovic, "yes, it has come," repeated he, with impatience; "but how can I leave the chaplain alone to struggle with this madman! And perhaps in an hour it will be too late! Oh, Holy Virgin! I believe that he is becoming calmer—yes, he closes his eyes, his arms drop. If, on my return, he is not dead, hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!"

In fact, the delirium of the patient had subsided; Ludovic charged the priest to watch over him, and quickly disappeared from the chamber.

In that chamber, dimly lighted by the feeble glimmer of a flickering lamp, no sound was heard but the irregular respiration of the dying man, the murmured prayers of the priest, and the whistling of the wind from the Alps between the prison-bars. Twice only the sound of a human voice mingled with these monotonous sounds. It was the *Qui vive?* of the sentinel when Ludovic passed and repassed the postern in entering his lodge and returning to the room of the sick man.

Scarcely a half hour had passed when he re-entered, carrying in his hand a cup of steaming liquid.

"I came near killing my dog," said he, as he came in. "He commenced howl-

ing, which is an evil omen. But how is he? has he made any sign? But, at any rate, I have here that which will quiet him. I have just tasted it—it is bitter enough—pardon, father, but taste it yourself."

The priest gently put aside the offered cup.

"Well, after all, it is not for us; a pint of muscatel, with plenty of slices of lemon, would be better suited to sustain us during the chilly night; is it not so, signor chaplain? But this is for him, for him only. He must drink it—he must drink every drop of it—that is the prescription."

And as he spoke he poured the liquid from one cup to another, blowing it to cool it; and when he thought it at the proper temperature, he forced Charney to swallow it, while the priest supported his head. Then covering him closely, "We shall soon see the effect," said he, "and, at any rate, I don't stir from here until the thing is settled. All my birds are caged, and will not fly away. What do you say, signor chaplain?"—"I ask pardon, father," said he, in answer to an almost imperceptible gesture of reprimand from his more discreet companion. And Ludovic stationed himself, silent and immovable, by the side of the bed, his eyes fixed upon the dying man, holding his breath in his anxious watching for the coming event.

Not perceiving any effect, he repeated the dose, and again watched in silence. Still perceiving no change in the condition of the patient, he began to be alarmed lest by his imprudence he had hastened his death. He paced the room, stamping his foot, snapping his fingers, and menacing with clenched fist the cup which had contained the liquid.

Suddenly he stopped to gaze upon the pale and rigid face of Charney. "I have killed him," said he, with a frightful oath, a mixture of French, Italian and Provençal.

At the sound of such language the priest raised his head, but Ludovic, paying no attention to his silent reproof, continued to walk, to stamp his feet, to swear, to snap his fingers again and again; then, at last, worn out with action and emotion, he sank on his knees beside the priest, murmuring his *mea culpa*, and fell asleep in the midst of a prayer.

At dawn of day he still slept—the chaplain still prayed. A burning hand placed on the head of Ludovic caused him to start from sleep.

"Something to drink," said the sick man.

At the sound of this voice, which he had feared never to hear again, Ludovic opened wide his eyes and gazed with stupefaction upon Charney, whose face was moist, and his body in a bath of perspiration. Whether nature, aided by the vigorous temperament of the prisoner, had brought about a salutary crisis, or the double dose administered by Ludovic was gifted with a sudorific power, this profuse perspiration seemed to have at once restored the sick man to life and reason. He gave orders himself as to the means to be used for his restoration. Then turning to the priest, who still knelt humbly at the bedside,

"I am not dead yet, sir, you see," said he. "If I recover, as I hope that I shall, I beg you to say for me to my trio of doctors, that it is not to them that I render thanks, and that they may spare me their visits and their science, senseless and lying like all others. I understood enough of their discourse to know that to a happy chance alone am I indebted for my recovery."

"Chance," murmured the chaplain, his eyes fixed upon the sentence inscribed upon the wall; "chance is blind and the sole author of creation." Then pronouncing solemnly the last word, that Charney himself had added,—

"Perhaps!" said he, and went out.

In the intoxication of delight, Ludovic seemed plunged in a stupor of ecstasy upon hearing the Count speak; not that he paid the least attention to the meaning of his words—that was of no consequence—but his dying man spoke, put together ideas, lived! This was the cause of his emotion and of his overflowing satisfaction and pride. After several moments of silent wonder he exclaimed: "*Vivat! vivat!* what a wonder! He is saved! thanks to whom?" And he waved in the air the empty earthen cup, kissing it, and addressing to it the most tender words in his vocabulary.

"Thanks to whom?" said the prisoner; "thanks to your good care, my honest Ludovic, perhaps. But if I am really cured, the doctors will none the less attri-

bute it to their prescriptions, and the priest to his prayers."

"Neither they nor I shall have the glory of it," replied Ludovic, more and more excited. "As to the chaplain—who knows? his prayers could only do good—but the other, the other!"

"Who, then, is this saviour, this unknown protector?" said Charney, with a sort of indifference, for he thought that Ludovic attributed his cure to some saint.

"It is not a protector," said he, "but a protectress."

"Ah, you mean the Madonna?"

"No, it is not the Madonna, Signor Count. She who has saved you from death is first and before all the Signora Picciola! the Signorina Picciolina! Piccioletta! my goddaughter—yes, my goddaughter, for it is I who first gave her her name—her name of Picciola! Have you not said so? Is she not then my godchild? and am I not her godfather? and proud I am of it, *per Bacco!*"

"Picciola!" cried the Count, starting up and resting his elbow on his pillow, a look of most lively interest reanimating his countenance. "Explain, my good Ludovic, explain yourself."

"You may affect astonishment," replied he, with a wink of his eye, "as if it was the first time she had rendered you this service. When you are attacked by this disease to which you are subject, is it not always with this plant that you are cured? You told me so, and, thank God, I remembered it; for it seems that Picciola had more knowledge of the case in one of her leaves than all the square-capped doctors of Montpellier and of Paris combined. Yes, my little goddaughter in this affair would have defied a whole regiment of doctors—four battalions, four hundred men in each! In proof of it, your three ignoramuses gave way, in beating a retreat, throwing a blanket over your face, as if you were a dead man; while Picciola—ah, the brave little plant, may God preserve her seed!—(as for me, I shall take care not to forget the receipt, and if ever my little Antonio falls ill, he shall drink a broth, and eat a salad of it, though it is as bitter as chicory)—she had only to show herself, and behold! a complete victory! Since you are cured, yes, cured, for now you open your eyes wide—you laugh. Ah! *vivat l'illustrissima Signora* Picciola!"

Charney took pleasure in the noisy and loquacious joy of his worthy guardian. His return to life, and the idea of owing it to that same plant which had already charmed the long hours of his captivity, gave birth in him to a lively sentiment of happiness and brought a smile to his still feverish lips, when suddenly a cruelly painful idea crossed his mind.

"But how, my good Ludovic," said he, "has this plant contributed to my cure? How did you use it?" and a kind of terror agitated him as he asked the question.

"Nothing more simple," quietly replied the jailer; "a pint of water over a good fire—three bubbles—the decoction is made; that is all."

"Good God!" cried Charney, sinking back upon his pillow and pressing his hand to his brow, "you have destroyed it! I cannot reproach you, my good Ludovic, but oh, my poor Picciola! what shall I do? what will become of me without her?"

"Come, come, calm yourself," said Ludovic, coming near him, and assuming a voice almost paternal, to console the captive, overpowered with grief, like a child from whom one is about to take a favorite plaything. "Be calm, and do not uncover yourself as you are doing. Listen to me," added he, all the time occupied in adjusting the coverings and remedying the general disorder of the bed, caused by the abrupt movements of the sick man. "Should I have hesitated to sacrifice an herb to save a man? What do you think? However, I could not decide to kill her at one blow, and plunge the whole of her into the kettle. Besides, that would have been useless. I only begged a loan from her. With my wife's scissors I clipped a quantity of leaves, of which she had no need; some little branches without buds—for now she has three buds! ha! that is handsome of her! The operation was well done, and she did not die of it. On the contrary, she seems in better health, and you also. Now you must be good, be quiet, keep in perspiration, get wholly well, and you shall see her again."

Charney bent upon him a look of gratitude, and offered him his hand. This time Ludovic did not draw back, but pressed the hand of the count with emotion, tears starting in his eyes; but all at once, reproaching himself without doubt

for this infraction of the invariable rule of conduct which he had marked out for himself, the muscles of his face lengthened, his voice took a harsher tone; then, holding all the time in his hands the hand of the prisoner, but trying to deceive him as to the motive of his first movement, he said: "You see how you are uncovering yourself again," and, as if with only a professional interest, he covered the arm of the count with the blankets; then, after new instructions given in an official tone, he left the chamber, humming a familiar air.

Charney was sitting one morning in his chamber, which he had not yet left since his illness, absorbed in thought, when suddenly the door opened, and Ludovic, with a radiant face, entered.

"It is in flower!" said he.

"What! Picciola?"

"Yes, Picciola; Piccioletta, my godchild."

"In flower!" exclaimed Charney, his eye sparkling and his face suffused; "in flower!" and springing towards the staircase, "I *must* see her," said he.

In vain the honest jailer assured him that it would be imprudent for him to go out so soon; that he must be patient for a day or two, that it was not late enough in the day, that the air was cool, that a relapse was sure to be fatal; all was useless. All that he could gain was Charney's consent to wait until the sun was high enough to be present at the *fête*.

That hour—how slowly it creeps! and yet he occupies it as well as he can. For the first time since his imprisonment he thinks of his toilet; yes, of his toilet, of his adornment in honor of Picciola—of Picciola in blossom! His garments were tumbled, his hair in disorder, his beard long; he put all that to rights. A mirror, until that moment forgotten, is drawn from his dressing-case; he shaves himself carefully—and all to see her in blossom.

This is the convalescent's first breathing of the air: the visit of the invalid to his physician, of the debtor to his benefactress, the lover to his mistress.

When his toilet was completed, as he stood with his eyes fixed upon the glass, he was astonished to find, notwithstanding his illness, his eye less dull, his expression less dejected, his brow less furrowed than heretofore. He is reminded that he is still young, and recognizes the truth that if there are bitter and poisonous thoughts which mar even the envelope that contains them, there are others gifted with a power to reanimate it.

At the appointed moment Ludovic presented himself, and supported the count, to aid him in descending the steep steps of the winding stone staircase. When the invalid entered the little court, the influence of the pure air and the light of heaven, or the sensitive condition of the nervous system belonging to convalescents, produced on him the impression that the whole air was pervaded with the perfume of his flower, and to her he attributed all his sweet and fresh sensations of returning life.

Of what use is the sweet perfume of flowers? Do they themselves enjoy it? No. Is it for the pleasure of the animals? Who has ever seen a sheep or a dog stop before a rose to breathe its sweetness? It is for man alone, then, that they pour forth their fragrant treasures. Why? To make him love them, perhaps.

Charney was not so far wrong, after all, in believing in a mysterious force which draws man to the plant.

Now Picciola presented herself to him in all the prestige of her beauty. She displayed to him her brilliant and delicately shaded corolla; white, purple, and rose were blended in her large petals, bordered with a silvery fringe, through which the rays of the sun glancing gave the effect of a luminous halo around the flower. Charney gazed upon it with delight; he feared lest his breath should tarnish it, or the touch of his hand blight it. He thought no longer of analyzing it or studying it; he admired and enjoyed its beauty and its odor. But soon another thought came to his mind, and the flower no longer fixes his eye. He sees the traces of mutilation along the stem,—branches broken, leaves mangled by the touch of the scissors. The wounds are not yet healed. Then he feels that to her he owes his life. A sentiment more vivid and sweeter than admiration fills his heart, and the benefactions of Picciola make him forget her beauty and her perfume.

During the following days the convalescent had the right, by the direction of the physicians, to take his promenade in the court at the hour that best suited him,

and also to prolong it according to his desire. This gave him the opportunity to resume with ardor his interrupted studies.

Desiring to record in writing his observations upon the plant—from the first day to the present moment—he attempted to entice Ludovic to procure for him pen, ink, and paper. He was prepared to see him at first frown, put on his air of importance, require much pressing, and in the end yield, either from the interest which he felt in his invalid and his goddaughter, or from the desire of gain; for this time it was a question of something to be furnished to a prisoner.

But it was not so. Ludovic at once received his proposition very good-naturedly.

"Certainly, signor count; nothing is easier," said he, turning aside to give a few whiffs to his pipe, to prevent it from becoming extinguished; for he always ceased to smoke when with Charney, to whom the odor of tobacco was disagreeable. "I am far from making any objection. But all those little things are under the key of the governor, and not under mine. If you wish for them, you have only to address him a petition to that effect, and you may get them."

Charney smiled, and was not discouraged.

"But to write that petition, the very things that I ask for are necessary,—ink, pen, and paper."

"That is true, signor count; that is true," replied the jailer. "This is the way this matter of a petition is generally managed," added he, with a knowing air, his head thrown back, his arms crossed behind his back. "I go to the governor, and tell him that you have a request to make, without explaining what,—that is not my business, but yours and his. If he cannot come himself to talk with you, he will send one of his men. That man will hand you a pen and a paper, stamped and signed, one sheet only; you write on it, he standing by; he places his seal upon it before you; you return him the pen, he carries away the letter, and all is done."

"But, Ludovic, it is not to the governor that I wish to be under obligation, but to you."

"To me! then you do not know my orders," said the jailer, resuming his harsh and severe manner.

He drew a long inspiration from his pipe, exhaled the smoke slowly, as if to keep the count at a distance, turned to the "right about," and went out. The next day, when Charney returned to the subject, he would do nothing but wink his eye and wag his head.

Too proud to humble himself to ask a favor of the governor, but too desirous of accomplishing his object to abandon it at once, from a toothpick the prisoner made a pen; his razor, as well as it could, transformed itself into a penknife; soot, dissolved in water, and a golden cup from his dressing-case, served him as ink and inkstand; and fine white cambric handkerchiefs, remnants of his past luxury, took the place of paper.

It was thus that Charney, when separated from Picciola, could still occupy himself in writing the result of his observations.

How interesting and astonishing they were! What a pleasure it would have been to him to impart them to an attentive ear!

His neighbor, the catcher of flies, seemed to him worthy to receive his confidences; this face, which had seemed to him at first so sullen and frowning, he had seen since expand with good nature and brighten with intelligence. When, from his little window, the old man watched him and his Picciola, with a half curious, half dreamy gaze, Charney felt himself attracted towards him. A wave of the hand, a smile had even been exchanged between them, but the *régime* of the prison interdicted them from addressing a word to each other, even to inquire after their health. The explorer of the marvels of nature was therefore obliged to keep to himself all his precious discoveries.

Among the multitude of these must be mentioned the singular ability that he discovered in his flower to turn towards the sun, and face it through all its daily course, so as to appropriate more fully its life-giving rays; and when the sun hid itself behind clouds, and the rain threatened, her petals instantly closed to shelter her, like a vessel furling its sails before the storm.

"Is heat then so necessary to her?" thought Charney, "and why? And why does she fear a slight shower which would refresh her? Oh, I have confidence in her now; she will explain all to me."

Picciola had already been to him a

beneficent physician; she could in need act as compass and barometer; she was going to serve him as timepiece. For by dint of constantly inhaling her fragrance, he thought he could perceive that it varied at different periods of the day. At first this phenomenon seemed to him an illusion of the senses; but his reiterated experiments assured him of its reality, and he soon became able to designate with certainty the hour of the day by the odor of the plant.[1]

The flowers had multiplied, and towards evening Picciola breathed forth her sweetest perfumes. What a delight it was then to the happy captive to draw near to her. By means of several planks, which he owed to the munificence of Ludovic, he had constructed a little bench, supported on four solid sticks pointed at their extremity, and driven into the interstices of the pavement. A rough plank made a back against which he could lean, when he wished to think and forget himself in living in the atmosphere of his plant. There he felt more at ease than he had ever done in former times on his silken couches; there he would pass hours in meditation, recalling the days of his youth, which had fled without happiness and without affection, lost in vain chimeras, in a premature disenchantment.

. . . . . .

The prisoner after a vivid voluptuous dream opens his eyes; he is sitting on his bench, his feet on the pavement of the court; his flower is before him, and the sun is sinking below the horizon.

The first few times that he was attacked by this sort of vertigo Charney was filled with wonder. It was always when he was seated on his bench, near his plant, that he fell into these soothing reveries. After a little reflection, he explained to himself the phenomenon. Science had taught him that the odor exhaled by some flowers causes sometimes a slight and voluptuous asphyxia. Now he understands how close are the relations between him and his plant, and the almost magic influence exercised by her upon him.

The brilliant dream which he had experienced, Picciola had given him.

But a young girl, so modest and pure, whose unexpected presence had stirred in him a new and delightful emotion in his dream, who is she? Has he ever seen her before? And, like the other beautiful women, is she not a reminiscence of his past? His memory can recall nothing like her. Is it then, on the contrary, a revelation of the future? But has he a future, and ought he to believe in revelations? No! the young girl of the white robe and modest blushes, the young girl at once so simple and so attractive, who eclipsed and outshone her brilliant rivals, is Picciola!—Picciola personified in a dream.

Side by side with his real life, he lived his life of imagination, the complement of the other, and without which man enjoys but half the gifts of the Creator.

Now his time is divided between Picciola the plant and Picciola the dream maiden. After reason and labor he has pleasure and love.

Pursuing his investigating experiments on the process of inflorescence, Charney was each day more and more enraptured by the orderly prodigies of Nature. But his eyes were unable to penetrate into many mysteries so minute as to be indiscernible to the naked eye. He was fretting under this inability, when Ludovic presented him from his neighbor, the Italian conspirator, a powerful magnifying-glass, by the aid of which he had been enabled to count eight thousand ocular facets on the cornea of a fly. Charney was overwhelmed with joy.

Thanks to this instrument, parts of the plant before imperceptible sprang forth to his sight, a hundred times their ordinary size. Then he made, or hoped to make, great strides in the path of discovery.

He analyzed in detail the external envelope of his flower; he learned that the brilliant color of the petals, their crimson spots, the stripes of velvet or of watered satin which adorn their base, or fringe their outline, are not there only to delight the eye by their beauty, but also to divide or reflect the rays of the sun, to diminish or augment their force, according to the necessities of the flower during the grand process of fructification.

These shining and varnished surfaces are doubtless glandulous collections of absorbent vessels, charged with the duty of breathing the air, the light, and humid vapors, for the nourishment of the seeds;

[1] The English botanist, Sir James Smith, notices this same peculiarity in the *Antirrhinum repens.*—*Flora Britannica*, Vol. II., p. 658.

for without light, no color; without air and heat, no life. Moisture, heat, light, —behold, then, of what vegetation, the marvel of the earth, is composed, and behold also what it restores to the earth at its death.

Without his knowledge, often during these hours of study and reverie, Charney had two attentive spectators, who watched all his movements, and by sympathy shared all his emotions,—Girhardi and his daughter.

Since she has seen Charney, she has felt for him both interest and compassion. He is a captive like her father, and is near her father. He has nothing in the world to love but a plant; and how much he loves it!

Perhaps the noble countenance and fine person of the Count enhanced the pity of the young girl; but if she had known him in the time of his prosperity, when he was surrounded by the false shows of happiness, she would not have distinguished him from others. That which charmed her in him was his isolation, his misfortune, his resignation. She has instinctively bestowed upon him her friendship and even her esteem, for in her ignorance she has placed misfortune among the virtues.

This admirable girl, as bold when a good deed was to be done as she was timid before a bold glance, ignorant of the danger, constantly encouraged and stimulated her father in his advances towards Charney.

At last, one day Girhardi, showing himself at the window, not content with the usual salutation of the hand to the Count, motioned him to approach as near as possible, and moderating the tone of his voice, as if in apprehension of being overheard, he entered into the following dialogue with him.

"I have perhaps good news to tell you, sir."

"And I, sir, have thanks to render for the microscope you have been so kind as to lend me."

"I cannot even claim the merit of the idea; it was my daughter's thought."

"You have a daughter, and they accord you the favor of seeing her?"

"Yes, I am a father, and I bless God every day. My poor child took a great interest in you, my dear sir, when you were ill, and since, in watching you lavish so much care upon your plant. Have you never noticed her at the grating?"

"In fact—I believe"—

"But in speaking to you of my daughter, I forget to tell you the great news. The Emperor is about to return to Milan, where he is to be crowned King of Italy."

"King of Italy! Ah! then, sir, he will be still more your master and mine. As to the microscope," pursued Charney, who had not been much diverted from his first thought by the great news, not suspecting a sequel to it, "you have deprived yourself of it for a long time; pardon me, you will permit me to retain it a little longer to complete some experiments; however, I will return it to you, if"—

"I do not need it; I have others," said the Italian, with a benevolent smile, divining from the tone of Charney's voice how much it would cost him to part with the instrument;—"keep it, sir, keep it as a *souvenir* of a companion in captivity, who feels for you, I beg you to believe, a lively interest."

Charney would have expressed his gratitude to the generous man, but he interrupted him.

"But let me finish that which I have to tell you;" and, lowering his voice, "It is said that pardons will be given in honor of the Emperor's new crown. Have you friends at Milan or Turin? Is there any way of inciting them to action?"

The Count sadly gave a negative sign, and said, "I have no friends."

"No friends," repeated the old man, with a glance full of commiseration; "do you then distrust your fellow-men? Friendship is not wanting to those who have faith in it. But I have friends, friends whom even adversity has not shaken; they might perhaps do for you what they cannot yet do for me."

"I will ask nothing from General Bonaparte," replied the Count, in a hard, proud tone, in which surged up all his old bitterness.

"Hush! speak lower! I think I hear footsteps—but no"—

There was a moment's pause; then the Italian continued, with an inflection of voice, by which the rebuke was softened as if in passing the lips of a father,—

"Dear companion, you are still exasperated. I had believed that the studies to which you have devoted yourself for several months had appeased in you that hatred which God reprobates, and which perverts a man's whole being. Have not

the kindly virtues of your flower healed the wounds of an unkind world? This Bonaparte that you seem to hate I have perhaps more reason to complain of than you, for my son died for having served him."

"And you attempted to avenge your son!" interrupted Charney, with warmth.

"I see that these false rumors have reached even you," said the old man, raising his noble head to heaven, as if to call God to witness. "I revenge myself by a crime! No; but in the first moments of my grief, it is true, I could not control myself, and while the people of Turin saluted the conqueror with acclamations of joy, I mingled with their '*vivats*' my cries of despair. I was arrested; I had a knife about me. Base wretches, in order to curry favor with their master, found no difficulty in persuading him that I had some design against his life. They called me an assassin, and I was only an agonized father who had just learned the death of his son. Well! I can understand that Bonaparte was deceived, and that he is not a bad man; he has not put you or me to death. If he restores my liberty, that will be to repair only one error in my case; however, I should bless him,—not that I cannot endure my captivity. Full of faith in Providence, I am resigned to all. But my prison weighs upon my daughter; it is for her that I wish to be free, to put an end to her exile from the world, that she may participate in the pleasures that belong to youth. Is there no being who interests you, no loving woman who weeps for you, and for whom you would be happy to sacrifice the pride with which your oppression inspires you? Come, authorize my friends to speak in your behalf."

Charney smiled. "No woman weeps for me," said he. "Why should I wish for the world where I was less happy than I am here? But were I to find there friends, fortune, and happiness, I yet would say no! a thousand times no! if to gain it I must humble myself before the power which I have plotted to overthrow."

"Then you cut yourself off from all hope."

"Never will I salute with the title of Emperor him who was my equal."

"Take care that you do not foolishly sacrifice your future to a sentiment prompted perhaps more by vanity than patriotism;—but hark," again said Girhardi, "for this time I am not mistaken; some one is coming;—adieu."

And he drew back from the grated window.

"Thanks, thanks for the microscope," cried Charney, before he had entirely disappeared from sight.

At the moment the door of the little court creaked on its hinges, and Ludovic entered, bearing the daily allowance of the prisoner. Seeing him pensive and *distrait*, and not wishing to disturb him, he contented himself with rattling the dishes which he carried, to let him know that his dinner was ready. After arranging all in the chamber of the prisoner, he retired, saluting as he passed *Monsieur* and *Madame*,—the man and the plant, as he said sometimes.

"The microscope is mine," thought Charney, "but how have I merited the kindness of this stranger?" and seeing Ludovic crossing the court,—"even this man has gained my esteem; under the rough exterior beats a noble heart, I am sure. There are then men good and tender-hearted; but where do they come to take refuge?"

He seemed to hear a voice reply,—"It is because misfortune has taught you to appreciate a kindness, that men seem to you less worthy of your contempt. What have these two men done? One has watered your plant for you without your knowledge, the other has furnished you with the means of analyzing it and knowing it better."

"Oh!" said Charney to himself, "the heart is not mistaken; there is on their part true generosity."

One day he by the aid of his glass triumphed in recording a most important observation.

He had heard heretofore, but only with a mocking spirit, of the loves of flowers, that ingenious and sublime discovery of Linnæus. Aided by his microscope, he gave himself up entirely to this new series of studies; he watched patiently, and penetrated at last these mysteries.

He perceived a movement of life and love in all parts of the flower, which seemed for an instant to feel the animation of thinking, loving human beings! Astonished, confounded, Charney thought himself still dreaming. By analogy, rising from the plant to the animal, he embraced

the entire scale of creation in its harmony, in its immensity! He felt as if the whole secret of the universe was in his possession! His eyes grew dim; the instrument fell from his hand; the astonished philosopher fell back upon his rustic seat, crossed his arms, then, after long meditation, addressing himself to his plant, "Picciola," said he, "I had in other days the whole world in which to roam. I had numerous friends,—I was surrounded by learned men of all sorts,—and never one of these *savants* has taught me as much as thou; not one of my friends, or rather of the men who usurped that title, has rendered me the good offices that I have received from thee. In this circumscribed spot, where thou livest between two stones, pacing back and forth near thee, without losing sight of thee, I have thought more, felt more, observed more, than in all my extended travels through Europe. How blind was I! When thou, so pale, so feeble, so languishing, didst present thyself to me, I expected nothing from thy coming,—and it was a companion who came to me,—a book which was opening to me,—a world which revealed itself to my eyes! This *companion* has soothed my weariness, and made it disappear; she has lent a new charm to that existence which she was destined to preserve; she has taught me to know men, and reconciled me to them. This *book* teaches me to despise none; it convicts me of my ignorance, and abuses my pride; it forces me to believe that knowledge, like virtue, is only to be acquired by humility; that it is necessary to descend in order to rise; that the first step of that immense ladder, whose top we think to reach, is buried in the ground, and it is there that we must commence. It is the book of light! Written in living characters, in a language yet mysterious for me, it offers me sublime enigmas to solve, of which each word is a consolation. This *world* is that of truth, one and absolute; it is intelligent creation; it is the summary and criterion of the eternal and celestial world, the revelation of that infinite law of love which governs the universe, which by gravitation holds atoms and suns, which links in one band the plant and the stars, the insect which crawls on the ground and the man who raises his brow to heaven to find—his Creator, whoever he may be."

Charney, violently agitated, paced rapidly the court; thought succeeded to thought in his brain; conviction struggled in his conscience; then he returned to Picciola, gazed upon her with emotion, raised his eyes for a moment to heaven, and murmured these words,—

"Powerful God! source invisible whence flows all harmony, all life, too much false science has obscured my reason, too many sophisms have hardened my heart, so that Thou canst not easily penetrate it. I cannot yet hear thee, but I call thee; I cannot see thee, but I seek thee."

Entering his chamber he read on the wall,—

"God is naught but a word!"

He added,—"That word, may it not solve the grand enigma of the universe?"

There was here still an expression of doubt; but was not to doubt, for that haughty spirit, to denounce his former negation and to turn back in the false path which he had been pursuing? Now, it is no longer to himself alone that he looks for theories to support his already tottering philosophy; he has no longer faith only in his own strength and reason, and yielding himself to those new emotions in which he finds so sweet a charm; it is to Picciola that he turns for a belief—a God—a support. And anew he interrogates her with fervor, that the remainder of obscurity which environs him may be dissipated.

Thus passed his days. After many hours wholly devoted to study and analysis, he sought agreeable relaxation and pastime in turning from Picciola the plant to Picciola the maiden of his dream.

When the perfume of his flowers was wafted to him in abundance, when his head was heavy, and his eyes closed to shut out the dazzling sunlight, he would say to himself, "Picciola will give a *fête* to-day."

Then, yielding himself to his reveries, he immediately fell into that state, half sleeping, half waking, peopled with visions that a ray of reason was still able to direct.

Picciola after having recalled to life his extinct family, his joys of the past, she evoked yet another family which might exist for Charney, and bring to him joys in the future. He could not explain it to himself, but at his waking he was inspired with a new confidence in his destiny, and

he regularly kept a record on his journal of fine cambric of the events of his dreams —the only happy events of his life save his captivity.

It happened however that, once, Picciola, in one of these *fêtes* where he was accustomed to find near her happiness and calm, caused him a sudden fright. Afterwards he could never recall it without believing in revelations, and the truth of presentiments.

This is what happened. The perfume of the plant indicated the sixth hour of the evening. They had never been more powerful; thirty opened flowers combined to produce that magnetic atmosphere under the influence of which Charney slumbered.

In his dream, separating himself from the crowd, he was breathing the air on a green esplanade, where his darling phantom alone had followed his steps. Picciola advanced smiling toward him, and he in a contemplative attitude was admiring the supple grace of the young girl, the light undulations of the drapery of her white robe which indicated the harmony of her movements, and the waves of her dark hair, adorned as usual by his beloved flower. Suddenly he saw her pause—she totters—she extends to him her arms—the seal of death is on her brow! He would spring towards her—an obstacle against which he struggles in vain holds him chained—he utters a cry and awakes. Awake, he hears another cry respond to his own—yes, a cry—the voice of a woman.

Nevertheless Charney finds himself in the court, on his bench, near his plant; but now it is to his wide-opened and bodily eyes that a second apparition of a young girl appears at the little grated window; at first this pensive and lovely face, half in shadow, seems to undulate in a vague indistinctness; but gradually it becomes clear to him, and he sees her penetrating gaze fixed upon him; he rises, approaches, and all at once the sweet vision disappears, or rather the young girl flies.

Rapid as was her flight, Charney had caught a glimpse of her features, her hair, her form, her white robe. He stood motionless: he thought that his awaking was not complete, and that the insurmountable obstacle which in his dream separated him from Picciola was the prison-grating.

Ludovic at that moment hastened towards him with an air of great alarm, and finding him still agitated, said,—

"Signor Count, has your illness attacked you again? *Parbleu!* we must send for the doctors again, for it is the order; but be easy; Madame Picciola and I, in spite of them, will undertake your cure."

"I am not ill," replied Charney, scarcely recovered from his emotion. "Who has made you think"—

"The fly-catcher's daughter—she saw you, heard you cry, and hastened to call me."

Charney became thoughtful. It then came to his mind for the first time that a young girl was sometimes in that part of the fortress.

"The resemblance which I fancied between the stranger and Picciola is only an illusion of my senses, a common and simple optical effect," said he to himself. "Often thus by a phenomenon of vision the eye retains for some time the image of the object upon which it has been resting. It is a strange thing, though, to see this sweet vision pass from the illusory to the real life—from the dream to the awakening. The image of Picciola, however, was not perfectly reproduced in the young girl of the prison—*she* wore no flower in her hair."

While comparing them, he recalled what Girhardi had told him of the interest his daughter had felt in him. She had pitied him during his illness; it was to her that he owed the possession of his precious microscope; she was interested in his labors and his studies; even now, in hastening to send Ludovic to him, she had given another evidence of her good will.

And Charney, his heart filled with gratitude, felt impelled to manifest it. But how?

Not without hesitation, not without reproaching himself, as if in this moment he rendered himself guilty by a profanation, he broke, and gathered silently, and with a trembling hand, a flower from his plant.

"Formerly," said Charney to himself, "how prodigally have I wasted gold, to adorn with pearls and diamonds brows vowed to shame and falsehood. To how many deceitful women and lying friends have I thrown my fortune, caring for nothing but the impulses of my own heart, which I gave to be trampled under their

feet as under my own. Ah! if the worth of an object depends upon the value that the owner attaches to it, I swear that never was offered by me a gift more precious than this which I take from thee to-day, Picciola!" And placing the little branch in the hands of the jailer,—"My good Ludovic, present this from me to the daughter of my venerable fellow-captive. Say to her that I thank her for her interest in me, and that the Count de Charney, poor and a prisoner, possesses nothing of more worth to offer her."

Ludovic received the flower with an air of stupefaction. He had come to enter so fully into the love which the prisoner felt for his plant, that he could not conceive that so slight a service could gain for the daughter of the fly-catcher a mark of such munificence.

"Well, after all, by the head of Saint Pascal!" said he, as he went out, "they have only seen my godchild from a distance; they will have a chance to judge now whether she is lovely and whether her odor is sweet."

As for Charney, the time was near at hand when he would have to make many other sacrifices of that kind, for the epoch of fructification had arrived for Picciola. Some of her flowers had already lost their brilliant petals; the stamens having become useless had fallen, as heretofore the cotyledons, when the first leaves, having arrived at the age of strength, were able to do without their care. The ovary containing the germ of the seeds commenced to swell under the enlarged calyx. The maternal flowers despoiled themselves of their brilliancy, as women grow indifferent to showy adornment when the sacred cares of maternity devolve upon them.

Charney prepared for new observations, the grandest and most sublime, without doubt, that he had yet made, for they attach to the duration of created races, to the reproduction of life.

Already, in analyzing a bud, which had been detached from the stem by the bite of an insect, he had had a glimpse of this primitive germ, this feeble embryo, which owes its development to the loves of the flowers. Admirable foresight! wonderful arrangement of Nature, which science has yet been unable to explain! Now it is the birth of the completed being that is in question, of that seed, whose narrow envelope contains the entire plant; phenomenon for which the others have only been the preparation. The moment has come for the observer to watch the gestation of the vegetable egg through all its epochs, in the bud, in the brilliantly arranged flower, under the calyx discrowned of its petals. It would be necessary for him again to mutilate Picciola; but will she not easily repair her losses? On all sides, at the joints of the stems, under the axillas of the leaves, new shoots announce a future flowering; of these Charney will take tender care.

To-morrow, then, he will commence his work.

The next day he took his place on his seat with the gravity of a man who undertakes difficult experiments, whose success may be long delayed. At the first glance at his plant he was surprised at the state of languor manifest in all its parts. The flowers, drooping on their stems, seemed no longer to have power to turn toward the sun, and the leaves seemed to have lost their lustrous verdure.

Charney thought at first that a violent storm was gathering, and immediately prepared his mats to defend Picciola from the too rude attacks of wind or hail. But the sky is cloudless, the air serene, and the song of the lark is heard from afar in the blue space.

His brow contracts with anxiety. After a moment's reflection he exclaims: "It is water that she needs!" He runs to bring some from his chamber, and kneeling before his plant, raising the lower leaves to moisten its root, he is struck motionless with consternation. His gaze remains fixed on the ground; he lets the water-pitcher fall, and seems stupefied by what he sees. He discovers the source of the evil. Picciola is dying!

While she has multiplied her flowers and her perfumes for his study and pleasure her stem also has expanded. Crowded at its base between two stones of the pavement, strangled under a double pressure, the stem had swollen just above the point where it emerges from the ground, but the friction against the rough edges of the granite had soon mangled it, and the nourishing sap of the plant was exuding from several fissures.

Picciola lacks earth; exhausted, without sap, she will die, if prompt succor is not given her. She is dying! Charney sees it. There is but one means of saving her,

—that is, to lift the pavements which press upon her; but can he do it? Without tools his efforts will be vain.

He sprang towards the little door of entrance, and, knocking vehemently, called Ludovic. At last he appeared.

At the recital and the sight of the disaster he stood confounded; but notwithstanding his tenderness for his god-daughter, he responded to the prayers of Charney—who besought him with frantic supplications to lift the pavements—only by these words, which he accompanied with a long-drawn sigh and a shrug of the shoulders:

"And what of my orders, Signor Count?"

This time the prisoner offered him not only one *bijou* from his precious dressing-case, but the entire case with all that it contained. Ludovic drew himself up, folded closely his arms upon his breast, and putting on the air and manner of the jailer, and his tone half *Provençal*, half Piedmontese, said:

"*Per Bacco!* Were you to offer me a fortune;—I am an old soldier, and I know my duty;—address yourself to the commandant."

"No!" exclaimed Charney; "rather will I tear my hands in pieces in lifting and breaking the stones."

"We shall see; at all events, do as you please." And Ludovic, who in entering had held his thumb over his pipe, keeping it behind him while addressing the prisoner, replaced it bruskly between his lips, relighting it by a strong inspiration, and turned to go out. Charney detained him.

"My good Ludovic, you whom I have always found so compassionate, can you do nothing for me—nothing for *her?*"

"*Tonnerre!*" said he, trying by oaths to defend himself from the emotion which was taking possession of him; "let me alone, you and your cursed gillyflower! I ask pardon of the poor thing; it is no fault of hers that you are so diabolically obstinate. What! you have the heart, then, to let her die thus without help?"

"But what is to be done?"

"Address yourself to the commandant, I tell you."

"Never!"

"Well, if you won't do it yourself, let me speak to him."

"I forbid you to do it," cried Charney.

"How! you forbid me!" replied the jailer. "What! am I to receive orders from you? If I choose to speak to him—No! I will not speak to him. After all, what business is it of mine? Let her die, let her live—what do I care? Good-night."

"But your commandant, would he understand me?" said the Count, suddenly softening.

"Why not? Do you take him for a barbarian? Explain it nicely to him with pretty phrases—not too long; you are a *savant*, now is the time to use your learning. Why should not he understand your love for your plant? I understood it very well. Besides, make yourself easy; I shall be there. I will tell him what a good medicine it is for all sorts of ailments; he has not good health—he has the rheumatism now—that is lucky—he will understand better—"

Charney hesitated still. Ludovic, with a wink of his eye, pointed to the fainting Picciola. The Count gave a sign of assent, and Ludovic went out.

In a few moments a man, in costume half civil, half military, brought to the prisoner an escritoire, and a sheet of paper bearing the stamp of the commandant. Then, as Ludovic had told him, the man stood by while Charney wrote his request, took it from him, sealed it, saluted him, and carried away the escritoire.

The next day that response, so earnestly expected, was at last brought to him. The commandant said, in a dry and laconic style, that no change could be made in the walls, fosses, or fortifications of the citadel, without the express authorization of the governor of Turin; that, on the demand of Monsieur Charney, he would refer the matter to his excellency; "*for*," added he, "*the very pavement of a prison court is a wall.*"

Charney stood confounded after reading this message. To make the preservation of a flower a question of state! a displacement of fortifications! wait the decision of the governor of Turin! wait an age, when a day's delay was death! Would not this governor in his turn refer it to the minister, the minister to the senate, the senate to the emperor? Ah! how at this moment his contempt for men was reawakened! Ludovic seemed to him only the agent of the executioner. At the cry of his despair, one responds in

formal official language, the other urges his military orders.

Charney drew near to the invalid, whose brilliancy was tarnished, whose color was fading. He gazed upon her with sadness. It was the happiness, the poetry of his life which was departing. Her perfume indicated a mistaken hour, like a watch whose mainspring is broken; each corolla folded upon itself, has ceased to turn to the sun.

In the midst of these heart-breaking reflections the voice of his fellow-captive reached him again.

"Dear sir," said the good old man, with his paternal accent, lowering his tone, and pressing his face close to the bars, to be as near him as possible, "if she dies, and I fear she must, what will you do alone, all alone? What occupations can interest you after that which has such a charm for you? You, too, will die from *ennui*. Solitude, once interrupted, becomes afterwards so heavy. You will not be able to endure it. It is as it would be with me, if they should now separate me from my daughter, that guardian angel whose smile has power to console me for all. As for your plant, the wind from the Alps has brought you the seed, or a bird in passing has dropped it from his beak into the court; but even if the same circumstance should bring you another Picciola, it would only be to renew your regret for the loss of the first, for from the beginning you would only look forward to its death from the same cause. Believe me, my dear sir, and consent that my friends act for you. Yield at last. Your liberty may be more easily obtained than you think. I hear already of many traits of clemency and generosity in the new emperor. He is even now at Turin, and Josephine accompanies him."

He pronounced the name of Josephine as if the certainty of success attached to it.

"At Turin?" exclaimed Charney, raising quickly his head, which had before been bent upon his breast.

"At Turin for the last two days," replied the old man, delighted to see that his good advice was not rejected as it had been before.

"And what is the exact distance from Fenestrella to Turin?"

"By the main road through Giaveno and Avigliano, nearly seven leagues."

"And in how short a time can the journey be accomplished?"

"Four or five hours at least; for just now the route is obstructed by troops, baggage-wagons, and the carriages of all who are to be present at the approaching *fêtes*. The road which winds through the valley, following the river, is longer, without doubt; but I believe it will take less time."

"Tell me, sir, if through your communication with the world outside it would be possible for you to find some one who would go to Turin to-day—this very morning?"

"My daughter can procure a messenger."

"And you say that General Bonaparte—the First Consul—"

"The Emperor," gently interposed Girhardi.

"Yes, the Emperor—the Emperor is yet at Turin, you are sure?" continued Charney, absorbed in one great resolution. "Yes, I will write to him, I will address a petition to—the Emperor,"

He dwelt upon this word, as if to strengthen himself in the course he had resolved upon.

"Oh, God be praised!" cried the old man, "for it is from Him comes the good thought when human pride yields. Yes, write; address to him a petition for pardon. Fossombroni, Cotenna, and Delarue, my friends, will support you strongly, as they would me, with the Minister Marescalchi, the Cardinal Caprara, and even Melzi who has just been appointed keeper of the seals of the new kingdom. My dear companion, perhaps we shall be released from this prison together, the same day: you, to recommence an active and full life; I, to accompany my daughter wherever she wishes to go."

"Pardon, Monsieur, pardon if I do not seem entirely satisfied with the mediators that you so kindly and disinterestedly offer me. My esteem and gratitude are yours; but it is to the Emperor himself that my petition must be sent, this evening, if possible—to-morrow morning, at latest. Can you be sure of a faithful messenger?"

"As faithful as myself," said the old man, after a moment's reflection.

"Yet one more question," said Charney; "do you not fear that you may be compromised by the signal service that you are going to render me?"

"The pleasure of doing you a service prevents all fear, dear sir. If I can in the least contribute to solace your misfortune, let come what will, I know how to submit to the decrees of heaven."

Charney felt himself stirred to the depths of his heart by these simple words. He raised his eyes, moistened with tears, to the old man.

"How I wish that I might press your hand," said he; and he raised his arm towards the little window. Girhardi stretched his down through the grating; but it was in vain—he could not reach the hand that was extended to him. Then, inspired by one of those sentiments of tenderness so active in the heart of a recluse, he untied quickly his cravat, and retaining one end, threw the other to Charney, who seized it with eagerness, and a loving vibration of this insensible linen conveyed from one to the other their mutual emotion.

"I will save thee," whispered Charney, as he passed near Picciola.

Returning to his chamber, he took the finest and whitest of his handkerchiefs, carefully pointed his toothpick, renewed his ink, and set himself to his task. His petition completed, not without sharpest pangs of his rebellious pride, he fastened it to a little cord which hung from the window of the Italian, and which was immediately drawn up.

An hour after, the person charged with the task of conveying it to the Emperor, accompanied by a guide, took the route through the valley, following the right bank of the Doria Riparia. Both were on horseback; but they hastened in vain, for unexpected obstacles retarded them. Recent rains had washed away the road; in many places the river had overflowed, and torrents united the river and the lake. Already the forges of Giaveno shone redder in the horizon, warning them that the light of day would soon fail them. Too happy then to return to the main road, they gained, not without difficulty, the magnificent avenue of Rivoli, and late in the night arrived at Turin.

There they learned that the Emperor-King had just left for Alexandria.

BOOK II.

On learning that the Emperor had quitted Turin for Alexandria, the daughter of Girhardi—for it is she, she herself who, followed by a guide, has been the bearer of the petition of Charney—Theresa, was at first overcome and almost discouraged. But she remembered that she held in her hands the joy, the only hope of a poor captive. The Count was entirely ignorant as to the person who had undertaken the dangerous errand. Without regard to time or fatigue, at the risk of arriving too late, she persevered, and signified to the guide that the end of their journey must be, not Turin, but Alexandria.

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While Josephine was giving her orders, an opening in the crowd showed her Theresa, imploring, restrained by strong arms, yet resisting. At a gracious sign from the Empress, which every one about her knew how to interpret, they released the captive, who, finding herself free, sprang forward, threw herself on her knees, panting, at the foot of the throne, and drawing quickly from her bosom a handkerchief which she waved in the air, cried: "Madame, Madame, a poor prisoner!"

Josephine could not understand the meaning of this handkerchief offered to her.

"Do you wish to present a petition to me?" said she.

"This is it, Madame, this is it; the petition of a poor prisoner." And the tears sprang from the eyes of the supplicant, while a smile of hope illuminated her countenance. The Empress replied to her by another smile, gave her her hand, forced her to rise, and, bending towards her with a manner full of kindness, said: "Come, come, my child; be reassured. He interests you very much, then, this poor prisoner?"

Theresa blushed and cast down her eyes.

"I have never spoken to him," replied she, "but he is so unhappy! Read, Madame!"

Josephine unfolded the handkerchief, moved to pity in thinking how much misery and privation this linen, so painfully written upon with an artificial ink, bore witness to; then, stopping at the first line—

"But it is addressed to the Emperor."

"What matter! Are you not his wife?

Read, read, Madame, in mercy read! it is so urgent!"

The Empress read that which follows:

"SIRE:

"Two stones less in the court of my prison will not shake the foundations of your empire, and such is the only favor that I ask of your Majesty. It is not for myself that I ask your protection; but in this desert of stones, where I am expiating my offences against you, one single being has brought some solace to my pain, one single being has thrown some charm upon my life. It is a plant, Sire, which has spontaneously sprung up between the pavements of the court where I am permitted sometimes to breathe the air and see the sky. Accuse me not of delirium or folly. This flower has been for me an object of study so sweet and so consoling! My eyes fixed upon this plant have been opened to the truth; to it I owe reason, repose, life perhaps. I love it as you love glory.

"At this moment my poor plant is dying for want of space in the ground—it is dying, and I cannot succor it; the commandant of Fenestrella would send my complaint to the governor of Turin, and when they have decided my plant will be dead. Therefore, Sire, I address you, you who by one word can do all, can save my plant. Permit the lifting of these two stones, which weigh upon me as upon it. Save it from destruction—save me from despair! Give the order; it is the life of my plant that I ask of you. I implore, I entreat you upon my bended knees, and I swear to you that on my heart shall be inscribed the record of your goodness.

"Why should it die? It has, I acknowledge, lightened the punishment that your powerful hand has inflicted upon me; but it has also humbled my pride, and brings me now, a suppliant, to your feet. From the height of your double throne look down upon us. Can you comprehend what ties may bind a man to a plant in this isolation which leaves for a man only a vegetative existence? No, you cannot know, and may God guard you from ever knowing what effect imprisonment may produce upon the firmest and proudest spirit. I do not complain of my captivity; I support it with resignation; prolong it, let it continue through my life; but mercy for my plant!

"Remember, Sire, that this mercy that I implore of your Majesty is in vain if it is not granted immediately—even to-day. You may hold the sword suspended for a time over the head of the condemned one, and raise it at last to grant him pardon. But nature follows other laws than the justice of man; two days more, and even the Emperor Napoleon can do nothing for the flower of the captive of Fenestrella.

"CHARNEY."

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Was it not natural that the Empress-Queen should be seized with a sentiment of the liveliest pity in reading this petition? Ought not every word to have roused all her sympathy? For she was a worshipper of flowers. It was her science, her passion; and often had she forgotten, in her beautiful conservatories of Malmaison, the *éclat* and the *ennui* of power, in watching a bud as it opened, or studying the structure of a corolla. There often she was more happy in contemplating the purple of the cactus than the purple of her imperial mantle; and the perfume of her magnolias was to her more intoxicating than the poisonous flatteries of her courtiers. There she loved to reign, uniting under one sceptre a thousand floral subjects from all quarters of the globe. She *knew* them,—she classified them,—she ranged them in regiments according to order and race; and when a new subject presented itself to her for the first time, she knew, by analyzing, how to question it of its age and habits, and to learn from itself its name and family; then it was placed in the group of its brothers, to take its natural rank; for there each tribe had its flag, each family its guidon.

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If at this moment, when so many passions and interests were centred in a humble plant, strangers had suddenly entered that prison-court, where the heavens shed only a sombre and dim light, would they not have judged from the picture that met their view,—these emissaries of justice with their tricolored scarfs, this military chief issuing his pitiless orders,—that they were witnessing some secret and

bloody execution,—that Ludovic was the executioner, and Charney the criminal to whom his sentence had just been read? And is it not so? They come! these strangers enter! Behold them!

One is an aide-de-camp of General Menou; the other, a page of the Empress. The dust with which they are covered shows with what haste they have travelled.

They came but just in time.

At the noise which announced their entrance, Ludovic relaxed his grasp of Picciola, raised his head, and he and Charney, both with pale faces, gazed at each other.

The aide-de-camp delivered to Colonel Morand an order from the Governor of Turin; the Colonel read it, and with a hesitating movement took two or three turns in the court-yard, striking his cane on the ground,—compared the missive which he had just received with that of the day before,—then at last, after raising his eyebrows again and again in token of great astonishment, he put on a semi-courteous air, approached Charney, and graciously gave into his hands the letter of the General.

The prisoner read aloud what follows:—

"His Majesty the Emperor and King has transmitted to me the order, Monsieur the Commandant, to inform you that he consents to the request of Monsieur Charney relative to the plant which is growing between the pavements of the prison-court. Those which incommode it must be raised. I charge you to see to the execution of this order, and to consult upon the subject with Monsieur Charney."

"*Vive l'empereur!*" cried Ludovic.

"*Vive l'empereur!*" murmured another voice which seemed to issue from the wall.

During the reading, the commandant stood leaning upon his cane; the two men of the scarfs, unable to find the key to all this, seemed confounded, and sought in their own minds some connection between these events and the conspiracy which they had imagined. The aide-de-camp and the page wondered why such haste had been necessary. At last the page, addressing himself to Charney, said, "There is a postscript from the Empress."

And Charney read on the margin:—

"I recommend Monsieur Charney to the kind care of Colonel Morand. I shall be particularly obliged to him for all that he can do to alleviate the condition of his prisoner.

Signed: JOSEPHINE."

"*Vive l'impératrice!*" cried Ludovic.

Charney kissed the signature, and held the paper several minutes before his eyes.

BOOK III.

The commandant of Fenestrella resumed all his courtesy towards the *protégé* of her Majesty the Empress and Queen. Not only was Charney not removed to the cell of the bastion, but he was allowed to reconstruct all the frames for sheltering Picciola, who now, languishing from her semi-transplanting, more than ever needed them.

Colonel Morand had so well calmed his rage against the man and the plant, that every morning Ludovic was sent with a message from him, asking if Charney desired anything, and inquiring after the health of Picciola.

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Freed from her fetters, surrounded by good earth, with a large frame of pavement, Picciola repaired her disasters, raised her head again, and came out triumphant from all her tribulations. Nevertheless she had lost her flowers, with the exception of the last little blossom which had opened at the base of the stem.

In the swelling seed which ripened in the calyx, Charney foresaw new and sublime discoveries. For now there could be full development; there was more than enough earth for Picciola. She might become a mother, and see her children grow up under her shadow.

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The two captives had no secrets from each other. After having rapidly recounted to each other the principal events of their lives, they went over them again in detail, to tell each other of the various emotions to which the events had given rise.

They spoke also of Theresa; but at this name Charney felt the blood mount to his cheek, and the old man himself became pensive; a moment of silence, sad and solemn, always followed the name of the absent angel.

But amid all these confidences, Picciola was not forgotten. The two friends constructed together near her a seat larger

and more comfortable than the first. Here, seated side by side, and with Picciola in front of them, they felt that they were a company of three. They called this seat the bench of conference. It was there that the simple modest man was eloquent in order to be persuasive, was persuasive in order to be useful; and in him the gift of natural eloquence and the power of persuasion were not wanting. This bench was at the same time the scholar's bench and the teacher's desk; there sat side by side the professor and the pupil,—the professor was he who knew the least, but knew the best; the professor was Girhardi,—the pupil, Charney,—the book, Picciola.

They were seated in their accustomed place. The autumn approached, and Charney, losing all hope of the reflowering of his plant, talked with his friend of his regret for the fall of the last flower. Girhardi, to supply to him the loss of his observations upon the seed, unfolded to him many of the wonders concerning the fructification of plants.

There, as elsewhere, the imprint of a divine hand was seen in all the acts of Nature. Girhardi recounted how the seeds of many plants, whose large leaves and close foliage would prevent their dispersion, were provided with a feathery tuft, so that the wind might more easily waft them away; how others, enclosed in an elastic pod, which bursts with a sudden spring at the moment of their maturity, were thus thrown to a distance. These plumes and springs are feet and wings which God has given them, that each one may choose his place, and germinate in the warmth of the sun.

What eye can follow in their rapid flight through the air the membranous seed of the elm, the maple, the pine, the ash, circling in the atmosphere amid myriads of other seeds, floating with their own buoyancy, and seeming to hasten to meet the birds whose hunger they are to appease?

The old man explained also how aquatic plants destined to ornament the banks of streams, or deck the borders of lakes, are endowed with a form which enables them to float upon the water, that they may thus be planted upon the edges of the banks, or pass from one side of the stream to the other; how, when their weight compels them to sink, it is because they will best grow in the bed of the stream, or in the mud of the morass; how others without seeds multiply themselves by their roots, by their offshoots reproducing themselves like polyps, and thus put to use the superabundance of life which animates them; thus the rushes and reeds spring like an army of lances from the bosom of stagnant waters, and those beautiful water-lilies, which with feet in the mud beneath, spread upon the surface of the water their large glossy leaves, and their snowy white or golden blossoms.

"These wonders exist," exclaimed Charney, "and so few deign to observe them!"

This was one of the lessons of the old man.

"My friend," said Charney one day to his companion, as they were seated together on the bench of conference, "can the insects which you have made your favorite subject of study, offer you as many marvels to observe as my Picciola to me?"

"Quite as many," replied the professor. "Believe me, you will not thoroughly appreciate your Picciola until you have made acquaintance with the little animated beings who come sometimes to visit her and hover and buzz about her. Then you will see the many affinities, the secret laws which bind the insect to the plant, as the insect and the plant to the rest of creation; for all springs from one will, all is governed by one intelligence. From this unity of design arises that harmony, that general accord, which we cannot apprehend in its vast whole, but which nevertheless exists."

Girhardi was proceeding to develop this thought, when suddenly pausing, his eyes fixed upon Picciola, he kept silence for several minutes.

"Of what are you thinking, my friend?" said Charney.

"I think," replied the professor, "that Picciola is going to aid me in answering the question you asked me just now. Look at this butterfly; while I speak, it forces your plant to contract an engagement with it. Yes, for it has deposited its hope of posterity in the keeping of one of her branches."

Charney bent down to verify the fact. The butterfly flew away after having covered its eggs with a gum which fastened them firmly to the stem of the plant.

"Well," said Girhardi, "do you think

it is by chance or at random that it has thus come to give in charge to Picciola this precious deposit? Believe it not! Nature has assigned to each species of plant a species of insect. Every plant has his guest to lodge and nourish. Now consider how wonderful is the action of this butterfly. It was first a caterpillar; when a caterpillar, it was nourished by a plant like this: afterwards it underwent many transformations; as a butterfly, faithless to its first love, it has flown from flower to flower, gathering sweets from each. When the moment of maternity is come to her, who never knew her mother and will never see her children (for her work is accomplished, and she is about to die) —to her whom experience has taught nothing—she comes to confide her eggs to a plant like that which has nourished her in another form and in another season. It knows that little caterpillars will come from these eggs, and for them it has forgotten its own vagrant habits as a butterfly. Who then has taught it this? who has given it memory, reason, and the ability to recognize this plant, the foliage of which differs to-day from what it was in the spring? Practised eyes are mistaken sometimes; but the insect never!"

Charney expressed his astonishment.

"That is not all," interrupted Girhardi; "examine now the branch chosen by him; it is one of the oldest and strongest, for the new shoots, feeble and tender, might be frozen and destroyed by the winter's cold, or broken by the wind—this it knows also—once more, who has taught it?"

"But," said Charney, "pardon me, my friend, are you not deluding yourself by some preconceived opinion or system?"

"Silence, sceptic!" cried the old man, with one of his meaning smiles. "Perhaps you will believe that which you see. Listen to me. Picciola will play her part in her turn. It is no longer a question of the foresight of the insect, but of that of Nature, of one of those laws of harmony of which I spoke to you, which forces the plant to accept the legacy of the butterfly. Next spring we can together verify the prodigy," said he, repressing a sigh for his daughter. "Then, when the first leaves of Picciola show themselves, the little larvæ enclosed in the eggs will hasten to break their shells. You know, without doubt, that the buds of different plants do not open at the same time; so the eggs of different species of butterflies do not open the same day; but here a law of unity regulates the development of the plant as of the insect. If the worm appeared before the leaves, they would find nothing to feed upon; if the leaves became firm and strong before the birth of the little caterpillars, they would be unable to bite them with their feeble teeth. It could not be so—Nature never makes a mistake. Each plant in its progress keeps pace with the march of the insect that it is charged to nourish; the one opens its buds when the other breaks its eggs; and having grown and become strong together, together they unfold their flowers and their wings!"

"Picciola! Picciola!" murmured Charney, "you have not yet told me all."

Thus, in these sweet teachings, day succeeded to day. At evening the captives, embracing each other, said adieu, and retired to their chambers to sleep, or to think, often unknown to each other, upon the same object,—the daughter of the old man. What has become of her since the order of the commandant had exiled her from the prison of her father?

Theresa had first followed the emperor to Milan; but she learned there by experience that it is sometimes more difficult to penetrate through an ante-chamber than through an army. However, the friends of Girhardi, excited anew by her, redoubled their efforts, and promised before long to obtain his release from captivity. Theresa, encouraged and tranquillized, returned to Turin, where a relative offered her an asylum.

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Charney took the letter, and held it for some time without opening it. He sat with his eyes fixed upon Girhardi, as if he would divine from the countenance of his dear companion the contents of the letter; then he examined the superscription, and recognized, with emotion, the handwriting. At last, unfolding the paper, he attempted to read it aloud; but his voice trembled, and his lips refused to utter the words. After a few sentences, he finished the letter in silence.

This is what he read:—

"My Good Father:—

"Press a thousand kisses upon this letter

which you hold in your hand. I have kissed it a thousand times, and there is in it a harvest for your lips to reap."

"Ah, dear child, how gladly have I done so!" murmured Girhardi.

"It is for you, as for me, an intense satisfaction, is it not, that we are permitted again to correspond? For this permission we owe General Menou eternal gratitude. It is he who has put an end to this silence, which separated us even more than the distance between us. Blessings upon him! Henceforward our thoughts, at least, can fly to each other. I can tell you my hopes, and they will sustain you; you can tell me your griefs, and in weeping over them I shall feel that I am near you. But my good father, if a greater favor was reserved for us,—oh, I pray you, stop for a moment here, and prepare yourself for the sudden joy that I have to communicate. My father, if I should be once more permitted to return to you!—to see you from time to time, to hear your voice, to surround you with my care! For two years this was happiness enough for me, and then captivity seemed light to you! If this hope is realized, soon I shall re-enter those walls from which I have been exiled."

"She will come! what! here? be with you?" exclaimed Charney, with a cry of joy.

"Read on, read on," replied, sadly, the old man.

Charney reread the last phrase, and continued:

"Soon I shall re-enter those walls from which I have been exiled; this makes you happy, truly happy, I am sure. Dwell a moment on this comforting thought. Your daughter, your Theresa, begs it. Do not hasten to finish this letter; a too vivid emotion is sometimes dangerous. Is not what I have said sufficient for you? If an angel had descended from heaven charged to fulfil your wishes, you would not have dared to ask more. I, too exacting perhaps, before he took his flight back, should have interceded for your liberty—for your complete deliverance. At your age it is so cruel to live deprived of the sight of your native land. The banks of the Doría are so beautiful, and in your gardens of La Colline the trees planted by my dead mother and my poor brother have grown so well. There their memory lives more than in any other spot. Then you must so long for your friends; your friends whose generous efforts have so well aided my feeble endeavors. Oh, father! father! the pen burns my fingers—my secret is about to escape me; I have already betrayed it, without doubt. Arm yourself, I pray you, with all your strength and steadfastness, while I tell you of the happiness which awaits us. In a few days I shall rejoin you, no more to soften your captivity, but to bring it to an end; no more to be with you at stated hours, and within the walls of a prison, but to bring you away with me, free and proud! yes, proud! You will have the right to be so, for it is not mercy that your faithful friends, Delarue and Cotenna, have obtained for you—it is justice, reparation.

"Adieu, my good father. Oh, how much I love you, and how happy I am!

"THERESA."

There was not in the letter one word, one single word of remembrance for Charney. This word he had sought, with a pang of disappointment, throughout the letter; but notwithstanding his pain at the omission, it was a cry of joy that burst from him as he finished reading.

"You will be free!" cried he; "you will repose under the shadow of green trees, and look upon the sun!"

"Yes," said the old man, "I am going—I am going to leave you; and this is the shadow that my joy throws before it, to obscure it."

"That matters not!" replied Charney, proving by the vehemence of his delight and his generous forgetfulness of himself how worthy he had become of a friendship. "You will be restored to her at last. She will cease to suffer for my fault; you will be happy, and I shall feel no longer this terrible weight which oppresses my heart. During the little time that remains to us together we can at least speak of her."

These last words were spoken in the arms of his friend.

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While the three were seated on the bench, Girhardi gazing upon his daughter, and Charney occasionally making an indifferent remark, in a movement which

Theresa made towards her father, a large medallion, suspended about her neck and hidden in her dress, escaped. Charney could see on one side the white hair of the old man, and on the other a withered flower carefully preserved under the glass. It was the flower which he had sent to her by Ludovic.

She had carefully preserved his flower, then,—treasured it with the hair of her father, whom she adored! The flower of Picciola no longer ornamented the hair of the young girl; it reposed upon her heart!

This discovery made an entire change in Charney's sentiments.

He scanned her features anew, as if she had been metamorphosed, and he might discover there what had not before been visible. Her face, turned towards the old man, was illuminated by a double expression of tenderness and serenity; she was beautiful then with the beauty of Raphael's virgins, with the beauty of a loving and pure soul. Charney gazed on this lovely profile, in which harmonized strength and sweetness, energy and modesty. It was long since he had looked upon a human face so glowing with youth, beauty, and virtue. He was intoxicated by the sight, and fixing his eyes earnestly on the medallion, murmured; "You did not, then, despise my poor gift?"

But, low as was the tone in which he spoke, Theresa turned quickly towards him; her first movement was to replace the locket in her dress; but she, in her turn, was aware of the change in the Count's expression, and as their eyes met, the blood mounted in the faces of both.

"What is the matter, my child?" said Girhardi, seeing her disturbance.

"Nothing," said she; but instantly correcting herself, as if she scorned to deny a pure and honorable sentiment,—"It is this medallion; see, my father, this is your hair;" then, turning to Charney, "This is the flower, monsieur, that you sent me; I have kept it, and I shall keep it forever!"

There was in her words and the sound of her voice, and in that delicate instinct which led her to address her explanation as well to her father as to the stranger, so much frankness and modesty, an expression so tender and chaste, that Charney felt himself touched as he had never been before.

The rest of the day passed in the effusions of a friendship which each minute seemed to enhance. Apart from the secret attraction which sometimes draws us to another, intimacy grows with a rapidity proportioned to the time we may have to spend with our new friend.

Charney and Theresa had never spoken to each other till to-day, but they had each thought much of the other,—and they would perhaps have so few hours together! When Charney, by an instinct of etiquette and good breeding, rose to retire, saying that after so long a separation he would leave the father and daughter alone to enjoy their happiness, she exclaimed: "Are you going?" detaining him by a look, and Girhardi by a gesture. "Are you, then, a stranger to my father—or to me?" added she, with a charming tone of reproach.

To convince him that his presence was no restraint upon them, she entered into the detail of all her adventures since she left Fenestrella, and the means employed by her to reunite the two captives. Having finished her recital, she begged Charney to commence his, and to relate the employment of his days, and his observations on Picciola.

He then entered upon the history of his earlier days in prison, his *ennui*, and his manual labors, the welcome appearance of his plant, and its progressive development, while Theresa with interested and intelligent questions stimulated his narrative.

Girhardi, seated between the two, holding in one hand the hand of his daughter so lately restored to him, and in the other that of the friend he was so soon to leave, listened to them both, looking first at one, then at the other, with mingled feelings of joy and sadness. But at one time the old man drew his hands together, and by the same movement those of Charney and Theresa. Then the two young people, agitated, embarrassed, with quickened heartbeats, became silent. At last the young girl, without any appearance of prudery or affectation, gently withdrew her hand, and placing it upon her father's shoulder, leaned her head carelessly upon it, in a charming manner, and smiling, turned her eyes towards Charney to invite him to continue his discourse.

Drawn on and encouraged by her ease and interest, he even went on to relate his

dreams beside his plant. They were, as I have said before, the real events of his life in his solitude. He spoke of the young girl, so lovely and charming, in whom Picciola the plant was personified; and while with ardent enthusiasm he sketched the portrait, Theresa's eyes drooped, her smile faded, and her breast heaved as she listened.

The narrator took care not to name the true model of his sweet image; but finishing the history of the misfortunes of his plant, he recalled the instant when the dying Picciola, by the order of the commandant, was to be uprooted before his eyes.

"Poor Picciola!" exclaimed Theresa, with irrepressible emotion, "thou belongest also to me, dear little one, for I contributed to thy deliverance."

And Charney, transported with joy, thanked her in his heart for that adoption which established a sacred tie between them.

The last rays of the sun illuminated the little court and the face of Theresa; the breeze played in her soft curls and in the folds and ribbons of her dress. Laying down her work, and raising her head, she shook back her hair and seemed to yield herself to an intoxicating draught of air, light and happiness.

At this moment the door of the court was opened. Colonel Morand, followed by an officer and Ludovic, came to announce to Girhardi his liberation. Girhardi was to leave the fortress immediately; a carriage was in waiting outside of the gate to convey him and his daughter to Turin.

At the entrance of the commandant, Theresa had risen, but immediately sank again into her chair, and, with one glance at Charney, all color and smiles faded from her face. But Charney remained on his seat with bowed head, while they presented Girhardi with the papers which restored to him his honor and liberty.

The preparations for departure could not be long. Already Ludovic had descended from the chamber of the ex-prisoner with his trunks. The officer waited to accompany them to Turin.

The hour of separation had come.

Theresa rose again and appeared to be occupied with folding her embroidery, and putting it in her bag; then she attempted to put on her glove, but her trembling hands made it impossible.

Charney then, calling up all his resolution, went towards Girhardi and threw himself into his arms.

"Adieu, my father!"

"My son! my dear son!" faltered the old man. "Have courage; count on us; adieu, adieu!"

He pressed him again and again to his breast, and suddenly withdrawing from him, turned to Ludovic, and, to hide his emotion, gave him several useless recommendations concerning his care of him who was to be left alone. Ludovic did not reply, but gave his arm to the old man, whom he saw needed support.

During this time Charney had approached Theresa, to take leave of her. Leaning with one hand on the back of her chair, her eyes fixed on the ground, she stood thoughtful, motionless, as if nothing had been said of leaving.

When she saw Charney near her, rousing from her reverie, she looked earnestly at him for a moment without speaking. He was pale and dejected, and words failed him. Suddenly the young girl, forgetting her resolutions, extending her arms toward the captive's plant, said, "I call our Picciola to witness"—but she could articulate no more.

One of her gloves which she held in her hand fell to the ground; Charney picked it up, pressed a kiss upon it, and silently returned it to her.

Theresa took the glove, wiped with it the tears which were streaming from her eyes, and then returning it with a last smile to Charney said, "Till we meet again," and drew her father outside the little court.

A long time had passed since the gate was closed between him and them, but Charney still sat, as if turned to stone, convulsively pressing to his heart Theresa's little glove.

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CONCLUSION.

At last Charney said adieu to the priest and the Colonel. One day, when he least expected it, the prison-doors opened for him.

On his return from Austerlitz, Napoleon, importuned by Josephine (who, in her turn, probably submitted to the importunities of another interceding for the prisoner of Fenestrella), caused an account to be rendered to him of the seizure

made by the officers in their visit of search. They brought to the Emperor the cambric manuscripts, until then deposited in the archives of the Minister of Justice. He read them over carefully, and declared loudly that the Count of Charney was a madman, but a harmless one.

"He who can so abase his thoughts as to be absorbed in a weed," said he, "may make an excellent botanist, but not a conspirator. I grant his pardon. Let his estates be restored to him, and let him cultivate them himself if such is his good pleasure."

Charney, in his turn, left Fenestrella; but he did not go alone. Could he be separated from his first, his constant friend? After having her transplanted into a large case of good earth, he took Picciola in triumph with him; his Picciola—Picciola to whom he owed reason; Picciola to whom he owed his life; Picciola from whose bosom he had drawn consoling faith; Picciola through whom he had learned friendship and love; Picciola, in short, through whom he was to be restored to liberty!

As he was about to cross the drawbridge, a large rough hand was extended towards him.

"Signor Count," said Ludovic, trying to conceal his emotion, "give me your hand; now we can be friends, since you are going, since you leave us; since we shall see you no more—thank God!—"

Charney interrupted him,—"We shall see each other again, my dear Ludovic! Ludovic, my friend!"

And after having embraced him and pressed his hand again and again, he left the citadel.

He had crossed the esplanade, left behind him the hill on which the fortress is built, crossed the bridge over the Clusone, and turned into the road to Suza, when a voice from the ramparts reached him, crying, "Adieu, Signor Count! adieu, Picciola!"

Six months after, one sunny day in spring, a rich equipage drew up at the gates of the prison of Fenestrella. A traveller alighted and inquired for Ludovic Ritti.

It was his former captive who came to pay a visit to his friend, the jailer. A young lady leaned lovingly on the arm of the traveller. That young lady was Theresa Girhardi, Countess of Charney.

Together they visited the court, and the chamber where once abode *ennui*, scepticism, *désillusion*.

Of all the despairing sentences which had been inscribed upon the white walls, one alone remained:

"Learning, wit, beauty, youth, fortune—all are powerless to give happiness."

Theresa added: "Without love."

The kiss which Charney pressed upon her brow gave confirmation to the truth of what she had written.

Before leaving, the Count asked Ludovic to be godfather to his first child, as he had been to Picciola. Then saying farewell, the husband and wife returned to Turin, where Gerhardi awaited them in his country-seat of La Colline.

There, near the house, in a rich *parterre*, brightened and warmed by the rays of the rising sun, Charney had ordered his plant to be placed, alone, that no other might interfere with its development. By his order no hand but his might touch it or care for it. He alone would watch over it; it was an employment, a duty, a debt imposed upon him by his gratitude.

How rapidly the days flowed by! Surrounded by extensive grounds, on the borders of a beautiful river, under a genial sky, Charney tasted the wine of this world's happiness. Time added a new charm, new strength to all these ties; for habit, like the ivy of our walls, cements and consolidates that which it cannot destroy. The friendship of Girhardi, the love of Theresa, the blessings of all who lived under his roof, nothing was wanting to his happiness, and yet that happiness was to be made still greater. Charney became a father.

Oh, then his heart overflowed with felicity. His tenderness for his daughter seemed to redouble that which he felt for his wife. He was never weary of gazing upon and adoring them both. To be separated a moment from them was pain.

Ludovic arrived to fulfil his promise. He wished to visit his first godchild, that of the prison. But, alas! in the midst of these transports of love, of the prosperity and happiness with which La Colline abounded, the source of all these joys, of all this happiness, *la povera Picciola*, was dead—dead for want of care!

SUNDAY MORNING.

[**John Peter Hebel** was born near Schoffheim, in Baden, 1760; he died at Schwetzingen, September 22d, 1826. For his poems he selected the simple and popular dialect which prevails near Basle, and, with various modifications, over a great part of Swabia. They contain beautiful delineations of nature, and pictures of manners. The poems were first published at Karlsruhe in 1803; they have been several times translated into German by Schaffner, Girardet, and Adrian. Hebel was also the author of popular tales. His works were published at Karlsruhe in 1832; again in 1837–38; and a new edition in 1842.]

"Well," Saturday to Sunday said,
"The people now have gone to bed;
All, after toiling through the week,
Right willingly their rest would seek;
Myself can hardly stand alone,
So very weary I have grown."

His speech was echoed by the bell,
As on his midnight couch he fell;
And Sunday now the watch must keep.
So, rising from his pleasant sleep,
He glides, half-dozing, through the sky,
To tell the world that morn is nigh.

He rubs his eyes,—and, none too late,
Knocks aloud at the sun's bright gate;
She[1] slumbered in her silent hall,
Unprepared for his early call.
Sunday exclaims, "Thy hour is nigh!"
"Well, well," says she, "come by and by."

Gently, on tiptoe, Sunday creeps,—
Cheerfully from the stars he peeps,—
Mortals are all asleep below,—
None in the village hears him go;
E'en Chanticleer keeps very still,—
For Sunday whispered 'twas his will.

Now the world is awake and bright,
After refreshing sleep all night;
The Sabbath morn in sunlight comes,
Smiling gladly on all our homes.
He has a mild and happy air,—
Bright flowers are wreathed among his hair.

He comes, with soft and noiseless tread,
To rouse the sleeper from his bed;
And tenderly he pauses near,
With looks all full of love and cheer,
Well pleased to watch the deep repose
That lingered till the morning rose.

How gayly shines the early dew,
Loading the grass with its silver hue!
And freshly comes the fragrant breeze
Dancing among the cherry trees;
The bees are humming all so gay,—
They know not it is Sabbath-day.

The cherry blossoms now appear,—
Fair heralds of a fruitful year;
There stands upright the tulip proud,
Bethlehem-stars[2] around her crowd,—
And hyacinths of every hue,—
All sparkling in the morning dew.

How still and lovely all things seem!
Peaceful and pure as an angel's dream!
No rattling carts are in the streets;—
Kindly each one his neighbor greets:—
"It promises right fair to-day;"—
"Yes, praised be God!"—'tis all they say.

The birds are singing, "Come, behold
Our Sabbath morn all bathed in gold,
Pouring his calm, celestial light
Among the flowers so sweet and bright!"
The pretty goldfinch leads the row,
As if her Sunday-robe to show.

Mary, pluck those auriculas, pray,
And don't shake the yellow dust away;
Here, little Ann, are some for you,—
I'm sure you want a nosegay, too.
The first bell rings,—away! away!
We will go to church to-day.

[1] In the German language the sun is feminine, and the moon is masculine.

THE BIARKEMAAL,

OR BATTLE-SONG OF BIARKE.—A FRAGMENT.

[This song was composed in the sixth century by **Bodvar Biarke**, one of Hrolf Krake's warriors. The following lines are but the commencement of it, the remainder is lost. The original may be found in Sturleson's *Heimskringla*, and a Latin version in *Saxo-Grammaticus*.]

The bird of morn has risen,
The rosy dawn 'gins break;
'Tis time from sleepy prison
Vil's sons to toil should wake.
Wake from inglorious slumber!
The warrior's rest is short,—
Wake! whom our chiefs we number,—
The lords of Adil's court.

Har, strong of arm, come forth!
Rolf, matchless for the bow!
Both Northmen, of good birth,
Who ne'er turned face from foe!

[2] The name of a very pretty wild flower.

Wake not for foaming cup,
Wake not for maiden's smile,
Men of the North! wake up,
For iron Hilda's toil!

Translated by PIGOTT.

A STORM AT THE MOUTH OF THE TYNE.

[**William Clark Russell,** an English novel writer, was born in 1844. His chief merit is as a writer of sea stories, which he tells with much vigor, good knowledge of nautical terms, and graphic power. The first story which made him widely known, *The Wreck of the Grosvenor*, appeared in 1878, and has been often reprinted. Among his other books are: *My Watch Below* (1882); *A Sea Queen* (1883); *Round the Galley Fire* (1883); and *John Holdsworth, Chief Mate* (1884).]

As time wore on my father was more at home than formerly, owing to his engaging in short voyages. He had been a saving man all his life, and put all his money into ships, which paid him very well in those days, and he would often talk of giving up the sea, saying that he had done his share, that he was getting old, that it was time he made way for younger men, until every voyage promised to be his last. Yet when it came to the point he would not give up.

"What am I to do," he would say; "if I leave the sea, how am I to amuse myself? There was William Thompson. William's friends advised him to give up when he was forty. He gave up, got married, and furnished himself a house down Byker way. But he couldn't stop at home. His wife put him to gardening, thinking if she could interest him in cabbages he'd be punctual at meal-times. But it was no good. He'd drop his spade for the river, and arrive home, when dinner was cold, as grimy as a pitman. "I can do nothing with him, Captain Snowdon," his wife said to me. "William belongs to the water, and you might as well hope to make a duck happy in a hen-coop as keep William pleased by putting a rake into his hands and showing him where the weeds are. He goes away among the shipping, and whenever he spies a friend, he jumps on board, pulls off his coat, and begs, for mercy sake, to be put to some job. The tar and grease I find on his clothes would ruin the temper of an angel. I now let him have his way. He is only happy when his hand is in the tar-bucket, and I've got something else to do than turpentine his trousers and waist-coats morning, noon, and night." "Now," my father would continue, "don't you think I had better take warning from the melancholy condition to which Bill Thompson reduced himself? Michael Hanson the other day recommended me to drop the sea, and set up ashore as a weather-prophet. But it's poor work telling others to look out for squalls you're never sure of yourself. I'd as lief take to out-door preaching. No, I'll go another voyage, and that'll give me time to turn my mind over and come to some resolution."

However, my father met with an experience at last that finally determined him, though, had it not found him strongly disposed to quit the sea, it would not in the least degree have influenced him.

He had taken the command of a brig in which he was a part owner, for a voyage to Calais with a cargo of coals. My mother received a letter from him dated at that port, in which he told us to look out for him on a Wednesday, naming the date. Of course, we knew that his punctuality would depend on the weather, but, as a rule, he was very accurate in his forecasts, and seldom disappointed us by more than a day or two—that is, I mean, when he performed short coasting voyages.

Well, Tuesday night came, and I was sitting talking to my mother, who was busily knitting stockings—her favorite occupation, and never was Newcastle knitting better than hers—when a moan of wind in the wide old chimney made me go to the window and look out. The sky was black and the air hazy with the smoke from the factories along the Tyneside, and a faint drizzle, in which the street lamps shone dimly, every one with a ring around it such as you may have seen the moon look out of when hanging bleared and dull in a thick sky. It was the middle of November, the air bitterly cold. I said nothing to my mother, for bad weather always made her wretched when father was away; but, letting fall the curtain, I stepped into the passage and took a peep at a marine barometer that hung there, and noticed that the mercury had sunk by the length of my thumb-nail.

I came back to my place, and went on

quietly with my work. I see the picture of that old parlor now as plainly as I saw it then. The bright flames of the coal fire vanquished the steady glare of the brass lamp, and set the curiosities dancing and shaking in the quivering radiance. Near the fire was my mother, in an arm-chair, peering steadfastly down upon her hands through a pair of old-fashioned spectacles, and nimbly plying her needles, her dear face, tenderly touched with the fire play, standing out upon the high, dark wainscoting, in which the radiance rolled in many a soft ripple, so that from where I sat her profile looked like a cameo.

But the moaning of the wind quickly grew into muffled bellowings, and these my mother noticed, for, letting fall her knitting, she bade me draw the curtain and see how the night looked.

I told her it was so dark I could see nothing. She came herself, and while she was peering, a furious shower of sleet and hail came along with a violent blast of wind, and rattled upon the window-panes, as though bucketsful of gravel were being flung at the house.

This was the first of the storm. In less than half an hour it had swept up into a furious gale from the southeast. I never remember the like of that night. The thunder of the tempest as it roared across the black sky was a distinct note, clearly audible above the fierce groaning and shaking and shrill crying of the old house. Imagining I heard a ring at the house-bell, and the servant not coming quickly, I went to see who it might be; but the instant I raised the latch, the door was swept open with the speed of a shot from a cannon, and the house was filled with the storm in a breath. The white sleet rushed in like loads of feathers on the blast, and I had to call to my mother and the servant to help me shut the door, which I could no more have accomplished alone than I could have pushed a wall down. The ringing of the bell was a false alarm, but a real one came while we were bolting the door; for there happened such a mighty crash upon the pavement in front of the house that we stood stock-still with amazement and dread, persuaded that the roof was coming in, and that presently we should be buried alive. On going to the window, all three of us trembling, and our faces very white, to see what had happened, we perceived by the light of the street lamp that an immense stack of chimneys from the house fronting ours had been blown over and hurled by the wind right across the road, that was wide enough to make such an illustration of the fury of the tempest terrible indeed.

There was no sleep for my mother and me that night. She asked me to come to her bed, and we lay talking of father, and listening to the raging of the hurricane, until the dawn glimmered upon the window-blinds. It was Wednesday, the day on which my father had told us to expect him; and wherever his brig might be, we knew that, if she had outlived the fearful night, she would not be far off.

"I must go down to Shields, Jessie," said my mother, "I cannot rest here. I shall go crazy if I stay at home listening and fearing."

It blew so fiercely that it was scarcely safe to venture abroad. Our street was full of slates and tiles and chimney-pots; and while we were at breakfast the servant ran in to say the butcher had told her that dreadful mischief was done, great trees blown down, windows forced in, many houses at Gateshead and Newcastle unroofed, and some score of people killed in various parts while passing through the streets; and that even now it was as much as a person's life was worth to leave shelter.

But my mother was resolved; and I was as anxious as she. I well knew that this southeast gale would sweep my father's vessel northwards, and that, if he had not sought shelter in some road-stead or port further south, he would, if his ship were afloat, be in the neighborhood of the Tyne.

Very clearly I remember that morning —the howling of the gale through the streets, the flying darkness overhead, and the frequent rush of horizontal sleet that seemed to pierce the face like a shower of needles. We muffled ourselves up to our noses, my mother grasped my arm, and at one time leaning against the wind until we took the very posture of hobbling, doubled-up old women, at another time helplessly swept around a corner, often forced to turn our backs and pause to recover our breath, which the gale in sudden bursts dashed from our bodies, stepping fearfully over the fragments of

masonry which encumbered the pavements, and every moment expecting to be struck down by some flying chimney-pot or tile, we finally succeeded in reaching the railway-station, more exhausted than had we toiled up the side of a high mountain.

There were many people going to Shields; some, like ourselves, wild with anxiety as to the safety of relatives at sea; others concerned only in a commercial sense, and whose thoughts were with the cargoes rather than the human lives upon the deep; and others, again, who were making the journey merely to behold the great sight which they very well knew the sea would present. It was moving to see the people, the look of consternation on the faces even of those whom the storm could not defraud of either relatives or property; to observe women, strangers to one another, speaking eagerly together in groups, made akin by the fears bred by the terrible storm; to hear them as they poured forth their hopes and their dread in the rugged Newcastle dialect, often gesticulating with something even of frenzy in their motions, while their voices sometimes rose into a sound of wailing and lamentation.

It took us an hour to reach South Shields, for not only did the train stop at every station down the line, but the gale seemed to be right in our teeth, as it howled along the metals, and at some of the curves it was as much as the locomotive could do to drag the carriages at the rate of five miles an hour. It is a bit of a walk from the railway station at South Shields to the Lawe, as it is called, a point of cliff directly looking on to the mouth of the Tyne. We went along in a crowd, fighting with the wind, that appeared to have the fury of a cyclone now that we were near the sea. Few people were to be seen in the street, but this had been explained at the railway station, where we were told that there were four or five vessels ashore, and that the whole population was down at the water's side.

I looked at my mother when I heard about those vessels being ashore; she turned her face up to God, but said nothing, and we hurried along with the crowd in silence. To understand our feelings you must have a brother, a husband, a father, some one dearly loved, at sea; you must be waiting for his return and be near the sea in the midst of a tempest, and then be told that there are many vessels ashore. Inland, the news of shipwreck, the dread that the dear one's ship may be one of the wrecks, cannot break into your heart as it will when you behold the vessels with your own eyes, when your ears are filled with the roaring of the hurricane that may have bereaved you, when the dreadful reality of the ocean is there before you, white, blind and raving.

We saw it on a sudden. The bend of the path opened the mouth of the Tyne, and laid bare the North Sea to the near horizon of iron-gray mist. It was a sight to give such a memory to the mind as the longest lifetime could not weaken. I had often viewed this sea in stormy weather from the Tynemouth cliffs; but here now was a scene of boiling, deafening commotion that awed, ay, and almost stunned me, as a revelation of the unspeakable might and remorseless ferocity of the deep. The harbor bar had not then been dredged to the depth it now stands at, and as the steady, cliff-like heights of dark, olive-colored water—their summits melting, as they ran, into miles of flashing foam—came to this shoaling ground, they broke up into an amazing whirling and sparkling of boiling waters, filling the air with driving clouds of spray, like masses of blowing steam, and whitening the pouring and roaring waves in the mouth of the Tyne beyond the bend at Shields, and as high, maybe, as Whitehill point. The horizon was barely two miles off, owing to the darkness that stood up like a gray wall from the sea to the heavens; and this near demarcation, therefore, exaggerated the aspect of the surges, as they came towering in the shape of ranges of hills out of the fog-curtain.

The tumult, the uproar of the trampling seas, no image could express. The huge breakers coiled in mighty, glass-smooth combers, and burst in thunder and in smoke upon the yellow sands, and the air was blinding with the flying of the salt rain from these crashing liquid bodies.

Across the river the Tynemouth cliffs were black with crowds gazing upon the wonderful, terrible sight, and I cannot describe the solemnity given to this scene of strife betwixt the powers of the earth and the air by that immense concourse of human beings, thronging the summits of the chocolate-colored rocks up which the

breakers, as they fell against the base in ponderous hills, darted long, flickering tongues of milk-white spume, which streamed downwards again like mountain torrents among the dark-green, withe-like herbage which covers those cliffs in places.

There were three vessels ashore on our side, between the Trow rocks and where the long south pier now forks out. Others were stranded out of our sight, around the point on which Tynemouth lighthouse stands. Whether their crews were saved or drowned, whether any sort of assistance was being rendered them, I did not know; I could scarcely see. My senses were dulled by the violent thundering of the gale in my ears, by the uproar of the rushing seas, mingled with the voices of the people round me, and, above all, by the terror that sickened my heart as I thought of my father.

Yet, one thing we knew; that his vessel was not among the wrecks. They were all of them schooners and brigantines. This my mother was told by a seaman who stood near her, who had sailed with my father, and also in the brig my father was now at sea in, called the *Countess of Durham;* and, remarking my sinking aspect, she cried the news out in my ear to comfort and rally me.

I had asked this sailor, a man named Taylor, a question, and was trying to catch his answer, when his voice was drowned by a general shout, and, looking quickly, I spied a hundred arms pointing into the southeast. The moment my eyes were upon that quarter of the sea, I saw the outline of a vessel heaving and staggering out of the thickness. She was, when I first beheld her, merely a smudge upon the mist, but in a short time she grew into a clearly defined object upon the hard green of the pelting seas. Taylor, who kept close at my mother's side, pointed a little pocket-glass at the vessel. I waited to hear him speak, but he was so long silent that in an agony of impatience I cried out to him to tell me if the vessel was my father's brig.

"Noa, miss," he answered; "aw thowt she was it forst. She's awlmyest heed on. She's a little bark. Thor's the Danish ensign i' thi mizzen rigging. Her foretop mist is gyen," he continued, keeping his eye at the glass, "her mainyard's i' two. God hev mercy on her foak! She's a doomed ship!"

The voices of the crowd had risen into a kind of roar as the people exclaimed together, when the vessel first hove in sight; but no sooner was it seen that she was not under control, and that she was drifting with the send of the seas and with the force of the gale dead on to the beach, which, it was thought, she would take a little to the right of where we stood, than a deep, impressive silence fell; every eye seemed transfixed; every face grew as hard and pale as stone, under the influence of the pity and horror the spectacle filled the soul with. A few men could be seen in her main rigging. Her furious tossing was sickening and distracting to watch. Now she was thrown up on the crest of a sea, and there hung an instant, poised on the dark pinnacle, suspended in the gray, cold, apparently motionless heaven of sullen cloud, half her keel out of water, the outline of her small, black hull showing clearly, and her wrecked spars aloft, and the confused tracery of her rigging limned in sharp lines as though drawn in India ink; then, swooping down as the sea that supported her ran hissing past in a storm of snow, her hull and masts as high as the maintop disappeared, and nothing was visible but her top-gallant mast, that stood up no thicker than a hair out of the roaring hollow in which the vessel lay. It was a wonder to see her rise from those abysms; indeed, every sweeping heave of hers to the summit of the surges was like the coinage of a ship from the raging heart of the deep; yet, regularly as the swing of a pendulum did she draw nearer and nearer, watched with scarcely a stir—as though some blighting curse had gone forth and turned all life into marble—by the immense multitude that crowded the rocks and the shores.

She took the ground on a sudden. Her striking was known by the fierce smother of spray that burst up all round her, in the midst of which her masts reeled and fell; a second dreadful sea roared over her, and when it was spent she lay clean over on her port bilge, her decks up and down like the side of a house; a third breaker struck her—I believed I could hear the dull boom of the concussion rise above the hooting and the crashing of the tempest; and now the wreck was in halves—one black fragment fixed, the other a dozen fathoms nearer the beach.

Heart had been taken from me by fears

for and thoughts of my father, and the sight of this wreck was more than I could bear. The sudden extinction of those poor seamen, who a few minutes before were holding on for life in the rigging, and looking with yearning, dying eyes upon the land, filled me with a soul-moving consternation.

"Oh, mother!" I cried, "let us go. We can wait for news of father in the town."

She looked at me, and seeing how bitterly distressed and shocked I was, she asked Taylor to come to us at once when a brig should heave in sight, and told him where he would find us; and then, taking my arm, she walked with me into the town, though she was constantly pausing to take a backward look at the sea, until a turning shut out the raging picture.

The widow of a Wesleyan minister, a kind and grave old body of seventy, named Mistress Robson—we say mistress in the north—who had known my father all his life, and who never failed to visit us when she was in Newcastle, which happened about once a year, lived just out of King Street, and to her house we went, that being the address my mother had given Taylor.

She put her aged face to the window when my mother knocked, and, catching sight of us, came to the door and hurried us into her little parlor, where a noble fire roared in the chimney.

"I expected ye would be coming to Shields, Mistress Snowdon," said she. "Ye've had no bad news, I hope, hinny?"

"No," answered my mother, "but my husband is at sea, and his vessel is due in the Tyne this very day. My trust is in God's mercy," she added, looking up; "but, oh, Mrs. Robson, have you been as far as the Lawe? Have you seen the sea? Only just now another vessel has come ashore with men in the rigging, and gone to pieces!"

Mrs. Robson clasped her old hands on her lap and shook her head. Her eldest son had been a sailor, and was drowned in a shipwreck on the Goodwin Sands, and no one better than she could understand the aching in the heart of a sailor's wife and child while listening to the storming of such a gale as was now blowing.

But she had a very cheerful, tender character, and knew what to say to keep our spirits hopeful. I never recall that horrible day without thinking of that ancient north-country dame bidding us come close to the fire and warm ourselves, removing my mother's cloak with her trembling hands, calling me "hinny," and stroking my cheek, and listening eagerly to what we said, being somewhat hard of hearing. Her room was very cozy; the bright fire blazed in the deep grate; there was a large Bible in a recess, and over it hung a portrait of the late Mr. Robson. I remember a couple of tapestry pictures—one representing the Last Supper; also the high-backed arm-chair in which the old lady sat; a large silver jug or tankard under a glass shade, a presentation to the late pastor; and, above all, do I remember the oppressive, leaden gloom of the sky over the house-tops opposite as I saw it through the window, with masses of sulphur-colored scud sweeping along it, and the voices of the tempest, which shrieked like tortured children at the hall-door and the window-casements, and roared like the discharge of heavy ordnance in the chimneys.

I had come to that cheerful room nearly frozen, for we had lingered hard upon three hours on the Lawe. The warmth, I believe, helped to support our minds. Worry is chilling enough of itself, and though it may not be softened by a good fire, may be better borne near one than in a freezing wind. "Him too cold for brave to-day," says the negro sergeant in "Tom Cringle," meaning that he had no courage unless the sun shone warm. Old Mrs. Robson, hearing that we had eaten nothing since breakfast, bustled about to get some dinner for us, and, with the help of her servant, had us presently seated at her table with a good meal before us. We took her hospitality as a matter of course: we should have treated her in the same way, and been treated so by any other friends on whom we had called. Indeed, it was not until I visited other towns away from Newcastle and its neighborhood that I discovered that hospitality was reckoned a virtue. In the north we give and take. When people drop in they take a bite of whatever is going, and no fuss is made, and no name, that ever I heard of, given to the custom.

So we sat down to Mrs. Robson's little dinner as though we had been in our own house; but we could scarcely taste the food put before us. I knew what mother's

thoughts were, and as for myself, I was fitter to cry than to eat when I glanced through the window at the scowling sky, and hearkened to the booming and shrieking of the wind.

The time wore on. We were listening to our aged friend, who was telling us of such another gale as this, that had burst over the northeastern coast some thirty years before, when we were startled by a loud knocking on the hall-door. My impatience was too great to suffer me to wait for the servant to answer the summons. I ran out, and on opening the door found Taylor outside. He was out of breath, yet managed to make me understand that a brig had hove in sight, and that she was running for the Tyne, and he believed by the look of her that she was the *Countess of Durham*. He also said, without any pause in his speech, that the gale had broken; delivering the whole, indeed, as a boy whips out with a message made up of several sentences which he has got by rote.

I called out the news to my mother, but begged her not to face the wind again, saying that I would go to the cliff alone with the sailor. Her answer was merely a look of wonder that I should ask her to stay behind. So, putting on our cloaks and wraps, we kissed old Mrs. Robson and hurried along the street with Taylor at our side.

The man had told me truly enough that the gale had broken. I looked up at the sky and was struck by the reddish tinge that covered the great curtain of cloud; but, on glancing behind me, I perceived that the heavens had opened in the west, and that there was an amazing glory of bright gold clouds there, floating swiftly over several streaks of pure sky of an exquisite faint green color, and though the sun was lower down than this open space, and hidden behind a long line of dark vapor, out of which the golden clouds were sailing like bursts of living fire from some concealed mighty volcano, yet the brightness cast down by the shining break was as sweet to our senses as though the sun himself was visible, and sent us along with beating hearts, which grew lighter with hope as the beautiful sunset tinge broadened into the stormy darkness which lay like the night upon the face of the east.

Whether the crowds had gone and come again I do not know; but Tynemouth cliffs, and our own side of the river's mouth, were thronged with a concourse as dense as I had seen in the morning. A little schooner under a shred of canvas, her main boom gone, and her decks littered with wreckage, had just safely crossed the bar as we came in sight of the sea, and we could hear the people on the opposite shore cheering her as she swarmed through the white smother of foam, and went staggering over the seas in the mouth of the river towards the smooth reaches beyond, like a breathless, broken, terrified, hunted creature.

But we had no eyes for her. When we had the sea before us, Taylor pointed into the southeast, into the very eye and wake of the gale, and we stopped, staring with all our might and main.

The aspect of the ocean had been terrific in the morning, and it was terrific still; but the wonderful light that lay upon it and upon the sky gave it a grandeur that was not to be found in it before. The wind yet blew hard enough to maintain the impulse of the rushing seas, though they were no longer the towering ranges of hills which had chased one another in endless succession out of the wild and dismal obscurity of the water-line. The horizon lay clear to its normal verge, and the surges there were distinctly visible in broken, tumultuous, wintry-sharp shapes against the faint orange of the heavens.

The vessel that had sent the sailor in a hurry to fetch us was the only object in sight upon that foaming, roaring, desolate expanse of ocean. She was not above three miles off, and was heading dead for the mouth of the Tyne, with nothing on her but a reefed foresail. I could see that she was brig-rigged, also that she had sustained some injury aloft; but I could not be equally sure that she was my father's ship, though Taylor, after looking again, said that if she was not the *Countess of Durham* he'd pay any man five good shillings down.

We had been watching some few minutes when the skies, opening wider yet in the west, let down a long and slanting beam of sunlight which illuminated, as if by magic, the furthest confines of the sea in the east. The glorious radiance flashed upon the heaving and rushing waters in the mouth of the river, and upon the whirling snow of the surges, leaping in

fury upon the Black Middens under the Tynemouth heights, and upon the stately pouring of the grass-green seas beyond the bar. In that wondrous beam of light which appeared to divide the heavens, the ocean and the coasts, and the little toiling brig that was rapidly approaching the river's mouth made a picture incomparably noble and majestic. Against the reddish slate of the northeast sky—as it bore from where we stood—Tynemouth lighthouse reared its substantial, white shape, and in that sudden gush of afternoon glory it resembled a height of solid marble, on whose summit the lantern-glasses sparkled with innumerable fiery stars. The brightness gave sharpness to the colors of the apparel of the crowds upon the top of the cliffs, and a deeper hue to the brown of the great blocks of rock, from whose base the breakers were recoiling in clouds of smoke. But best of all was the vivid clearness it lent to the hull and rigging of the lonely little vessel, that was still far enough distant to resemble a toy upon the broken, headlong waters.

We were no longer in doubt about her; others as well as Taylor had recognized her, and I heard her name called out over and over again by the people we were standing among. My mother grasped my hand, and in that posture we stood watching the approach of the brig.

Much of the spite had gone out of the wind, yet it still blew a gale, and the raging of the surges upon the bar made the mouth of the Tyne resemble a whirlpool. It was a terrible sea for a small vessel to run before. The foresail helped the brig greatly by lifting her head as she swept into the hollows; yet, after I knew the vessel to be my father's, I could sometimes scarcely draw my breath when I saw her thrown up, her bowsprit pointed to the heavens, her stern out of sight on the slope of the wild sea behind her; her bows and some feet of her keel forward out of water; and then rush down into the fearful chasm—ay, just as a man might fall over the edge of a sheer cliff—and so vanish as though she had gone to the bottom.

But she struggled onwards stoutly and surely, and no one who saw her but must have known that the courage, coolness, and determination of an old and experienced seaman were watching over her, and conducting her through those sickening, giddy, thunderous acclivities. As she scaled the liquid heights it was a sight to stir the most languid blood to see her spurning the green seas from her bows, sending them recoiling a whole ship's length in advance of her, in a great surface and torrent of foam, and to follow the leaping and tossing path she had scored, by running the eye along the narrow stream of wake which marked her whereabouts, even when she was hidden, by the flashing of its snow-like, sinuous line upon the hinder surges, and tracing it until it was lost amid the warring of the foaming seas under the horizon.

"The maistor brings her weel throo'd," exclaimed Taylor, who kept close to us all this while. "He's it thi wheel ilang wiv inuther, an' thor's han's it thi releevin' ta'kils. Aw lay they divvent fynd them i' thi road. They've myed bettor weather iv it up iloft then aw forst thowt. Hees fore topgallent mist's gyen, and so's hes jibboom, an' awl sweer war ye ti cast thi gaskets adrift, ye wid fynd nowt but rags on thi main-topsil yards. Luik, mistress! ye'll see thi captain plain enuff ti wind'ard o' thi wheel, if ye kin only bring thi glass ti bear steadily."

But she was too agitated, her hands shook too much to enable her to keep the tube covering the bounding and ever-vanishing hull. She gave the little telescope to me, and just once I managed to catch a glimpse of my father's face; but it was like seeing it in a flash of lightning—it swept out of the field of the lens, and I could not catch it again. And yet, had I been able to look steadily for five minutes, I believe I should not have received a deeper impression than that flying glance at his dear face gave me. It was an instantaneous photograph, but I caught the whole—the fixed and resolute stare of the eyes, the compressed lips, the iron-like steadiness of the head upon the neck, the scrap of gray hair tossing like a wreath of smoke upon his forehead under his sou'-wester.

He and his brig seemed well known to the people about me. I heard them mention his name and praise the manner in which he was bringing her along.

"He'll hit thi bar reet eneuff!" said one, speaking to another close beside me. "Nivor feer! He knaws thor wettors as he knaws hes fingers. Gannin' throo thi

race 'ill be thi job. It's not thi Middens he'll faal fool on. Thi bar's the thing. If thi trow o' thi sea drops him upon't it 'll be ta-ta tiv him."

I very well knew what the speaker meant, and so did my mother. At this time the depth of water at the entrance of the Tyne was at flood-tide not above twenty-two feet, and at low water *scarcely seven feet.*

One would hardly believe this could be true—so late even as the year 1860—of a river where now you may see sailing-ships and steamers as large and stately as any that pass up and down the Thames. Yet I am telling the truth, as any old Tyneside sailor will assure you, and though at this distance of time I cannot recall the state of the tide at the hour when my father's brig was making for the mouth of the river through that fearful sea, I very well knew even when the bar was best covered it was still all too shallow for safe navigation; and that in such a gale and in such a sea as were now raging—the furious surges as they rushed one after another in frightful procession upon that shoaling ground, shattering themselves, for want of depth to maintain their elevation, in sickening whirlpools and eddies and tramplings of white water—the crossing of that bar by a brig of the tonnage of the *Countess of Durham* must be a passage full of deadly peril.

By this time the brig was close; too near to be lost sight of even when she swept into the dark chasms and veiled her forward decks in spray. My mother and I, our hands tightly locked, our hearts hammering in our very finger-tips, stood watching. The people about us were silent, leaning forward, intently gazing; I saw them on the Tynemouth cliffs crowding into compact masses to get a view.

Suddenly there was a rush of men along the drenched and shining decks of the brig, and a fragment of sail was hoisted.

"That's weel dune!" said a hoarse voice behind me. "She'd nivvor 'a cum up withoot it!"

I looked hurriedly at the speaker, then swiftly again at the brig. Her stem was in contact with the raging milk-white water; a sea lifted her stern, and I saw the figures at the helm revolve the wheel; her bowsprit swept around, and the weight of the gale catching her laterally bent her over until her starboard bulwarks were hidden in the foam. The fierce, convulsed seas resembled a hundred thousand wolves snapping at her, trying to board her, jumping right over her: she seemed to sink in the foam like a piece of wood among soapsuds. Right and left she was struck—forward in blows which sent the water flying as high as her foretop in solid white pillars, which gleamed like salt, and blew away in radiant powder; aft by the maddened surges which thundered against her counter and burst in clouds of spume, which the gale caught up and swept towards the heavens in shapes of feathers.

I looked at my mother; she had her eyes shut.

"He is safe, mother!" I cried. "See! he will be abreast of us in a minute!"

As I said this, a deep-noted cheer, a continuous roaring noise, dulled by the storming wind, came across from the Tynemouth cliffs, and instantly it was taken up on our side, and such a shout was given as might have been heard a mile off. Hats and handkerchiefs were flourished to welcome the little storm-borne craft; and as she whirled over the short seas which rolled into the mouth of the river all white with the smother on the bar, and ran with streaming decks and sluicing scuppers and trailing gear, past the point on which we stood, I saw my father wave his hand towards us as though he veritably spied his wife and child, and was saluting us, while the crew in their shining oilskins stood motionless in a group a little forward of the mainmast, like men newly rescued from the jaws of death, and awed by their great deliverance.

We stood watching the brig until she vanished round the bend of the river, when my mother, waking up as from a trance, and letting fall my hand, cried out hysterically:

"Oh, Jessie, let us make haste home and get all ready for father. Quick, dear child! He must not arrive and find no welcome prepared;" and though my heart was yearning to go and meet him as he came ashore from the brig, I knew he would be better pleased to find us, and the welcome of a cheerful fire and a hearty meal awaiting him, at home in Newcastle.

It was a little before six o'clock when we reached Newcastle, and quite dark. We knew that father would be with us that night, no matter how late it should be when he came; so we built up a great

fire in the parlor, and got ready the table for supper, and made the room very fit indeed for a man newly arrived from a voyage, and fresh from a dreadful hurricane, to light upon.

All the wind had gone. Going to the window to look at the night, I found the heavens clear, and the stars sparkling with a wintry vividness: but the air was icily keen, and the cold and the weariness would make such a room as this we had got ready —the capacious grate as bright as sunlight with a noble, roaring fire, the table laid for supper, the snow-white cloth ashine with glass and plate—a welcome sight to my father.

It was striking ten when I heard the house-door open, and running out to meet the only person beside ourselves who would enter without ringing the bell, I was clasped in my father's arms. It was a rare meeting, and mother could scarcely be made to let go his hand.

"We saw you arrive, father," said I, "We were down at Shields, and spied your brig when she was no bigger than a fly."

"What, ye were both at Shields!" said he, looking from me to mother, and smiling and well pleased. "I don't doubt you held your breath, Jessie, as we crossed the bar. Eh, my word, what a sea! Annie, d'ye know there are fifteen wrecks betwixt Blyth and Marsden Bay; and a matter of over ten-score sailors drowned, by rough reckoning! God help the widows and fatherless! The gale was all along the coast, as far as the Channel. There'll be heart-breaking news coming day after day for the next fortnight, or I'm sadly out."

SONG.

FROM "THE PRINCESS."

Then she, "Let some one sing to us: lightlier move
The minutes fledged with music," and a maid
Of those beside her, smote her harp and sang.

"Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean;
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy autumn fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.

"Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,
That brings our friends up from the underworld;
Sad as the last which reddens over one
That sinks with all we love below the verge;
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

"Ah, sad and strange, as in dark summer dawns
The earliest pipe of half-awaken'd birds
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square;
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

"Dear as remember'd kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feign'd
On lips that are for others; deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;
O, Death in Life, the days that are no more."

TENNYSON.[1]

ELEGY.

WRITTEN IN THE RUINS OF AN OLD CASTLE.

[**Friedrich Von Matthisson**, the celebrated poet, was born near Hohendodeleben 1761, and died 1831. His verse is distinguished by its musical flow and finish. His works were published at Zürich (1825–29), in eight parts. His life, by H. Döring, appeared in 1833.]

Silent, in the veil of evening twilight,
Rests the plain; the woodland song is still,
Save that here, amid these mouldering ruins,
Chirps a cricket, mournfully and shrill.
Silence sinks from skies without a shadow,
Slowly wind the herds from field and meadow,
And the weary hind to the repose
Of his father's lowly cottage goes.

Here, upon this hill, by forests bounded,
'Mid the ruins of departed days,
By the awful shapes of Eld surrounded,
Sadness! unto thee my song I raise!
Sadly think I what in gray old ages
Were these wrecks of lordly heritages:
A majestic castle, like a crown,
Placed upon the mountain's brow of stone.

[1] See Vol. V., page 11.

There, where round the column's gloomy ruins,
Sadly whispering, clings the ivy green,
And the evening twilight's mournful shimmer
Blinks the empty window-space between,
Blessed, perhaps, a father's tearful eye
Once the noblest son of Germany:
One whose heart, with high ambition rife,
Warmly swelled to meet the coming strife.

"Go in peace!" thus spake the hoary warrior,
As he girded on his sword of fame;
"Come not back again, or come as victor:
O, be worthy of thy father's name!"
And the noble youth's bright eyes were throwing
Deadly flashes forth; his cheeks were glowing,
As with full-blown branches the red rose
In the purple light of morning glows.

Then, a cloud of thunder, flew the champion
Even, as Richard Lion-Heart, to fight;
Like a wood of pines in storm and tempest,
Bowed before his path the hostile might.
Gently, as a brook through flowers descendeth,
Homeward to the castle-crag he wendeth,—
To his father's glad, yet tearful face,—
To the modest maiden's chaste embrace.

O, with anxious longing, looks the fair one
From her turret down the valley drear!
Shield and breastplate glow in gold of evening,
Steeds fly forward, the beloved draws near!
Him the faithful right-hand mute extending,
Stands she, pallid looks with blushes blending.
O, but what that soft, soft eye doth say,
Sings not Petrarch's, nor e'en Sappho's lay!

Merrily echoed there the sound of goblets,
Where the rank grass, waving in the gale,
O'er the nests of owls is blackly spreading,
Till the silver glance of stars grew pale.
Tales of hard-won battle fought afar,
Wild adventures in the Holy War,
Wakened in the breast of hardy knight
The remembrance of his fierce delight.

O, what changes! Awe and night o'ershadow
Now the scene of all that proud array;
Winds of evening, full of sadness, whisper
Where the strong ones revelled and were gay;
Thistles lonely nod, in places seated
Where for shield and spear the boy entreated,
When aloud the war-horn's summons rang,
And to horse in speed the father sprang.

Ashes are the bones of these,—the mighty!
Deep they lie within earth's gloomy breast;
Hardly the half-sunken funeral tablets
Now point out the places where they rest!
Many to the winds were long since scattered,—
Like their tombs, their memories sunk and shattered!
O'er the brilliant deeds of ages gone
Sweep the cloud-folds of Oblivion!

Thus depart life's pageantry and glory!
Thus flit by the visions of vain might!
Thus sinks, in the rapid lapse of ages,
All that earth doth bear, to empty night
Laurels, that the victor's brow encircle,
High deeds, that in brass and marble sparkle,
Urns devoted unto Memory,
And the songs of Immortality!

All, all, that with longing and with rapture
Here on earth a noble heart doth warm,
Vanishes like sunshine in the autumn,
When the horizon's verge is veiled in storm.
Friends at evening part with warm embraces,—
Morning looks upon the death-pale faces;
Even the joys that Love and Friendship find
Leave on earth no lasting trace behind.

Gentle Love! how all thy fields of roses
Bounded close by thorny deserts lie!
And a sudden tempest's awful shadow
Oft doth darken Friendship's brightest sky!
Vain are titles, honor, might, and glory!
On the monarch's temples proud and hoary,
And the way-worn pilgrim's trembling head,
Doth the grave one common darkness spread!

Translated in Knickerbocker Magazine.

FABLES OF LA FONTAINE.

[La Fontaine's *Tales* and *Fables* have been published with splendid illustrations. The best edition of the former is that of 1762, with Eisen's designs, and vignettes by Choffat. The *Fables* were published in a magnificent edition, four volumes folio (1755–59), each fable being illustrated with a plate. An exquisite edi-

tion of the *Fables*, in octavo, was published by Fournier in 1839, with designs by J. J. Grandville. The reader of this edition is at a loss which most to admire, the exuberant humor and wisdom of the poet, or the extraordinary felicity with which the artist has told the poet's story in his illustrations; but the latest illustrated edition (1868) of La Fontaine, by Gustave Doré, we think the best of all. La Fontaine's fables have often been imitated, but never equalled, in English. A collection of such imitations, done in a very spirited manner, was published in London, 1820. The only entire translation ever attempted is that by Elizur Wright, Jr., Boston, 1841, from which we make extract.[1]]

THE COUNCIL HELD BY THE RATS.

Old Rodilard, a certain cat,
Such havoc of the rats had made,
'Twas difficult to find a rat
With nature's debt unpaid.
The few that did remain,
To leave their holes afraid,
From usual food abstain,
Not eating half their fill.
And wonder no one will,
That one, who made on rats his revel,
With rats passed not for cat, but devil.
Now, on a day, this dread rat-eater,
Who had a wife, went out to meet her;
And while he held his caterwauling,
The unkilled rats, their chapter calling,
Discussed the point, in grave debate,
How they might shun impending fate.
Their dean, a prudent rat,
Thought best, and better soon than late,
To bell the fatal cat;
That, when he took his hunting-round,
The rats, well cautioned by the sound,
Might hide in safety under ground:
Indeed, he knew no other means.
And all the rest
At once confessed
Their minds were with the dean's.
No better plan, they all believed,
Could possibly have been conceived;
No doubt, the thing would work right well,
If any one would hang the bell.
But, one by one, said every rat,
"I'm not so big a fool as that."
The plan knocked up in this respect,
The council closed without effect.
And many a council I have seen,
Or reverend chapter with its dean,
That, thus resolving wisely,
Fell through like this precisely.

To argue or refute,
Wise counsellors abound;
The man to execute
Is harder to be found.

THE CAT AND THE OLD RAT.

A story-writer of our sort
Historifies, in short,
Of one that may be reckoned
A Rodilard the Second,—
The Alexander of the cats,
The Attila, the scourge of rats,
Whose fierce and whiskered head
Among the latter spread,
A league around, its dread;
Who seemed, indeed, determined
The world should be unvermined.
The planks with props more false than slim,
The tempting heaps of poisoned meal,
The traps of wire and traps of steel,
Were only play, compared with him.
At length, so sadly were they scared,
The rats and mice no longer dared
To show their thievish faces
Outside their hiding-places,
Thus shunning all pursuit; whereat
Our crafty General Cat
Contrived to hang himself, as dead,
Beside the wall with downward head,—
Resisting gravitation's laws
By clinging with his hinder claws
To some small bit of string.
The rats esteemed the thing
A judgment for some naughty deed,
Some thievish snatch,
Or ugly scratch;
And thought their foe had got his meed
By being hung indeed.
With hope elated all
Of laughing at his funeral,
They thrust their noses out in air;
And now to show their heads they dare,
Now dodging back, now venturing more;
At last upon the larder's store
They fall to filching, as of yore.
A scanty feast enjoyed these shallows;
Down dropped the hung one from his gallows,
And of the hindmost caught.

[1] See Vol. VIII., *Choice Literature*, page 348.

"Some other tricks to me are known,"
Said he, while tearing bone from bone,
"By long experience taught;
The point is settled, free from doubt,
That from your holes you shall come out."
His threat as good as prophecy
Was proved by Mr. Mildandsly;
For, putting on a mealy robe,
He squatted in an open tub,
And held his purring and his breath;—
Out came the vermin to their death.
On this occasion, one old stager,
A rat as gray as any badger,
Who had in battle lost his tail,
Abstained from smelling at the meal;
And cried, far off, "Ah! General Cat,
I much suspect a heap like that;
Your meal is not the thing perhaps,
For one who knows somewhat of traps,
Should you a sack of meal become,
I'd let you be, and stay at home."

Well said, I think, and prudently,
By one who knew distrust to be
The parent of security.

THE COCK AND THE FOX.

Upon a tree there mounted guard
A veteran cock, adroit and cunning;
When to the roots a fox up running
Spoke thus in tones of kind regard:—
"Our quarrel, brother, 's at an end;
Henceforth I hope to live your friend;
For peace now reigns
Throughout the animal domains.
I bear the news. Come down, I pray,
And give me the embrace fraternal;
And please, my brother, don't delay:
So much the tidings do concern all,
That I must spread them far to-day.
Now you and yours can take your walks
Without a fear or thought of hawks;
And should you clash with them or others,
In us you'll find the best of brothers;—
For which you may, this joyful night
Your merry bonfires light.
But, first, let 's seal the bliss
With one fraternal kiss."
"Good friend," the cock replied, "upon my word,
A better thing I never heard;
And doubly I rejoice
To hear it from your voice:
And, really, there must be something in it,
For yonder come two greyhounds, which, I flatter
Myself, are couriers on this very matter;
They come so fast, they'll be here in a minute.
I'll down, and all of us will seal the blessing
With general kissing and caressing."
"Adieu," said fox; "my errand 's pressing:
I'll hurry on my way,
And we'll rejoice some other day."
So off the fellow scampered, quick and light,
To gain the fox-holes of a neighboring height,
Less happy in his stratagem than flight.
The cock laughed sweetly in his sleeve;—
'Tis doubly sweet deceiver to deceive.

THE WOLF AND THE DOG.

A prowling wolf, whose shaggy skin
(So strict the watch of dogs had been)
Hid little but his bones,
Once met a mastiff dog astray;
A prouder, fatter, sleeker Tray
No human mortal owns.
Sir Wolf, in famished plight,
Would fain have made a ration
Upon his fat relation;
But then he first must fight;
And well the dog seemed able
To save from wolfish table
His carcass snug and tight.
So, then, in civil conversation,
The wolf expressed his admiration
Of Tray's fine case. Said Tray, politely,
"Yourself, good Sir, may be as sightly:
Quit but the woods, advised by me;
For all your fellows here, I see,
Are shabby wretches, lean and gaunt,
Belike to die of haggard want;
With such a pack, of course if follows,
One fights for every bit he swallows.
Come, then, with me, and share
On equal terms our princely fare."
"But what with you
Has one to do?"
Inquires the wolf. "Light work indeed,'
Replies the dog; "you only need
To bark a little, now and then,
To chase off duns and beggar-men,—
To fawn on friends that come or go forth,
Your master please, and so forth;
For which you have to eat
All sorts of well-cooked meat,—

Cold pullets, pigeons, savory messes,—
Besides unnumbered fond caresses."
The wolf, by force of appetite,
Accepts the terms outright,
Tears glistening in his eyes.
But, faring on, he spies
A galled spot on the mastiff's neck.
"What's that?" he cries. "O, nothing but a speck."
"A speck?" "Ay, ay; 'tis not enough to pain me;
Perhaps the collar's mark by which they chain me."
"Chain,—chain you? What! run you not, then,
Just where you please, and when?"
"Not always, Sir; but what of that?"
"Enough for me, to spoil your fat!
It ought to be a precious price
Which could to servile chains entice;
For me, I'll shun them, while I've wit."
So ran Sir Wolf, and runneth yet.

COLONIAL SLAVERY, 1831.

[**Daniel O'Connell** was the son of a landed proprietor in the county of Kerry; born August 6, 1775. He was educated at the Catholic College of St. Omer and at the Irish Seminary of Douay. He became a student at Lincoln's Inn in 1794, and was admitted as barrister in 1798. In 1809 he identified himself with the cause of Catholic emancipation. In 1823 he helped to found a new Catholic association. The Roman Catholic Relief Bill was carried by the Lords and Commons in 1829, after many years of agitation. In the same year he represented the county of Clare in Parliament. He was elected Lord Mayor of Dublin in 1841. O'Connell took an active part in the public agitation for the repeal of the Union government. For this he was sentenced by government to pay a fine of £2,000 and to be imprisoned for a year. This judgment was afterwards reversed by the House of Lords, but his influence and power were on the wane. Retiring from political strife, he commenced a pilgrimage towards Rome, and reaching Genoa, died there, May 15th, 1847.]

No man can more sincerely abhor, detest, and abjure slavery than I do. I hold it in utter detestation, however men may attempt to palliate or excuse it by differences of color, creed, or clime. In all its gradations, and in every form, I am its mortal foe. The speech of an opponent on this question has filled me with indignation. "What," said this party, "would you come in between a man and his freehold!" I started as if something unholy had trampled on my father's grave, and I exclaimed with horror, "A freehold in a human being!" I know nothing of this individual; I give him credit for being a gentleman of humanity; but, if he be so, it only makes the case the stronger; for the circumstance of such a man upholding such a system shows the horrors of that system in itself and its effect in deceiving the minds of those who are connected with it, wherever it exists. We are told that the slave is *not fit* to receive his freedom—that he could not endure freedom without revolting. Why, does he not endure slavery without revolting? With all that he has to bear, he does not revolt now; and will he be more ready to revolt when you take away the lash? Foolish argument!

But I will take them upon their own ground—the ground of *gradual* amelioration and preparation. Well; are not eight years of education sufficient to prepare a man for anything? Seven years are accounted quite sufficient for an apprenticeship to any profession, or for any art or science; and are not eight years enough for the negro? If eight years have passed away without preparation, so would eighty, if we were to allow them so many. There is a time for everything—but it would seem there is no time for the emancipation of the slave. Mr. Buxton most ably and unanswerably stated to the House of Commons the awful decrease in population; that, in fourteen colonies, in the course of ten years, there had been a decrease in the population of 145,801—that is, in other words, 145,801 human beings had been murdered by this system—their bodies gone to the grave—their spirits before their God. In the eight years that they have had to educate their slaves for liberty, but which have been useless to them—in those eight years, one-twelfth have gone into the grave murdered! Every day, ten victims are thus despatched! While we are speaking, they are sinking; while we are debating, they are dying! As human, as accountable beings, why should we suffer this any longer? Let every man take his own share in this business. I am resolved, if sent back to Parliament, that I will bear my part. I purpose fully to divide the

House on the motion, that every negro child born after the first of January, 1832, shall be free. They say, "Oh, do not emancipate the slaves suddenly; they are not prepared, they will revolt!" Are they afraid of the insurrection of the infants? Or, do you think that the mother will rise up in rebellion as she hugs her little freeman to her breast, and thinks that he will one day become her protector? Or, will she teach him to be her avenger? Oh, no! there can be no such pretence. .

I will carry with me to my own country the recollection of this splendid scene. Where is the man that can resist the argument of this day? I go to my native land under its influence; and let me remind you that land has its glory, that no slave ship was ever launched from any of its numerous ports. I will gladly join any party to do good to the poor negro slaves. Let each extend to them the arm of his compassion; let each aim to deliver his fellow-man from distress. I shall go and tell my countrymen that they must be first in this race of humanity.

THE IRISH DISTURBANCES BILL, 1833.*

I do not rise to fawn or cringe to this House; I do not rise to supplicate you to be merciful towards the nation to which I belong—towards a nation which, though subject to England, yet is distinct from it. It is a distinct nation; it has been treated as such by this country, as may be proved by history, and by seven hundred years of tyranny. I call upon this House, as you value the liberty of England, not to allow the present nefarious bill to pass. In it are involved the liberties of England, the liberty of the press, and of every other institution dear to Englishmen.

Against the bill I protest in the name of the Irish people, and in the face of heaven. I treat with scorn the puny and pitiful assertions that grievances are not to be complained of, that our redress is not to be agitated; for, in such cases, remonstrances cannot be too strong, agitation cannot be too violent, to show to the world with what injustice our fair claims are met, and under what tyranny the people suffer.

There are two frightful clauses in this bill. The one which does away with trial by jury, and which I have called upon you to baptize; you call it a *court-martial*—a mere nickname; I stigmatize it as a *revolutionary tribunal*. What, in the name of heaven, is it, if it is not a revolutionary tribunal? It annihilates the trial by jury: it drives the judge off his bench—the man who, from experience, could weigh the nice and delicate points of a case—who could discriminate between the straightforward testimony and the suborned evidence—who could see, plainly and readily, the justice or injustice of the accusation. It turns out this man who is free, unshackled, unprejudiced—who has no previous opinions to control the clear exercise of his duty. You do away with that which is more sacred than the throne itself; that for which your king reigns, your Lords deliberate, your Commons assemble.

If ever I doubted before of the success of our agitation for repeal, this bill, this infamous bill, the way in which it has been received by the House, the manner in which its opponents have been treated, the personalities to which they have been subjected, the yells with which one of them has this night been greeted—all these things dissipate my doubts, and tell me of its complete and early triumph. Do you think those yells will be forgotten? Do you suppose their echo will not reach the plains of my injured and insulted country; that they will not be whispered in her green valleys, and heard from her lofty hills? Oh! they will be heard there; yes, and they will not be forgotten. The youth of Ireland will bound with indignation; they will say, "We are eight millions, and you treat us thus, as though we were no more to your country than the Isle of Guernsey or Jersey!"

I have done my duty; I stand acquitted to my conscience and my country; I have opposed this measure throughout; and I now protest against it as harsh, oppressive, uncalled for, unjust, as establishing an infamous precedent by retaliating crime against crime—as tyrannous, cruelly and vindictively tyrannous.

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

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[1] Delivered in the House of Commons in 1833.

THE DEPARTURE OF THE SWALLOW.

[**William** and **Mary Howitt**, two English authors, that may most properly be treated together. William Howitt was born in 1795, at Heanor, in Derbyshire, and was educated at various schools in connection with the Society of Friends, to which persuasion his family belonged. In his youth he was fond of outdoor sports, and he celebrated in verse the scenery with which he was familiar. In 1823 he married Miss Mary Botham, a lady of literary tastes and acquirements, and whose family, like his own, was attached to the principles of Quakerism. *The Forest Minstrel*, with their joint names on the title-page, was published during the year in which they were married. For three or four years thereafter they employed themselves in contributions to annuals and magazines, and in 1827 a selection from these fugitive pieces appeared, under the title of *The Desolation of Eyam*. From this date till 1837 William Howitt wrote *The Book of the Seasons*, *Popular History of Priestcraft*, and *Tales of the Pantika*. During the same period Mary Howitt produced *The Seven Temptations*, and a country novel, entitled *Wood-Leighton*. In 1837 William and Mary Howitt removed to Esher, in Surrey, and at that place William Howitt wrote *Rural Life in England*; *Colonization and Christianity*. In 1852 he went to Australia, where he remained two years. In the last years of his life his wife and he (both become converts to spiritualism) lived in Italy. William died at Rome, March 3, 1879. Among his later works are: *Law, Labor, and Gold, or Two Years in Victoria*; *The Ruined Abbeys of Great Britain*; *The Northern Heights of London*; *The Illustrated History of England*, 6 vols., completed in 1861; *History of the Supernatural in All Ages and Nations* (1863); *Discovery of Australia, Tasmania, and New Zealand* (1865); and *The Mad War Planet and other Poems* (1871). Mary died in 1888.]

And is the swallow gone?
Who beheld it?
Which way sailed it?
Farewell bade it none?

No mortal saw it go;—
But who doth hear
Its summer cheer
As it flitteth to and fro?

So the freed spirit flies!
From its surrounding clay
It steals away
Like the swallow from the skies.

Whither? wherefore doth it go?
'Tis all unknown;
We feel alone
That a void is left below.

WILLIAM HOWITT.

THE BROOM-FLOWER.

O, the broom, the yellow broom!
The ancient poet sung it,
And dear it is on summer days
To lie at rest among it.

I know the realms where people say
The flowers have not their fellow;
I know where they shine out like suns,
The crimson and the yellow.

I know where ladies live enchained
In luxury's silken fetters,
And flowers as bright as glittering gems
Are used for written letters.

But ne'er was flower so fair as this,
In modern days or olden;
It groweth on its nodding stem
Like to a garland golden.

And all about my mother's door
Shine out its glittering bushes,
And down the glen, where clear as light
The mountain-water gushes.

Take all the rest; but give me this,
And the bird that nestles in it—
I love it, for it loves the broom—
The green and yellow linnet.

Well, call the rose the queen of flowers,
And boast of that of Sharon,
Of lilies like to marble cups,
And the golden rod of Aaron:

I care not how these flowers may be
Beloved of man and woman;
The broom it is the flower for me,
That groweth on the common.

O, the broom, the yellow broom!
The ancient poet sung it,
And dear it is on summer days
To lie at rest among it.

MARY HOWITT.

THE PRIEST WHO ATE MULBERRIES.

[**Robert Wace** was born on the Island of Jersey, in the beginning of the twelfth century. He was one of the most distinguished of the French Trouvères. For a long time he dwelt in the city of Caen, where he devoted himself to the composition of romances. From his humorous pieces we select two examples.]

Ye lordlings all, come lend an ear;
It boots ye naught to chafe or fleer,
As overgrown with pride:
Ye needs must hear Dan Guerin tell
What once a certain priest befell,
To market bent to ride.

The morn began to shine so bright,
When up this priest did leap full light
And called his folk around:
He bade them straight bring out his mare,
For he would presently repair
Unto the market-ground.

So bent he was on timely speed,
So pressing seemed his worldly need,
He weened 't were little wrong
If pater-nosters he delayed,
And cast for once they should be said
E'en as he rode along.

And now, with tower and turret near,
Behold, the city's walls appear,
When, as he turned aside,
He chanced in evil hour to see
All hard at hand a mulberry-tree
That spread both far and wide.

Its berries shone so glossy black,
The priest his lips began to smack,
Full fain to pluck the fruit;
But, woe the while! the trunk was tall,
And many a brier and thorn did crawl
Around that mulberry's root.

The man, howbe, might not forbear,
But reckless all he pricked his mare
In thickest of the brake;
Then climbed his saddle-bow amain,
And tiptoe 'gan to stretch and strain
Some nether bough to take.

A nether bough he caught at last;
And with his right hand held it fast,
And with his left him fed:
His sturdy mare abode the shock,
And bore, as steadfast as a rock,
The struggling overhead.

So feasted long the merry priest,
Nor much bethought him of his beast
Till hunger's rage was ended;
Then, "Sooth!" quoth he, "whoe'er should cry,
'What ho, fair sir!' in passing by,
Would leave me here suspended."

Alack! for dread of being hanged,
With voice so piercing shrill he twanged
The word of luckless sound,
His beast sprang forward at the cry,
And plumb the priest dropped down from high
Into the brake profound.

There, pricked and pierced with many a thorn,
And girt with brier, and all forlorn,
Naught boots him to complain:
Well may ye ween how ill bested
He rolled him on that restless bed,
But rolled and roared in vain:

For there algates he must abide
The glowing noon, the eventide,
The livelong night and all;
The whiles with saddle swinging round,
And bridle trailing on the ground,
His mare bespoke his fall.

O, then his household shrieked for dread,
And weened at least he must be dead;
His lady leman swooned:
Eftsoons they hie them all to look
If haply in some dell or nook
His body might be found.

Through all the day they sped their quest;
The night fled on, they took no rest;
Returns the morning hour:
When, lo! at peeping of the dawn,
It chanced a varlet boy was drawn
Nigh to the mulberry-bower.

The woful priest the help descried:
"O, save my life! my life!" he cried,
"Enthralled in den profound!
O, pluck me out, for pity's sake,
From this inextricable brake,
Begirt with brambles round!"

"Alas, my lord! my master dear!
What ugly chance hath dropped thee here?"
Exclaimed the varlet youth.
"'Twas gluttony," the priest replied,
"With peerless folly by her side:
But help me straight, for ruth!"

By this were come the remnant rout;
With passing toil they plucked him out,
And slowly homeward led:
But, all so tattered in his hide,
Long is he fain in bed to bide,
But little less than dead.

Translated by WAY.

THE LAND OF COKAIGNE.

Well I wot 'tis often told,
Wisdom dwells but with the old;
Yet do I, of greener age,
Boast and bear the name of sage;
Briefly, sense was ne'er conferred
By the measure of the beard.
List—for now my tale begins—
How, to rid me of my sins,
Once I journeyed far from home
To the gate of holy Rome:
There the Pope, for my offence,
Bade me straight, in penance, thence
Wandering onward, to attain
The wondrous land that hight Cokaigne.
Sooth to say, it was a place
Blessed with Heaven's especial grace;
For every road and every street
Smoked with food for man to eat:
Pilgrims there might halt at will,
There might sit and feast their fill,
In goodly bowers that lined the way,
Free for all, and naught to pay.
Through that blissful realm divine
Rolled a sparkling flood of wine;
Clear the sky, and soft the air,
For eternal spring was there;
And all around, the groves among,
Countless dance and ceaseless song.
. . . . . .
But the chiefest, choicest treasure,
In that land of peerless pleasure,
Was a well, to saine the sooth,
Cleped the living well of youth.
There, had numb and feeble age
Crossed you in your pilgrimage,
In those wondrous waters pure
Laved awhile you found a cure;
Lustihead and youth appears
Numbering now but twenty years.
Woe is me, who rue the hour!
Once I owned both will and power
To have gained this precious gift;
But, alas! of little thrift,
From a kind, o'erflowing heart,
To my fellows to impart
Youth, and joy, and all the lot
Of this rare, enchanted spot,
Forth I fared, and now in vain
Seek to find the place again.
Sore regret I now endure—
Sore regret beyond a cure.
List, and learn from what is passed,
Having bliss, to hold it fast.

ROBERT WACE.—*Translated by* WAY.

TWO LETTERS OF ROBERT BURNS.[1]

TO MRS. DUNLOP.

ELLISLAND, Newyear-day Morning, 1789.

This, dear Madam, is a morning of wishes; and would to God, that I came under the Apostle James's description!—"The effectual, fervent prayer of a *righteous man* availeth much." In that case, Madam, you should "welcome in" a Year full of blessings: everything that obstructs or disturbs tranquillity and self-enjoyment should be removed, and every Pleasure that frail Humanity can taste should be yours. I own myself so little a Presbyterian that I approve of set times and seasons of more than ordinary acts of Devotion, for breaking in on the habituated routine of life and thought, which is so apt to reduce our existence to a kind of Instinct, or even sometimes and with some minds, to a state very little superior to mere Machinery.

This day; the first Sunday of May; a breezy, blue-skyed noon, some time about the beginning, and a hoary morning and calm sunny day about the end of Autumn; these, time out of mind, have been with me a kind of holidays. Not like the Sacramental, Executioner-face of a Kilmarnock Communion; but to laugh or cry, be cheerful or pensive, moral or devout, according to the mood and tense of the Season and Myself. I believe I owe this to that glorious Paper in the Spectator, "The Vision of Mirza;" a piece that struck my young fancy before I was capable of fixing an idea to a word

[1] *Biog.*, Vol. IV., page 263.

of three syllables: "On the fifth day of the moon, which, according to the custom of my forefathers, I always *keep holy;* after having washed myself, and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hill of Bagdat, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer," etc.

We know nothing, or next to nothing, of the substance or structure of our Souls, so cannot account for those seeming caprices in them; that one should be particularly pleased with this thing, or struck with that, which, on Minds of a different cast, makes no extraordinary impression. I have some favorite flowers in Spring, among which are the mountain-daisy, the hare-bell, the fox-glove, the wild brier-rose, the budding birk, and the hoary hawthorn, that I view and hang over with particular delight. I never hear the loud, solitary whistle of the curlew in a Summer noon, or the wild mixing cadence of a troop of grey-plover in an Autumnal morning, without feeling an elevation of soul like the enthusiasm of Devotion or Poetry. Tell me, my dear Friend, to what can this be owing? Are we a piece of machinery, that, like the Æolian harp, passive, takes the impression of the passing accident; Or do these workings argue something within us above the trodden clod? I own myself partial to these proofs of those awful and important realities—a God, that made all things—man's immaterial and immortal nature—and a World of weal or woe, beyond death and the grave—these proofs that we deduct by dint of our own powers of observation. However respectable Individuals in all ages have been, I have ever looked on Mankind in the lump to be nothing better than a fooling, head-strong, credulous, unthinking Mob; and their universal belief has ever had extremely little weight with me. Still I am a very sincere believer in the Bible; but I am drawn by the conviction of a Man, not by the halter of an Ass. ROBERT BURNS.

TO MISS DAVIES,

Enclosing a Song Inspired by her Charms.

August, 1791.

It is impossible, Madam, that the generous warmth and angelic purity of your youthful mind can have any idea of that moral disease under which I unhappily must rank as the chief of sinners; I mean a torpitude of the moral powers, that may be called a lethargy of conscience. In vain Remorse rears her horrent crest, and rouses all her snakes: beneath the deadly fixed eye and leaden hand of Indolence, their wildest ire is charmed into the torpor of the bat, slumbering out the rigors of winter in the chink of a ruined wall. Nothing less, Madam, could have made me so long neglect your obliging commands. Indeed I had one apology—the bagatelle was not worth presenting. Besides, so strongly am I interested in Miss Davies's fate and welfare in the serious business of life, amid its chances and changes, that to make her the subject of a silly ballad, is downright mockery of these ardent feelings; 'tis like an impertinent jest to a dying friend.

Gracious Heaven! why this disparity between our wishes and our powers? Why is the most generous wish to make others blest impotent and ineffectual as the idle breeze that crosses the pathless desert? In my walks of life I have met with a few people to whom how gladly would I have said—"Go, be happy! I know that your hearts have been wounded by the scorn of the proud, whom accident has placed above you—or worse still, in whose hands are, perhaps, placed many of the comforts of your life. But there! ascend the rock, Independence, and look justly down on their littleness of soul. Make the worthless tremble under your indignation, and the foolish sink before your contempt; and largely impart that happiness to others, which, I am certain, will give yourself so much pleasure to bestow!"

Why, dear Madam, must I wake from this delightful reverie, and find it all a dream? Why, amid my generous enthusiasm, must I find myself poor and powerless, incapable of wiping one tear from the eye of pity, or of adding one comfort to the friend I love!—Out upon the world! say I, that its affairs are administered so ill. They talk of reform: good Heaven! what a reform would I make among the sons, and even the daughters of men! Down immediately should go fools from the high places where misbegotten chance has perked them up, and through life should they skulk, ever haunted by their native insignificance, as the body marches accompanied by its shadow.

As for a much more formidable class, the knaves, I am at a loss what to do with

them: had I a world, there should not be a knave in it. . . . . But the hand that could give, I would liberally fill; and I would pour delight on the heart that could kindly forgive, and generously love.

Still the inequalities of life are, among men, comparatively tolerable; but there is a delicacy, a tenderness, accompanying every view in which we can place lovely Woman, that are grated and shocked at the rude, capricious distinctions of Fortune. Woman is the blood-royal of life: let there be slight degrees of precedency among them—but let them be all sacred. Whether this last sentiment be right or wrong, I am not accountable: it is an original component feature of my mind.

R. B.

PHAËTON AND THE CHARIOT OF THE SUN.

[*The Metamorphoses* are considered as the *chef-d'œuvre* of all Ovid's works. Among the numberless beauties with which this poem abounds we shall instance "The Palace of the Sun."]

The Sun's bright palace, on high columns rais'd,
With burnish'd gold and flaming jewels blaz'd;
The folding gates diffus'd a silver light,
And with a milder gleam refresh'd the sight.
Of polish'd iv'ry was the covering wrought;
The matter vy'd not with the sculptor's thought.
For on the portal was display'd on high
(The work of Vulcan) a fictitious sky;
A waving sea th' inferior earth embrac'd,
And gods and goddesses the waters grac'd.

Ægean here a mighty whale bestrode;
Triton and Proteus (the deceiving god)
With Doris here were carv'd, and all her train,
Some loosely swimming in the figur'd main;
While some on rocks their dropping hair divide,
And some on fishes through the waters glide.
Though various features did the sisters grace,
A sister's likeness was in every face.

On earth a different landscape courts the eyes;
Men, towns, and beasts, in distant prospects rise,
And nymphs, and streams, and woods, and rural deities.
O'er all, the heav'ns refulgent image shines,
On either gate were six engraven signs.

[After this superb description, the arrival of Phaëton, and his rash request, begins to interest his readers.]

Here Phaëton, still gaining on the ascent,
To his suspected father's palace went,
Till pressing forward thro' the bright abode,
He saw at distance, the illustrious God.
He saw at distance, or the dazzling light
Had flashed too strongly on his aching sight.

The God sits high, exalted on a throne
Of blazing gems, with purple garments on;
The Hours in order rang'd on either hand,
And Days, and Months, and Years, and Ages stand.
Here Spring appears, with flow'ry chaplets bound;
Here Summer, in her wheaten garland crown'd;
Here Autumn the rich trodden grapes besmear;
And hoary Winter shivers in the rear.

Phœbus beheld the youth from off his throne,
That eye which looks on all was fix'd on one;
He saw the boy's confusion in his face,
Surpris'd at all the wonders of the place;
And cries aloud, "What wants my son? for know
My son thou art, and I must call thee so."

"Light of the world," the trembling youth replies,
"Illustrious parent! since you don't despise
The parent's name, some certain token give,
That I may Clymené's proud boast believe,
Nor longer, under false reproaches grieve."

The tender sire was grieved with what he said,
And flung the blaze of glories from his head,
Then bid the youth advance: "My son," said he,
"Come to thy father's arms! for Clymené
Has told thee true; a parent's name I own,
And deem thee worthy to be call'd my son.
As a sure proof, make some request, and I,
Whate'er it be with that request comply.

By Styx I swear, whose waves are hid in night,
And roll impervious to my piercing sight."

The youth transported, asks without delay,
To guide the sun's bright chariot for a day.

[We now behold with concern the excessive grief of a father, whose tender efforts could not divert the rash youth from persisting in his fatal design.]

The God repented of the oath he took;
For anguish thrice his radiant head he shook.
"My son," says he, "some other proof require;
Rash was my promise, rash is thy desire.
I'd fain deny this wish which thou hast made,
Or, what I can't deny, would fain dissuade,
Too vast and hazardous the task appears,
Nor suited to thy strength, nor to thy years.
Thy lot is mortal, but thy wishes fly
Beyond the province of mortality,
There is not one of all the gods who dares
(However skill'd in other great affairs)
To mount the burning axle-tree but I:
Not Jove himself, the ruler of the sky,
Who hurls the three-fork'd thunder from above,
Dares try his strength; yet who so strong as Jove?
The steeds climb up the first high ascent with pain;
And when the middle firmament they gain,
If downwards from the heav'ns my head I bow,
And see the earth and ocean hang below,
E'en I am seiz'd with horror and affright,
And my own heart misgives me at the sight.
A mighty downfall steeps the ev'ning stage,
And steady reins must curb the horses' rage.
Thetis herself has fear'd to see me driv'n
Down headlong from the precipice of heav'n.
Besides, consider what impetuous force
Turns stars and planets in a different course:
I steer against their motions, nor am I
Borne back by all the current of the sky.
But how could you resist the orbs that roll
In adverse whirls, and stem the rapid pole?"

. . . . . .

Thus did the god th' unwary youth advise;
But he still longs to travel thro' the skies.

. . . . . .

Soon as the father saw the rosy morn,
And the moon shining with a blunter horn,
He bid the nimble hours without delay
Bring forth the steeds; the nimble hours obey:
From their full racks the gen'rous steeds retire,
Dropping ambrosial foams, and snorting fire.
Still anxious for his son, the god of day,
To make him proof against the burning ray,
His temples with celestial ointment wet,
Of sovereign virtue to repel the heat:
Then fix'd the beamy circle on his head,
And fetch'd a deep, foreboding sigh, and said:

Take this, at least, this last advice, my son;
Keep a stiff rein, and move but gently on:
The coursers of themselves will run too fast,
Your art must be to moderate their haste.

. . . . . .

He spoke in vain: the youth with active heat
And sprightly vigor, vaults into the seat;
And joys to hold the reins, and fondly gives
Those thanks his father with remorse receives.

Meanwhile the restless horses neigh'd aloud,
Breathing out fire, and pawing where they stood.
Thetis, not knowing what had past, gave way,
And all the waste of heav'n before 'em lay.
They spring together out, and swiftly bear
The flying youth through clouds and yielding air;
With wingy speed outstrip the eastern wind,
And leave the breezes of the morn behind.
The youth was light, nor could he fill the seat,
Or poise the chariot with its wonted weight;
But as at sea th' unballast'd vessel rides,
Cast to and fro, the sport of winds and tides;
So in the bounding chariot toss'd on high,
The youth is hurried headlong thro' the sky.

. . . . . .

Now all the horrors of the heav'ns he spies,
And monstrous shadows of prodigious size,
That, deck'd with stars, lie scattered o'er the skies.

. . . . . .

Half-dead with sudden fear he dropt the reins!
The horses felt them loose upon their manes,
And, flying out thro' all the plains above,
Ran uncontrol'd where'er their fury drove;
Rush'd on the stars, and through the pathless way,
Of unknown regions, hurried on the day.

And now above, and now below they flew,
And near the earth the burning chariot drew.
. . . . . .
The mountains kindle as the car draws near,
Athos and Tmolus red with fires appear.
. . . . . .
High Pindus, Mimas, and Parnassus sweat,
And Ætna rages with redoubled heat.
Cover'd with flames, the tow'ring Appenine,
And Caucasus, and proud Olympus shine;
And, where the long-extended Alps aspire,
Now stands a huge continu'd range of fire.

Th' astonish'd youth, where'er his eyes could turn,
Beheld the universe around him burn:
The world was in a blaze; nor could he bear
The sultry vapors and the scorching air,
Which from below, as from a furnace, flow'd;
And now the axle-tree beneath him glow'd.
Lost in the whirling clouds that round him broke,
And white with ashes hov'ring in the smoke,
He flew where'er the horses drove, nor knew
Whether the horses drove, or where he flew.
. . . . . .
Jove call'd to witness every pow'r above,
And e'en the god whose son the chariot drove,
That what he acts he is compelled to do,
Or universal ruin must ensue.
Straight he ascends the high ethereal throne,
From whence he us'd to dart his thunder down;
From whence his showers and storms he us'd to pour,
But now could neither meet with storms nor show'r.
Then aiming at the youth, with lifted hand,
Full at his head he hurl'd the forky brand,
In dreadful thund'ring. Thus th' almighty fire
Suppress'd the raging of the fires with fire.

At once from life, and from the chariot driv'n,
Th' ambitious boy fell thunder-struck from heav'n.
The horses started with a sudden bound,
And flung the reins and chariot to the ground:
The studded harness from their necks they broke;
Here fell a wheel, and here a silver spoke;
Here were the beam and axle torn away;
And scatter'd o'er the earth the shining fragments lay.
The breathless Phaëton, with flaming hair,
Shot from the chariot like a falling star,
That in a summer's evening from the top
Of heav'n drops down, or seems at least to drop;
Till on the Po his blasted corpse was hurl'd,
Far from his country, in the western world.

Translated by ADDISON.

THE FROG AND THE STEER.

OF HIM THAT STRIVETH AFTER MORE HONOR THAN HE SHOULD.

[**Ulrich Boner** was a preaching monk in the first part of the fourteenth century, and is hence called a Knight of God. He was born at Berne, in Switzerland, and enjoyed the patronage of Johann von Rinkenberg, a knight and a Minnesinger, to whom he dedicated his collection of fables, called the "Edelstein." This work early attained a wide circulation, and has been successively republished by Bodmer (Zürich, 1757–58), and by Benecke (Berlin, 1816–18). The last is the most valuable edition.]

A Frog with frogling by his side
Came hopping through the plain, one tide:
There he an ox at grass did spy;
Much angered was the frog thereby;
He said: "Lord God, what was my sin,
Thou madest me so small and thin?
Likewise I have no handsome feature,
And all dishonored is my nature,
To other creatures far and near,
For instance, this same grazing steer."
The frog would fain with bullock cope,
'Gan brisk outblow himself in hope.
Then spake his frogling: "Father o' me,
It boots not, let thy blowing be;
Thy nature hath forbid this battle,
Thou canst not vie with the black-cattle."
Nathless let be the frog would not,
Such prideful notion had he got;
Again to blow right sore 'gan he,
And said: "Like ox could I but be
In size, within this world there were
No frog so glad, to thee I swear."
The son spake: "Father, me is woe
Thou shouldst torment thy body so;
I fear thou art to lose thy life;
Come, follow me, and leave this strife:

Good father, take advice of me,
And let thy boastful blowing be."
Frog said: "Thou need'st not beck and nod,
I will not do 't, so help me God!
Big as this ox is, I must turn,
Mine honor now it doth concern."
He blew himself, and burst in twain:
Such of that blowing was his gain.

The like hath oft been seen of such
Who grasp at honor overmuch;
They must with none at all be doing,
But sink full soon and come to ruin.
He, that, with wind of pride accursed,
Much puffs himself, will surely burst;
He men miswishes and misjudges,
Inferiors scorns, superiors grudges,
Of all his equals is a hater,
Much grieved he is at any better:
Wherefore it were a sentence wise,
Were his whole body set with eyes,
Who envy hath, to see so well
What lucky hap each man befell,
That so he filled were with fury,
And burst asunder in a hurry;
And so full soon betid him this
Which to the frog betided is.

Translated by THOMAS CARLYLE.

THE REFORM BILL OF 1831–32.[1]

[**John, Earl Russell,** the third son of John, sixth Duke of Bedford, was born in London 1792, died 1878. He was educated at Harrow and at Westminster School; he also attended Edinburgh University. In 1813 he was returned to Parliament in the Liberal interest. He distinguished himself for his advocacy of social and political reform, and as a parliamentary debater and orator. He took part in the debates on the income tax and foreign treaties, and in 1817 spoke strongly against the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act. He was raised to the peerage as Earl Russell in 1869. He is the author of many political works, but will be best remembered by his edition of the *Life and Letters of Tom Moore* and *Life and Correspondence of Charles James Fox.*]

I believe, sir, that I have now done with the exposition of our plan, and with the principal objections which may be brought against it. There is, indeed, one objection, sir, and that a very comprehensive one, to which I have not yet alluded; that is the question which may be put to us, as to what benefit we hope to confer upon the people by our plan of reform. We may be asked, "Will you relieve the distresses of the people by reform, or will you not leave them precisely as they are?" But, sir, I say that such a question is totally irrelevant to the matter. Sir, it might just as well be objected to my noble friend's intentions to relieve the people by taking off the duty on coals: "Oh, what signifies your reduction? It does nothing whatever towards improving the constitution." Any gentleman might just as well arraign my noble friend in this way as tell me that this bill will not improve the condition or increase the comforts of the poor. Nor am I one of those who would debate the theory on which such expectations are founded. I am not one of those, sir, who would hold out to the people vain hopes of immediate benefit from this measure which it could not realize. Neither am I one of those who maintain the opposite theory, such as is expressed in a well-known couplet, which I remember to have been once quoted by the late Lord Liverpool:

"How small, of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure."

Far am I from agreeing in the opinion which the poet has so well expressed in those lines. They are very pretty poetry, but they are not true in politics. When I look to one country as compared to another, at the different epochs of their history, I am forced to believe that it is upon law and government that the prosperity and morality, the power and intelligence, of every nation depend. When I compare Spain (in which the traveller is met by the stiletto in the streets and by the carbine in high roads) to England, in the poorest parts of which the traveller passes without fear, I think the difference is occasioned by the different governments under which the people live. At least, sir, it cannot be denied that the end attained by the two governments of these respective countries is essentially different. Is it possible, indeed, for any intelligent person to travel through countries and not trace the characters and conduct of the inhabitants to the nature of their institu-

[1] From a speech delivered in the House of Commons, June 24, 1831.

tions and government? When I propose, therefore, a reform of Parliament—when I propose that the people shall send into this House real representatives, to deliberate on their wants and to consult for their interests—to consider their grievances and attend to their desires—when I propose that they shall in fact, as they hitherto have been said to do in theory, possess the vast power of holding the purse-strings of the monarch, I do it under the conviction that I am laying the foundation of the greatest improvement in the comforts and well-being of the people. Let what will be done, the laws of such an assembly will not be voted by men hurrying from the country, almost ignorant for what purpose, and arriving in this House at twelve o'clock at night, in time to give a vote upon a subject of which they have scarcely heard, and which they have never considered. In such an assembly the representatives of the people will consider, not with whom they are voting, but for what measure they vote. The measures of such an assembly will be deliberately weighed—and will be carefully designed to remedy the evils which may have been brought upon the country by bad laws, and to rescue it from their operation. When I am told that the government of a country does not affect the condition of a people, I say look to Ireland. What has caused the state of that country to be such as it now is? What, but the want of due, kind, paternal attention on the part of its government—a want of fellow-feeling in the legislature with the great mass of the people? I say, then, that if we identify this House with the people of the three kingdoms, if we give England, Ireland, and Scotland the right of having legitimate representatives in Parliament, however slow may be our progress—however we may be reproached by the factious for the tardiness of our advance in giving to the people all the rights and privileges they claim, we provide for carrying into effect the acknowledged principles of the constitution, preserving undiminished the prerogatives of the Crown, the authority of Parliament, and the rights and liberties of the nation, guarded by the faithful representatives of a free people and the loyal subjects of a generous king. I move, sir, for leave to bring in a bill to amend the representation of England and Wales.

THE STATE OF IRELAND (1832.)[1]

[**Richard Lalor Sheil,** one of the most eminent Irish orators of recent times, was born in 1794. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and at Stonyhurst. After being called to the Irish bar in 1814, he attracted attention as a member of the Catholic Association by his eloquence, and was afterwards elected as member of Parliament for Milbourne Port. In the House he commanded attention by the vigor, earnestness, and eloquence of his appeals. He attached himself to the Whigs, became Queen's Counsel and Privy Councillor, and afterwards, in succession, a commissioner of Greenwich Hospital, Vice-President of the Board of Trade, Judge-Advocate-General, and Master of the Mint. He died in 1851, at Florence, while acting as minister-plenipotentiary.]

Englishmen, look at Ireland! what do you behold?—a beautiful country, with wonderful agricultural and commercial advantages—the link between America and Europe—the natural resting-place of trade on its way to either hemisphere; indented with havens, watered by deep and numerous rivers, with a fortunate climate, and a soil teeming with easy fertility, and inhabited by a bold, intrepid, and—with all their faults—a generous and enthusiastic people.

Such is natural Ireland; what is artificial Ireland? Such is Ireland as God made her; what is Ireland as England made her?

This fine country is laden with a population the most miserable in Europe. Your domestic swine are better housed than the people. Harvests, the most abundant, are reaped by men with starvation in their faces; famine covers a fruitful soil; and disease inhales a pure atmosphere; all the great commercial facilities of the country are lost; the deep rivers, that should circulate opulence, and turn the machinery of a thousand manufactures, flow to the ocean without wafting a boat or turning a wheel, and the wave breaks in solitude in the silent magnificence of deserted and shipless harbors.

Instead of being a source of wealth and revenue to the empire, Ireland cannot defray her own expenses or pay a single tax. Instead of being a bulwark and fortress, she debilitates, exhausts, and endangers England, and offers an allurement to the speculators in universal ruin.

The great mass of her enormous population is alienated and disassociated from

[1] This speech would suit for the Ireland of 1888.—*Ed.*

the state; the influence of the constituted and legitimate authorities is gone; a strange, anomalous, and unexampled kind of government has sprung up from the public passions, and exercises a despotic sway over the great mass of the community; while the class inferior in numbers, but accustomed to authority, and infuriated at its loss, are thrown into formidable reaction. The most ferocious passions rage from one extremity of the country to the other. Hundreds and thousands of men, arrayed with badges, gather in the south; and the smaller factions, with discipline and arms, are marshalled in the north. The country is strewed with the materials of civil commotion, and seems like one vast magazine of powder, which a spark might ignite into an explosion that would shake the whole fabric of civil society into ruin, and of which England would perhaps never recover the shock.

CAVENDISH'S ACCOUNT OF KING HENRY'S (VIII.) VISITS TO WOLSEY'S HOUSE.

[George Cavendish, gentleman-usher to Cardinal Wolsey, and subsequently to Henry VIII. (born 1500, died 1557), left in MS. a life of the famous Cardinal, entitled, *The Negotiations of Thomas Woolsey, the Great Cardinal of England*, London, 1641, 4to.]

And when it pleased the king's majesty, for his recreation, to repair unto the cardinal's house, as he did divers times in the year, at which time there wanted no preparations or goodly furniture, with viands of the finest sort that might be provided for money or friendship; such pleasures were then devised for the king's comfort and consolation as might be invented, or by man's wit imagined. The banquets were set forth with masks and mummeries, in so gorgeous a sort and costly manner, that it was a heaven to behold. There wanted no dames or damsels, meet or apt to dance with the maskers, or to garnish the place for the time with other goodly disports. Then was there all kind of music and harmony set forth, with excellent voices both of men and children. I have seen the king suddenly come in thither in a mask, with a dozen of other maskers, all in garments like shepherds, made of fine cloth of gold, and fine crimson satin paned, and caps of the same, with visors of good proportion of visnomy; their hairs and beards either of fine gold wire, or else of silver, and some being of black silk; having sixteen torch-bearers; besides their drums, and other persons attending upon them with visors, and clothed all in satin, of the same colors. And at his coming, and before he came into the hall, ye shall understand that he came by water to the watergate, without any noise, where, against his coming, were laid charged many chambers [short guns], and at his landing they were all shot off, which made such a rumble in the air that it was like thunder. It made all the noblemen, ladies and gentlewomen to muse what it should mean coming so suddenly, they sitting quietly at a solemn banquet. . . . Then, immediately after this great shot of guns, the cardinal desired the lord chamberlain and comptroller to look what this sudden shot should mean, as though he knew nothing of the matter. They thereupon looking out of the window into Thames, returned again, and showed him that it seemed to them there should be some noblemen and strangers arrived at his bridge, as ambassadors from some foreign prince. . . . Then quoth the cardinal to my lord chamberlain, "I pray you," quoth he, "show them that it seemeth me that there should be among them some nobleman whom I suppose to be much more worthy of honor to sit and occupy this room and place than I; to whom I would most gladly, if I knew him, surrender my place according to my duty." Then spake my lord chamberlain unto them in French, declaring my lord cardinal's mind; and they rounding [whispering] them again in the ear, my lord chamberlain said to my lord cardinal, "Sir, they confess," quoth he, "that among them there is such a noble personage, whom, if your grace can appoint him from the other, he is contented to disclose himself, and to accept your place most worthily." With that, the cardinal, taking a good advisement among them, at the last, quoth he, "Me seemeth the gentleman with the black beard should be even he." And with that he arose out of his chair, and offered the same to the gentleman in the black beard, with his cap in his hand. The person to whom he offered then his chair was Sir Edward Neville, a comely knight, of a goodly per-

sonage, that much more resembled the king's person in that mask than any other. The king, hearing and perceiving the cardinal so deceived in his estimation and choice, could not forbear laughing; but plucked down his visor, and Master Neville's also, and dashed out with such a pleasant countenance and cheer, that all noble estates there assembled, seeing the king in there amongst them, rejoiced very much. The cardinal eftsoons desired his highness to take the place of estate, to whom the king answered that he would go first and shift his apparel; and so departed, and went straight into my lord's bedchamber, where was a great fire made and prepared for him, and there new-apparelled him with rich and princely garments. And in the time of the king's absence the dishes of the banquet were clean taken up, and the table spread again with new and sweet-perfumed cloths; every man sitting still until the king and his maskers came in among them again, every man being newly apparelled. Then the king took his seat under the cloth of estate, commanding no man to remove, but sit still, as they did before. Then in came a new banquet before the king's majesty, and to all the rest through the tables, wherein, I suppose, were served two hundred dishes, or above, of wondrous costly meats and devices, subtilly devised.

Thus passed they forth the whole night with banqueting, dancing, and other triumphant devices, to the great comfort of the king, and pleasant regard of the nobility there assembled.—*The Negotiations of Thomas Woolsey.*

ELIZABETH; OR, THE EXILES OF SIBERIA.

[**Sophie Ristaud, Madame Cottin,** a noted writer of France, born in 1773, died in 1807. Married at seventeen to M. Cottin, a Paris banker, she was left a widow in three years, and betook herself to literature at the age of twenty. Like many precocious writers, she began with verse, but it was in fiction that she achieved her best work. She wrote *Claire d'Albe* (1798); *Malvina* (1800); *Amélie Mansfield* (1802); *Mathilde* (1805); and *Elisabeth, ou les Exiles de Sibérie* (1806). The last-named work achieved an extraordinary popularity, and has been translated into nearly all European languages. We present an abridgment of the story.]

On the banks of the Irtish, which rises in Calmuck Tartary, and falls into the Oby, is situated Tobolsk, the capital of Siberia; bounded on the north by forests eleven hundred versts in length, extending to the borders of the frozen ocean, and interspersed with rocky mountains covered with perpetual snows. Around it are sterile plains, whose frozen sands have seldom received an impression from the human foot, and numerous frigid lakes, or rather stagnant marshes, whose icy streams never watered a meadow, nor opened to the sunbeam the beauties of a flower. On approaching nearer to the pole, these stately productions of nature, whose sheltering foliage is so grateful to the weary traveller, totally disappear. Brambles, dwarf birches and shrubs alone ornament this desolate spot; and, farther on, even these vanish, leaving nothing but swamps covered with a useless moss, exhibiting the last efforts of expiring nature. But still, amidst the horror and gloom of an eternal winter, nature displays some of her grandest spectacles—the aurora borealis, enclosing the horizon like a resplendent arch, emits columns of quivering light, and frequently offers to view sights which are unknown in a more southern hemisphere. South of Tobolsk is the province called Ischim: plains strewed with the repositories of the dead, and divided by lakes of stagnant and unwholesome water, separate it from the Kirquis, an idolatrous and wandering people. It is bounded on the left by the river Irtish, and on the right by the Tobol, the naked and barren shores of which present to the eye fragments of rocks, promiscuously heaped together, with here and there a solitary fir-tree rearing its head. Beneath them, in a space formed by an angle of the river, is the small village of Saimka, about six hundred versts from Tobolsk: situated in the farthest extremity of the circle, in the midst of a desert, its environs are as gloomy as the sombre light which illuminates the hemisphere and as dreary as the climate.

The province of Ischim is nevertheless denominated the Italy of Siberia; since it enjoys nearly four months of summer, though the winter is rigorous to an excess. The north winds which blow during that period are so incessant, and render the cold so piercing, that even in September the Tobol is paved with ice. A

heavy snow falls upon the earth and disappears not before the end of May; but from the time that it begins to dissolve, the celerity with which the trees shoot forth their leaves, and the fields display their verdure, is almost incredible: three days is the short period that nature requires to bring her plants to maturity. The blossoms of the birch-tree exhale an odoriferous scent, and the wild flowers of the field decorate the ground; flocks of various kinds of fowl play upon the surface of the lakes; the white crane plunges among the rushes of the solitary marsh to build her nest, which she plaits with reeds; whilst the flying squirrels in the woods, cutting the air with their bushy tails, hop from tree to tree, and nibble the buds of the pines and the tender leaves of the birch. Thus the natives of these dreary regions experience a season of pleasure; but the unhappy exiles who inhabit it—alas! none.

Of these miserable beings the greatest part reside in the villages situated on the borders of the river, between Tobolsk and the extremest boundary of Ischim; others are dispersed in cottages about the country. The Government provides for some, but many are abandoned to the scanty subsistence they can procure from the chase during the winter season, and all are objects of general commiseration. Indeed, the name they give to the exiles seems to have been dictated by the tenderest sympathy, as well as by a strong conviction of their innocence—they call them "Unfortunates."

A few versts from Saimka, in the centre of a marshy forest, upon the border of a deep circular lake, surrounded with black poplars, resided one of these banished families, consisting of three persons—a man about five and forty, his wife, and a beautiful daughter, in the bloom of youth.

Secluded in the desert, this little family were strangers to the intercourse of society: the father went alone to the chase; but neither had he, his wife, or daughter, ever been at Saimka; and, except one poor Tartar peasant, who waited on them, no human being entered their dwelling. The Governor of Tobolsk only was informed of their birth, their country and the cause of their banishment, and this secret he had not even confided to the lieutenant of his jurisdiction, who was established at Saimka. In committing these exiles to his care he had merely given orders that they should be provided with a comfortable lodging, a garden, food and raiment, restricting them from all communication with any one, and particularly to intercept any letter they might attempt to convey to the court of Russia.

So much consideration, mystery and precaution excited a suspicion that, under the simple name of Peter Springer, the father of this family concealed a name more illustrious and misfortunes of no common nature. Perhaps he was guilty of some great crime; or, possibly, he might be a victim to the hatred and injustice of the Russian ministers.

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Peter Springer had built their little cottage himself. It was of the wood of fir-trees, thatched with straw; detached masses of rocks defended it from the sweeping blasts of the north wind and from the inundations of the lake. These rocks, formed of a soft peeling granite, in their exfoliation reflected the rays of the sun;—mushrooms sprang from their crevices, some of a pale pink, others of a saffron color or of a grayish blue, announced the earliest days of spring; and in those cavities where hurricanes had scattered loose earth, pines and service-trees buried their roots and raised their tender foliage.

On the southern side of the lake the forest consisted only of underwood, thinly scattered, and leaving open to view the uncultivated plains beyond, covered with burying-places and monuments of the dead, many of which had been pillaged, and the scattered bones were the only remains of a nation that would have been consigned to eternal oblivion had not the gold and jewels, buried with its people, revealed to avarice its existence.

To the east of this extensive plain a little wooden chapel had been erected by the primitive Christians. On that side the tombs had been respected, and, under the cross which adorned it, no one had dared to profane the ashes of the dead. In these plains or steppes (the name they bear in Siberia) Peter Springer, during the long and severe winter of the northern climate, spent his days in hunting. He killed elks, which fed on the leaves of the willow and poplar; sometimes he caught sables, but more frequently ermines, which were very numerous. With

the price that he obtained for their fur he procured from Tobolsk different articles which contributed to the comfort of his wife and the education of his daughter. The long winter evenings were devoted to the instruction of the young Elizabeth, who would read aloud some passages of history, while Springer directed her attention to those parts which could elevate and expand her mind, and Phedora, her mother, to all that could make it tender and compassionate.

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As soon as the snow began to yield to the power of the sun, and a slight shade of verdure appeared upon the earth, the whole family was busily engaged in the culture of their garden; Springer turned up the earth, while Elizabeth sowed the seeds prepared by the industrious hand of Phedora. Their little enclosure was surrounded by plantations of alder, of white cornel, and a species of birch much esteemed in Siberia, its blossom being the only one that affords a fragrant smell. On the southern side of the plantation Springer had built a sort of hothouse, in which he cultivated with the greatest assiduity and care various flowers unknown in that climate: when they were in full bloom he would gather them, and pressing them to his lips, ornament the brow of his daughter, saying, "Elizabeth, adorn yourself with the flowers of your native country; their fate resembles yours; like you they flourish in a foreign land."

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Although Phedora had passed the first season of youth, she was still beautiful. Devoted to her Creator, her husband, and her child, time had not effaced the charms that innocence and virtue had imprinted on her countenance. She seemed to have been created for love in its greatest purity; and if such were her destiny, it had been fulfilled. Attentive to all the wishes of her husband, she watched his looks to discover what could contribute to his comfort or pleasure, that she might anticipate his wish before he had expressed it. She prepared their repasts herself. Order, neatness, and comfort were characteristic of their little abode. The largest apartment served as a sleeping-room for herself and Springer. It was warmed by a stove; the walls were decorated with the drawings and work of Phedora and her daughter, and the windows were glazed—a luxury seldom found in this country, and for which they were indebted to the profit which Springer derived from the chase. Two small rooms completed their habitation; one was occupied by Elizabeth; in the other, where the garden and kitchen utensils were kept, slept the Tartar peasant, their only attendant.

Their days were spent in superintending domestic concerns; in making different articles of clothing out of the skins of the reindeer, which they dyed with a preparation from the bark of the birch, and lined with thick furs. But when Sunday arrived, Phedora secretly lamented that she was prevented from attending divine service, and spent great part of the day in prayer. Prostrate before the God of all consolation, she invoked Him in behalf of the objects of her tenderness; and if her piety daily increased, one of the principal causes was, that her ideas and expressions became more eloquent, and better adapted to bestow that consolation which her husband so much required, in proportion as her soul became elevated by devotion.

The young Elizabeth, who knew no other country than the desolate one which she had inhabited from the age of four years, discovered beauties which nature bestows even upon these inhospitable climes; and, innocence finding pleasure everywhere, she amused herself with climbing the rocks which bordered the lake, in search of the eggs of hawks and white vultures, that build their nests there during summer. Sometimes she caught wood-pigeons to fill a little aviary, and at others angled for corassins, which move in shoals, whose purple shells, lying against one another, appear through the water like a sheet of fire covered with liquid silver. It never occurred to the happy days of her childhood that there could be a lot more fortunate than her own. Her health was established by the keen air she breathed; and exercise united in her light figure agility and strength; while her countenance, beaming with innocence and peace, each day seemed to disclose some new charm. Thus far removed from the busy world and mankind, did this lovely girl improve in beauty for the eyes only of her parents, to charm no heart but theirs; like the flower of the desert, which blooms before the sun, and arrays itself in not less brilliant colors because it is destined to shine only in the presence of that

luminary to which it is indebted for its existence.

The most fervent affections are those which are least divided. Thus Elizabeth, who knew no one but her parents (consequently could love none but them), loved them with a fervor that scarcely admitted of comparison. They were the protectors of her childhood, the partakers of her amusements, her only society. She knew nothing but what they had taught her: to them was she indebted for her talents, her knowledge, her studies, her recreations and everything; and feeling that without them she could do nothing, enjoy nothing, she delighted in her dependence on them. When reason and reflection, however, succeeded to the carelessness of childhood, Elizabeth observed the tears of her mother, and perceived that her father was unhappy. She often begged them to tell her the cause, but could obtain no other answer than that they regretted being at such a distance from their country. But with the name of that country, or rank they held in it, they did not trust her, fearing to excite a vain regret by informing her of the elevated rank from which they had been precipitated. From the time that Elizabeth discovered the affliction of her parents her thoughts no longer flowed in the same channel, and the tenor of her life was changed. The innocent amusements she had enjoyed lost their attractions. Her birds were neglected and her flowers were forgotten.

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Yes; she resolved to tear herself from the embraces of her parents,—to proceed alone, on foot, to St. Petersburg, and to implore the Emperor to pardon her father. Such was the bold design which had presented itself to her imagination; such was the daring enterprise, the dangers of which could not daunt the heroic courage of a young and timid female. She beheld in their strongest light many of the impediments she must surmount, but her confidence in the Creator, and the ardor of her wishes, encouraged her; and she felt convinced that she could overcome them all. As her scheme, however, began to unfold itself, and she reflected upon the means of carrying it into execution, her ignorance could not fail to alarm her. She had never passed the boundaries of the forest she inhabited; how then was she to find her way to St. Petersburg? how could she travel through countries inhabited by people who spoke a language unknown to her? She must subsist upon charity: to submit to this she recalled to her aid those precepts of humility which her mother had so carefully inculcated; but her father had so often spoken of the inflexibility of mankind that she dreaded being reduced to implore their compassion. She was too well acquainted with the tenderness of her parents to indulge the hope that they would facilitate her journey. It was not to them that she could, in this instance, have recourse.

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Some years before, Springer had been delivered by a young stranger from imminent peril, upon one of the high rocks which form a boundary to the Tobol. This brave youth was the son of M. de Smoloff, the governor of Tobolsk. He came every winter to the plains of Ischim to chase elks, sables, and bears, which are found in the environs of Saimka. In this dangerous sport he had met Springer, and was the means of saving his life. From that period the name of Smoloff had never been mentioned in the abode of the exiles but with reverence and gratitude. Elizabeth and her mother felt the most lively regret at not knowing their benefactor, that they might offer to him their acknowledgments and benedictions; but to Heaven they daily offered them for him, and indulged the hope, at each return of the hunting season, that chance might lead him to their hut. Its entrance had been forbidden to him, as well as to every one else; and he lamented not the restriction, as he was yet ignorant of the treasure this humble habitation contained.

Nevertheless, since Elizabeth had been thoroughly convinced of the difficulty of leaving the desert without some human aid, her thoughts had frequently rested upon young Smoloff. Such a protector would have dissipated all her terrors, and might have vanquished all the obstacles that opposed her design. Who was better calculated than he to give all the information she required respecting her journey from Saimka to St. Petersburg? to instruct her in what method to get her petition delivered to the Emperor? and, should her flight irritate the governor, who was better calculated than a son to soften his resentment, move his compassion, and

save her parents from being made responsible for her transgression?

Thus did she reflect on all the advantages which were likely to result from such a support: and as winter drew near she resolved not to let the hunting season pass without taking some steps to inform herself whether young Smoloff was in the country; and, if so, of seeking an opportunity to speak to him.

Springer had been so much affected by the terror of his wife and daughter at the mere recital of the danger he had incurred, that he promised never again to engage in the bear hunt, nor to extend his walks beyond the plain but in pursuit of squirrels or ermines.

A heavy fall of snow, congealed into a solid mass by an intense frost, had completely covered the surface of the earth, when, on a fine morning in the month of December, Springer took his gun, and prepared for the chase. Before his departure he embraced his wife and daughter, and promised to return before the close of day; but the hour had passed, night approached, and Springer arrived not. Since the adventure which threatened his life this was the first time that he had failed in the strictest punctuality, and the terror of Phedora was indescribable. Elizabeth, while she partook of it, sought every means to tranquillize her mother; she would have flown to seek and succor her father, but she had not resolution to leave her mother in the agony in which she beheld her.

At length, however, the delicate and timid Phedora, who, hitherto, had never ventured beyond the banks of the lake, roused to exertion by the violence of her agitation, resolved to accompany her daughter in search of her husband. They proceeded together through the underwood of the forest, towards the plain. The cold was bitter, the firs appeared like trees of ice, their branches being hid under a thick covering of hoar frost. A mist obscured the horizon. Night's near approach gave to each object a still gloomier shade, and the ground, smooth as glass, refused to support the steps of the trembling Phedora. Elizabeth, reared in this climate, and accustomed to brave the extremest severity of the weather, assisted her mother, and led her on. Thus a tree, transplanted from its native soil, languishes in a foreign land, while the young suckling that springs from its root, habituated to the new climate, acquires strength, flourishes, and in a few years sustains the branches of the trunk that nourished it; protecting, by its friendly shade, the tree to which it is indebted for existence. Before Phedora had reached the plain her strength totally failed. "Rest here, my dear Mother," said Elizabeth, "and let me go alone to the edge of the forest. If we stay longer the darkness of the night will prevent me from distinguishing my father in the plain." Phedora supported herself against a tree, while her daughter hastened forward, and in a few seconds she reached the plain. Some of the monuments with which it is interspersed are very high. Elizabeth climbed upon the most elevated, her heart full of grief, and her eyes dim with tears, and gazed around in vain for her father: all was still and lonely; the obscurity of night began to render the search useless. Terror almost suspended her faculties, when the report of a gun revived her hopes. She had never heard this sound but from the hand of her father, and to her it appeared that he was near. She rushed towards the spot whence the noise proceeded, and, behind a pile of rocks, discovered a man in a bending posture, apparently seeking something. "My Father, my Father, is it you?" she exclaimed. He turned hastily; it was not Springer. His countenance was youthful, and his air noble: at the sight of Elizabeth he stood amazed. "Oh! it is not my father," resumed she with anguish; "but perhaps you may have seen him on the plain? Oh! can you tell me where to find him?" "I know nothing of your father," replied the stranger; "but surely you ought not to be here alone at this unseasonable hour."—"Oh!" interrupted she, "I fear nothing but losing my father." As she spoke she raised her eyes to heaven: their expression revealed at once firmness in affliction and dignity united with softness. They expressed the feelings of her soul, and seemed to foretell her future destiny. The stranger had never seen a person, nor had his imagination ever painted a vision, like Elizabeth; he almost believed himself in a dream. When the first emotion of surprise had subsided, he inquired the name of her father. "Peter Springer," she replied.—"How!" he exclaimed, "you are the daughter of the exile residing in a

cottage near the lake. Be comforted; I have seen your father. It is not an hour since he left me; he must be at home ere this."

Elizabeth listened no longer, but flew toward the spot where she had left her mother, but Phedora was gone. The terrified Elizabeth made the forest resound with the names of her parents. A well-known voice answered her, she redoubled her speed, arrived at the hut, and found her father and mother at the door, their arms held forth to receive her. Mutual embraces were followed by mutual explanations. Each of them had returned home by a different road, but all were now united and happy. Not till then had Elizabeth perceived the stranger had followed her. Springer immediately recognized him, and said, with profound regret: "M. de Smoloff, it is very late; but alas! you know I am not permitted to offer you an asylum even for a single night." "M. de Smoloff!" exclaimed Elizabeth and her mother, "our deliverer! is it indeed he whom we behold?" They fell at his feet; and while Phedora, unable to express her acknowledgments, bathed them with her tears, Elizabeth thus addressed him: "M. de Smoloff, three years have now elapsed since you saved my father's life; during that period not a day has passed on which our fervent prayers have not been offered up to the Almighty to beseech Him to reward and bless you."—"Your prayers then have been heard," answered Smoloff, with the most lively emotion, "since He has deigned to guide my footsteps to this blessed abode; the little good I did deserved not such a reward."

It was now night; profound darkness covered the forest. A return to Saimka at this hour would be attended with danger, and Springer knew not how to refuse the rites of hospitality to his deliverer; but he had pledged his honor to the governor of Tobolsk not to receive any one under his roof, and to fail in his word, solemnly given, was a dreadful alternative. He proposed, therefore, to accompany Smoloff to Saimka. "I will take a torch," said he; "I am well acquainted with every turn of the forest, and with all those places which we must avoid, and fear not to conduct you safely." The terrified Phedora rushed forward to prevent him; and Smoloff, addressing him respectfully: "Permit me, Sir," said he, "to solicit a shelter in your cottage till break of day. I know what are my father's injunctions, and the motives which compel him to show you so much severity; but I am certain that he would permit me, on this occasion, to release you from your promise, and I will engage to return shortly and thank you, in his name, for the asylum you have granted me." Springer assented, and took the young man by the hand, conducted him into his cottage, and, placing him near the stove, seated himself by his side, while Phedora and her daughter prepared their repast.

Elizabeth was dressed, according to the costume of the peasants of Tartary, in trousers made of the skin of the reindeer, and a short petticoat of crimson stuff, looped up; while her hair, in graceful ringlets, almost reached the ground. A close vest, buttoned at the side, displayed to advantage the elegance of her form, and her sleeves, turned back above the elbow, discovered her beautifully-shaped arm. The simplicity of her dress seemed to enhance the mild dignity of her manners, and all her gestures were accompanied with a grace which did not escape the observation of Smoloff, who, as he watched her, experienced an emotion to which he had before been a stranger. Elizabeth beheld him with equal delight, but it was a delight pure as her mind, founded on the gratitude she owed him, and on the hope of his assistance in her projected journey. That Power, who dives into the inmost recesses of the heart, beheld not in Elizabeth a single thought which had not for its object the happiness of her parents.

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As soon as the morning dawned young Smoloff took leave of the exiles. Elizabeth with sorrow saw him depart, for she was impatient to reveal her project to him, and to implore his assistance. Not a moment's opportunity had presented itself for her to speak to him in private. Her parents had never quitted the apartment, and she could not address him unobserved in their presence. She hoped, however, she should see him often, and be more fortunate; and therefore, as he took leave, she said, in the most anxious manner: "Will you not come again, M. de Smoloff? Ah! promise me that this is not to

be the last time I am to see the deliverer of my father."

Springer was surprised at the earnestness of her address, and felt uneasy. He reflected on the orders of the governor, resolving not to disobey them a second time. Smoloff replied to Elizabeth's request that he was certain of obtaining from his father an exception in his favor, and would go that day to solicit it. "But, Sir," said he to Springer, "when I am asking this favor for myself, can I not deliver any message from you? Is there any favor you may require at his hands?" —"No, Sir," answered Springer with unusual gravity, "I have no request to trouble you with." His guest looked down dejected; then, addressing himself to Phedora, repeated his question in nearly the same terms. "Sir," she replied, "I should be glad if he would allow me and my daughter to go to Saimka on Sundays to hear mass." Smoloff undertook to obtain this permission, and departed with the benedictions of the whole family, and with the secret wishes of Elizabeth for his speedy return.

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Siberia, in winter, is subject to sudden storms. Often, when the sky appears serene, dreadful hurricanes arise instantaneously, and obscure the atmosphere. They are impelled from the opposite sides of the horizon; and when they meet the strongest trees in vain oppose their violence. In vain the pliant birch bends to the ground; its flexible branches with their trembling leaves are broken and dispersed. The snow rolls from the tops of the mountains, carrying with it enormous masses of ice, which break against the points of the rocks; they break in their turn; and the wind carrying away the fragments, together with those of the falling huts, in which the terrified animals have in vain sought shelter, strews the ground with the ruins of every production of nature.

One morning, in the month of January, Elizabeth was overtaken by one of these terrible storms. She was in the plain near the little chapel; and, as soon as the sudden darkness of the sky announced the approaching tempest, she sought shelter under its roof. The furious wind soon attacked this feeble edifice, and, shaking it to its foundation, threatened every instant to level it with the ground. Elizabeth, prostrate before the altar, was insensible to fear. The storm she had heard, destroying all around her, roused in her breast no sensation but that of a reverential awe, caused by a natural reflection on the Omnipotent Being from whose hand it came. As her life might be serviceable to her parents, she felt assured that Heaven would, for their sake, watch over and guard it, till she had delivered them from suffering. This sentiment, approaching almost to superstition, created by the fervor of her filial piety, inspired Elizabeth with a tranquillity so perfect, that, in the midst of warring elements, with the thunderbolts of heaven falling around her, she yielded calmly to the heaviness which oppressed her, and, lying down at the foot of the altar, before which she had been offering up her prayers, she fell into a slumber, secure and peaceful as that of innocence reposing on the bosom of a father.

On this very day Smoloff had returned from Tobolsk, and after reaching Saimka, he hastily proceeded to the cottage of the exiles. He brought the permission Phedora had solicited. Her daughter and herself were allowed to attend divine service at Saimka every Sunday; but as regards Springer the orders of the Court were more strict than ever. In allowing young Smoloff to see him once more the governor of Tobolsk had consulted his feelings rather than his duty; but this visit was to be the last; of this his father had exacted a solemn promise. Smoloff was grieved to the soul at so much severity; but, as he drew near the dwelling of Elizabeth, his melancholy dispersed. He thought less of the pain of taking leave under the cruel restriction imposed upon him by his father than of the delight he should experience on seeing her again.

In the first ardent pursuit of the youthful mind the enjoyment of the present felicity is so animated, so complete, that it obliterates all idea of the future, and engrosses the soul so entirely that no room is left for the anticipation of future distress. Happiness is a sensation too ardently felt by youth to suffer it to waste a thought upon the instability of its duration. But when, on entering the cottage, Smoloff looked around for Elizabeth in vain, and reflected that he might not be able to prolong his visit till her return, his disappointment was too apparent to escape the most superficial observation.

In vain did Phedora address him in the most affecting terms of gratitude, blessing the hand which had reopened for her the house of God and preserved the life of her husband. In vain did Springer call him the protector, the comforter of the afflicted. He appeared almost insensible to their discourse, and in the little he spoke, the name of Elizabeth every instant escaped his lips. His evident embarrassment betrayed the state of his heart; and the disclosure rendered him the dearer to Phedora. His love for her daughter flattered her pride; and surely no mother had more reason to be proud of a child.

Springer, not less sensible of the merit of his daughter, feared she would discover the partiality of the young man, which might disturb her peace; he reminded Smoloff of the obedience due to his father, hoping to end a visit which, by divers pretences, the youth had tried to prolong. It was at this period that the storm arose and the parents trembled for the safety of their child. "Elizabeth! what will become of my Elizabeth?" exclaimed the mother. Springer took his stick in silence, and went to seek his daughter. Smoloff rushed after him.

The tempest raged with violence on every side; the trees were torn up by the roots; and any attempt to cross the forest would be dangerous. Springer remonstrated with Smoloff, and endeavored to deter him from following. Smoloff saw all the danger, but he was happy to brave it for Elizabeth, thus giving proof to her of an affection which he would scarcely have dared to declare to her by any other means.

They reached the middle of the forest. "Which way shall we turn?" asked Smoloff. "Let us proceed towards the plain," Springer replied; "she walks there every day, and has probably taken shelter in the chapel." They said no more, but proceeded on. Stooping to shelter themselves from the broken boughs, and from the fragments of rock which fell around them, they walked forward as fast as the snow would permit.

On reaching the plain the danger with which they had been menaced from the breaking of the trees ceased; but in this exposed situation they were sometimes driven backward, and at others thrown down by the violence of the tempest. At last they reached the chapel, in which they hoped Elizabeth had sought a refuge. But when they beheld this slender shelter, the walls of which consisted only of slightly joined planks, that seemed every instant ready to fall, they began to shudder lest she might be there. Animated with fear, Smoloff rushed into the chapel, and beheld Elizabeth, not terrified, pale, and trembling, but in a peaceful sleep before the altar. Struck with unutterable surprise, he stops, points out to Springer the cause of his amazement, and, impelled by similar sentiments of veneration, they fall on their knees by the side of the angel, sleeping under the protection of heaven. The father bent over his child, while Smoloff, casting down his eyes, retired some steps, not presuming to approach too near to such supreme innocence.

Elizabeth awoke, beheld her father, and, throwing herself into his arms, exclaimed: "Ah! I knew you watched over me." Springer pressed her to his heart. "My child," said he, "into what agonies have you thrown your mother and me!" "Oh, my father, pardon me for causing those tears," answered Elizabeth; "let us hasten to relieve the terrors of my mother." In rising she perceived Smoloff. "Ah!" said she, in gentle accents of pleasure and surprise, "all my protectors have been watching over me:—heaven, my father, and you."

Springer resumed: "My dear child," said he, "you talk of rejoining your mother, but do you know whether it will be possible? whether you will be able to resist the violence of a tempest which M. de Smoloff and I have escaped only by a miracle?" "I will try," answered she; "my strength is greater than you suppose; and I rejoice in an opportunity which enables me to show you how much it is capable of performing, when the consolation of my mother calls forth its exertion."

As she spoke, unwonted courage beamed in her eyes. She leaned on her father and Smoloff, who supported her, and sheltered her head with their mantles. How much did Smoloff rejoice in that boisterous wind, which obliged Elizabeth to trust to him for support! He thought not of his own life, which he would gladly have exposed a thousand times to prolong those moments. He feared not even for that of

Elizabeth, which, in the ecstasy that possessed him, he would have defied the elements combined to hinder him from preserving.

The sky now began to resume its serenity, the clouds dispersed, and the wind ceased. Springer recovered his spirits, but those of Smoloff were depressed. Elizabeth withdrew her arm, and chose to walk on unassisted, for she was desirous of braving, before her father, the remainder of the storm. She was proud of her strength, and was eager to display before him a proof of it, with the hope of convincing him that it would not fail when she should undertake to obtain his pardon from the emperor, were it necessary to go to the remotest extremity of the earth to seek it.

Phedora received them all with transports of joy, thanking heaven for having restored them to her. She dried her daughter's dripping garments, and, taking off her fur bonnet, smoothed her long hair. Maternal cares like these Elizabeth received daily from the hands of her mother, for which her affectionate heart became every day more grateful. Young Smoloff was affected at witnessing them, and felt that the happiness he should experience in becoming the husband of Elizabeth would be much increased by being also the son of Phedora.

. . . . . .

[Elizabeth puts into execution her resolve to go to St. Petersburg to ask her father's pardon, and, starting in the company of an old priest, a missionary who is going to Moscow, but who dies on the way, we resume our story with her near to Pokroff, on the Volga.]

She entered again on the road to Pokroff with her usual activity. She soon regained the Volga, which forms an angle before this village, and glides past a nunnery. She begged for shelter under its roof. She related the hardships she had undergone, and disclosed to the community how much she stood in need of aid. The nuns received her with cordiality, and lavished upon her such attention that their kind solicitude reminded her of those endearments which she had been used to receive from her mother. The simple and modest recital that she gave of her adventures proved a source of edification to the whole community. They lamented their inability to assist her with money for the expenses of her journey, for their convent was poor, and was supported by charity. They could not, however, let their guest depart in rags and nearly barefoot. To provide her with better habiliments they stripped themselves, and each gave to her a portion of her own clothing. Elizabeth endeavored to decline the gifts, but, pointing to the walls of their convent, they said: "We have a shelter while you have none; part of the little we possess belongs to you, for you are poorer than we."

At length Elizabeth set forward on the last stage to Moscow. She was astonished at the extraordinary bustle she now witnessed, and at the immense concourse of carriages, carts, horses, and people of all ranks and ages, resorting to this great metropolis. As she passed onward the crowd seemed to augment. In a village, where she stopped to rest, she found it thronged with travellers, who paid so much for the smallest lodging that it was with difficulty the destitute Elizabeth could obtain refuge. She wept as she received in charity a little coarse food, and at being allowed to rest her limbs in a miserable hovel, which scarcely defended her from the weather; yet she was not daunted, and forgot not that God watched over her. Nor was she exalted, for she thought that she did no more than duty prescribed in devoting herself thus to her parents.

Now the bells of the villages rang out; and from every side was resounded the name of Alexander, accompanied by loud shouts. The report of the cannon from Moscow quite alarmed her. In a timid voice, she inquired the cause of this tumult from some wayfarers.

"The emperor is making his entrance into Moscow," said they.

"How!" exclaimed the astonished Elizabeth, "is not the emperor, then, at St. Petersburg?"

They wondered at her ignorance, and replied: "Do you not know that Alexander's coronation must take place at Moscow?"

Elizabeth clasped her hands in ecstasy. Heaven, again, in an especial manner, evinced itself in her favor; the monarch upon whom the fate of her parents depended met her on the way; and it was ordained that she should arrive at that period of general joy, when the hearts of monarchs recede even from the dictates of justice in favor of those of clemency.

"Oh, my parents!" she cried, looking back towards home, from which so great a distance separated her, "must such delightful hopes rejoice my heart alone? and, while your child is happy, must you grieve in ignorance of her fate?"

In the month of March, 1801, Elizabeth made her entrance into the immense capital of Muscovy, imagining herself at the end of her labors, and not considering that there could be still a calamity to apprehend. On her progress through the city superb buildings, decorated with the magnificence of royalty, presented themselves to her admiring sight, but intermixed with wretched cabins, whose untiled roofs and broken casements afforded no shelter from the inclemency of the weather.

As Elizabeth entered a great square, the crowd appeared to increase at every step she took. She approached one of the great fires which were lighted on this spot, and seated herself by it. Cold, weariness and want of food had exhausted her spirits, and the joyful hopes of the morning were converted into sadness. She had wandered through the numerous streets of Moscow, but had looked in vain for a friend or protector. Some had inquired their way, and expressed uneasiness at having missed it; how much did she envy them! "Happy," said she, "to have a home to seek; I, who possess none, cannot lose my way; for in every place is shelter equally denied to me."

Night now approached, and the cold was intense. The dejected Elizabeth had not eaten a morsel the whole day, and was nearly famished with hunger. She watched all who passed, to see whether she could discern, in their countenances, that expression of compassionate benevolence which might embolden her to make an appeal to their feelings. But, among the crowd, every individual of which she observed so earnestly, no one stood in need of her assistance, therefore they had no interest in contemplating her woe-worn countenance. At last she ventured to solicit an entrance at the doors of some of the poorest dwellings, but met with rude repulses. The hope of gain during this period of festivity had steeled every heart against the importunities of distress.

Elizabeth returned to the fire in the square and wept in silence. Her heart was so full that she had not strength to eat a morsel of bread which an old woman had thrown to her. She was now, for the first time, reduced to such a degree of misery that she resolved to hold forth her hand to implore alms from any passer-by. At the moment that she meant to try this last resource, an emotion of dignified pride restrained the hand she had presented. But the cold was excessive; and, in spending the night in the open air, her life would be endangered, and that life she did not consider at her own disposal. This reflection overcame her, and, placing one hand across her eyes, she stretched out the other to the first passenger. "In the name of the father whom you revere, of the mother whom you cherish, give to me," said she, "a trifle to procure a lodging for the night."

The man whom she addressed replied: "Young woman, are you not able to work? At your age a livelihood may easily be obtained. God help you! I never encourage beggars."

The unfortunate Elizabeth raised her eyes to heaven as if for succor, and ventured to repeat her appeal to the compassion of several other persons. Some did not listen to her; others gave to her, but it was so little that she could not collect enough to relieve her necessities. At last, when night was far advanced, the crowd dispersed, and the fire nearly extinguished, some of the guards discovered her, and roughly demanded why she remained abroad so late. The stern looks and fierce manners of these soldiers overpowered her with terror. Incapacitated from uttering a syllable, she burst into an agony of tears. The soldiers, little affected at seeing her weep, assembled around her, repeating rudely their questions. The trembling girl, at last recovering sufficient courage to answer, said that she came from beyond Tobolsk to petition of the Emperor pardon for her father. "I have performed the whole journey on foot," continued she, "and I cannot obtain a shelter for the night." At these words the soldiers burst into a laugh, taxing her with falsehood. Elizabeth, more terrified than ever, sought to escape, but they would not suffer it, and insolently seized her. "O my God! O my Father!" she cried, in accents of horror and despair, "will not you come to my succor? have you forsaken the wretched Elizabeth?" During this time some persons, attracted by the noise, had assembled in groups; and expressed their

indignation. Elizabeth stretched towards them her hands in act of supplication. "Before Heaven," said she, "I solemnly protest that I have uttered nothing but the truth. I come from beyond Tobolsk to implore pardon for my father; save me, save me; let me not die till at least I have obtained it!"

Several persons advanced to her aid, and one of them addressing the soldiers, said: "I keep the inn of St. Basil in this square; let the girl come with me; her story appears to be true; I will give her a lodging." The soldiers, who had begun to be softened by her distress, consented to his request.

The grateful Elizabeth embraced the knees of her preserver. He raised her kindly from the ground, and, desiring her to follow him, led the way to his dwelling, which was at a little distance.

"I have not a room to give you," said he; "there is not one in my house unoccupied; but my wife will receive you into hers for one night. She is kind and compassionate, and will readily endure so small an inconvenience to serve you."

Elizabeth, trembling and agitated, followed in silence. Her guide conducted her to a small room, in which a young woman, with an infant in her arms, was seated near a stove. Her husband told her how he had rescued the poor girl; adding that he had agreed to shelter her. The young woman took Elizabeth by the hand and said, with a smile of encouragement:

"Be comforted: we will take good care of you, but never stay out so late again. In large towns such as this it is very dangerous for young girls to be found at a late hour in the streets."

Elizabeth answered that she had no asylum to resort to. Every door had been shut against her. She owned her poverty without a blush, and related all the hardships she had so heroically borne. Her hosts wept at the recital; neither of them thought of doubting her veracity.

At the conclusion of Elizabeth's narrative Jaques Rossi, the innkeeper, said to her: "My influence in this town is but small, but, as far as it can be exerted for my own interest, it shall be yours."

His wife pressed his hand in token of approbation; and asked Elizabeth if she knew no one who could present her to the Emperor.

"No," she replied, not wishing to mention young Smoloff, lest she should involve him in difficulty; besides, no assistance could be expected from him since he was in Livonia.

"Well," said the wife of Rossi, "the most powerful recommendation to our great sovereign is virtue in distress, and that will plead for you."

"Yes," interrupted her husband, "the Emperor Alexander is to be crowned tomorrow in the church of the Assumption. You must place yourself in his way, and at his feet solicit the remission of your father's sentence. I will accompany and encourage you."

"O my generous benefactors!" exclaimed Elizabeth, clasping her hands with an expression of the liveliest gratitude; "Heaven beholds your kindness, and my parents will invoke blessings on you for it."

The panègyrics which her hosts bestowed upon the clemency of Alexander, the various anecdotes they recorded in evidence of the truth upon which these commendations were founded, and the grace with which the value of those acts of mercy had been enhanced, reanimated her spirits.

Rossi retired to a room at the top of the house and his wife shared her room with Elizabeth.

At length she slept, thankful to Heaven even for her sufferings, since the excess of them had heightened the value of the generous treatment she had experienced.

On the morrow, as soon as the thunder of the artillery, the beating of the drums, and the loud acclamations of the people, announced the dawn of the joyful day, Elizabeth, habited in a dress lent to her by her kind hostess, and leaning upon the arm of Rossi, joined the procession to the large church of the Assumption, in which the coronation was to be performed.

More than a thousand tapers illuminated the holy temple, which was decorated in all the splendor of eastern magnificence. Upon a dazzling throne, beneath a canopy of rich velvet, were seated the Emperor and his youthful consort, habited in sumptuous dresses, which, displaying to advantage the beauty of their forms, gave to their appearance an air almost celestial. Kneeling before her august husband, the Empress received from his hand the imperial diadem, and encircled her brow

with this pledge of their eternal union. Opposite to the royal pair, in the pulpit, was the venerable Plato, the patriarch of Moscow, who, in a discourse at once pathetic and sublime, recalled to the youthful mind of Alexander the great duties annexed to royalty, and the awful responsibility imposed upon his elevated station, in return for the pomp that environed it and the power with which it was invested. Amidst the assemblage of nations which thronged the cathedral, he pointed out to him the hunters of Kamschatka, bringing tributes of skins; the merchants of Archangel, loaded with rich commodities which their vessels had brought from every quarter of the globe; the Samoyeds, a rude and unpolished people, who came from a country condemned to the rigors of an eternal winter, where the beauteous flower of the spring and the rich produce of harvest are alike unknown; and the natives of Astracan, whose fertile fields yield melons, figs, and grapes; he showed him, lastly, the inhabitants of the shores of the Black and Caspian Seas, and of the great Tartary, which, bounded by Persia, China, and the Empire of the Moguls, extending from the extremity of the western hemisphere to that of the east, takes in nearly half the globe. "Sovereign of the most extensive empire of the earth," said he, "you, who are this day to take the awful oath of presiding over the destinies of a state which includes a fifth part of the known world, bear it ever in remembrance that you have to answer at the tribunal of Divine Justice for the fate of millions of your fellow-creatures, and that an injustice done to the meanest among them must be accounted for at the final day."

The young emperor at these words was sensibly affected; but there was one among the auditors whose heart was not less affected than his, a suppliant who had come to solicit a father's pardon.

At the moment when Alexander began to pronounce the solemn oath which was to bind him to devote his future life to the happiness of his people, the enraptured Elizabeth imagined she heard the voice of mercy requiring him to break the chains of every unfortunate being within his dominions. Unable any longer to command her feelings, and aided by a supernatural strength, she pierced the crowd, and, forcing a passage through the lines of the soldiers, rushed towards the throne, exclaiming: "Mercy! mercy!"

This outcry created a commotion in the cathedral; the guards advanced, and, notwithstanding her entreaties, and the efforts of Jaques, dragged her out of the church. The Emperor, however, would not on so glorious a day be invocated in vain. He ordered one of the officers of his suite to inquire what it was that the petitioner wanted. The officer quitted the church in haste, and heard the imploring accents of the suppliant, still endeavoring to prevail with the soldiers to allow her to return. He started, and, recognizing the daughter of the exile, exclaimed: "It is she, it is Elizabeth!"

Elizabeth turned; she could scarcely believe that it was Smoloff. Yet she could not be mistaken, and she stretched her arms towards him as to a messenger sent from Heaven to her relief. He rushed forward, seized her hand, and in his turn began to doubt the testimony of his senses. "Elizabeth," he exclaimed, "is it indeed you, or do I behold a vision from heaven? Speak, whence do you come?"

"From Tobolsk."

"From Tobolsk! and have you travelled hither, alone, and on foot?"

"Yes," she exclaimed, "I came to entreat pardon for my father, and they force me from the presence of the Emperor."

"I will reconduct you to his presence," interrupted the transported Smoloff; "I will present you to him; he will not resist your supplications; your prayer will be granted."

Elizabeth raised her clasped hands towards heaven, repeating the last words: "Forgiveness for my father!"

A clamor of admiration arose from among the crowd. The Emperor himself joined in it, and deeply rooted as his prejudices had been against Stanislaus Potowsky, in an instant they were totally effaced. He could not hesitate to believe that the father of a daughter so virtuous must be innocent of the crimes alleged against him; but, had it been otherwise, Alexander would not have withheld forgiveness.

"The pardon is granted," said he; "your father is free."

Elizabeth heard no more; at the word pardon, joy overpowered her, and she fell senseless into the arms of Smoloff. In this state she was carried through the

crowd, who opened a passage, shouting with joyful acclamations of approbation at the transcendent virtue of the heroine and the clemency of the monarch, and was conveyed back to the house of Rossi.

On recovering her senses, Smoloff was kneeling beside her; the first sound she heard was that of a repetition from his lips of the words used by the Emperor--"Elizabeth, the pardon is granted, your father is free!"

For some time it was by looks only that she could express her joy and gratitude; but they expressed more than language could have imparted. At length, turning to Smoloff, she pronounced in a faltering voice, the names of her father and mother. "We shall again behold them, then," said she; "we shall enjoy the sight of their happiness."

These words sank deeply into the heart of him to whom they were addressed. Elizabeth had not said that she loved him; but she had associated him with the first sentiment of her soul, with that object of felicity in which all her ideas and all her hopes so long had centred. From that happy moment Smoloff ventured to indulge a hope that she would, on a future day, consent to be his.

Several days elapsed before the deed of pardon could be drawn up and signed. Previously to its final accomplishment it was requisite to inquire into the cause of Potowsky's condemnation; and the investigation proved so favorable to the noble Polander that equity alone would have broken the chains of the illustrious patriot.

One morning Smoloff called on Elizabeth and presented to her a parchment with the royal seal. "Behold," said he, "the mandate in which the Emperor commands my father to restore liberty to yours." Elizabeth seized the document, and, pressing it to her lips, bathed it with tears. "This is not all," continued Smoloff; "our magnanimous sovereign performs a noble action in a manner worthy of himself. He restores to your father his dignities, the high rank he held, and all his former possessions. The courier who is to convey the order to Tobolsk departs to-morrow, and I have obtained permission from the Emperor to accompany him."

"And may not I also accompany him?" eagerly interrupted Elizabeth.

"Certainly," resumed Smoloff, "and from your lips only your father must learn that he is free. Presuming upon my knowledge of your sentiments, I told the Emperor that it was your wish to be yourself the bearer of the joyful intelligence. He approved the design, and charged me with the commission of informing you that you have leave to depart to-morrow in one of his carriages, attended by two female domestics; and he sends a purse of two thousand roubles to defray the expenses of your journey."

Elizabeth replied: "Since the first day I saw you, you have been my guardian angel. Without your assistance I could not have obtained my father's pardon; without your generous interference never would he have beheld his country again; to you then it belongs to tell him he is free; this glorious recompense alone is adequate to your benefits."

"No, Elizabeth," replied Smoloff, "that happiness must be yours; the recompense to which I aspire is still greater."

"O Heaven!" exclaimed Elizabeth, "what can that be?"

Smoloff was on the point of answering in terms expressive of the rapture he felt; but repressing his emotion, he colored, and cast his eyes upon the ground. At length, in a faltering voice, Smoloff answered: "Elizabeth, I must not tell you but in the presence of your father."

. . . . . .

But I wish to bring my story to a conclusion; and, with Elizabeth, to reach the dwelling where the days of her absence were numbered with anxiety. I will not attempt a description of the scene of joy exhibited at Tobolsk when young Smoloff presented Elizabeth to his father, and she, in all the effusions of her grateful heart, acknowledged the blessings she owed to his assistance. Elizabeth would not consent to let her parents be informed of her approach. She heard at Tobolsk that they were well; and this information was further confirmed at Saimka. Wishing to surprise them, she proceeded, with a palpitating heart, to their cottage, attended only by Smoloff. What varying emotions agitated her as she crossed the forest, drew near the banks of the lake, and recognized every tree and every rock adjacent to the habitation of her parents! At last she caught sight of the parental roof;

she rushed forward; but the violence of her feelings obliged her to stop. Alas! behold the state of human nature! we seek for happiness in excess of joy; which excess, more violent in its effects than that of misery, we are not able to bear. Elizabeth, leaning on the arm of Smoloff, faintly uttered: "If I should find my mother ill!"

The fear of such a calamity checked the happiness which had overwhelmed her, and recovered all her strength. She reaches the threshold, hears the sound of well-known voices, and calls to her mother in an ecstacy which almost deprives her of sense. The door was opened and her father appeared. At the cry he uttered her mother rushed out, and Elizabeth, unable to support herself, fell into their extended arms. "Behold your daughter!" exclaimed Smoloff; "she is the bearer of your pardon; she has triumphed over every obstacle, and has attained from the generosity of the Emperor even more than she had expected."

These words added not to the joy of the delighted parents; every sensation was absorbed in that all-powerful one of happiness in again beholding their child. She was restored; and this was to them the greatest blessing on earth. Long they remained in a delirium of joy. A few unconnected sentences escaped from their lips, but they knew not what they uttered. In vain did they seek for words to express the feelings that overpowered them; by tears and looks only could they make themselves understood; and their strength, as well as their reason, began to fail under excess of joy.

Smoloff prostrated himself at the feet of Stanislaus and Phedora. "Oh," he exclaimed, "condescend, in this moment of your bliss, to regard me also as your child. Hitherto Elizabeth has condescended to distinguish me by the affectionate name of brother; but now, perhaps, she will permit me to aspire to a title still more endearing."

Elizabeth seized a hand of each of her parents; and, regarding them with looks of the tenderest affection, she thus spoke: "Without the aid of M. de Smoloff I should not perhaps have been here. It was he who conducted me into the presence of the Emperor, who advocated my cause, who solicited your forgiveness, and who obtained it. It is he who has been so zealously instrumental in restoring you to your rights, and who has reconducted me to the bosom of my beloved parents. O my mother, instruct me how to convince him of my gratitude! teach me, my father, how to requite it!"

Phedora, embracing her daughter, answered: "You must convince him of your gratitude by bestowing upon him your love: a love like that which you have seen me bear to your father."

Stanislaus, interrupting her, exclaimed, in an accent of enthusiasm: "O! my Phedora, who can appreciate the gift of a heart like thine! It is above all value. But, on such an occasion as this, the generosity of Elizabeth cannot be too great."

Elizabeth uniting the hand of Smoloff with the hands of her parents, said to him, with a look of fascinating innocence and with modest timidity: "Will you promise me—never to leave them?"

. . . . . .

Elizabeth is restored to her parents; by them she is conducted into Poland, the place of her nativity, and reinstated in the exalted rank occupied by her ancestors; by them she is united to the man she loves—to the man whom they esteem worthy of her.

FATE.

Two shall be born, the whole wide world apart,
And speak in different tongues, and have no thought
Each of the other's being, and no heed;
And these o'er unknown seas to unknown lands
Shall cross, escaping wreck, defying death;
And all unconsciously shape every act
And bend each wandering step to this one end—
That one day, out of darkness they shall meet
And read life's meaning in each other's eyes.

And two shall walk some narrow way of life,
So nearly side by side that should one turn
Ever so little space to left or right,
They must needs acknowledge face to face;
And yet with wistful eyes that never meet,
With groping hands that never clasp, and lips
Calling in vain to ears that never hear,
They seek each other all their weary days,
And die unsatisfied—and this is Fate.

SUSAN M. SPAULDING.

SPRING AND WOMAN.

[**Walther von der Vogelweide,** the most distinguished of all German Minnesingers, was according to the investigations of Pfeiffer, Haller and Zingerle, born in the year 1168, in the Vogelweiderhof, of Tyrol. As a poor minstrel he travelled from court to court and visited many countries and cities. He accompanied his Emperor, Frederick II., in the year 1228, to the Holy Land, and being a powerful satirist, he assisted him effectually in his quarrels with the Pope. He died about 1230.]

When from the sod the flowerets spring,
And smile to meet the sun's bright ray,
When birds their sweetest carols sing,
In all the morning pride of May,
What lovelier than the prospect there?
Can earth boast anything so fair?
To me it seems an almost heaven,
So bounteous to my eyes that vision
bright is given.

But when a lady chaste and fair,
Noble and clad in rich attire,
Walks through the throng with gracious air,
As sun that bids the stars retire,—
Then, where are all thy boastings, May?
What hast thou beautiful and gay,
Compared with that supreme delight?
We leave thy loveliest flowers, and
watch that lady bright.

Wouldst thou believe me,—come and place
Before thee all this pride of May;
Then look but on my lady's face,
And which is best and brightest say:
For me, how soon (if choice were mine)
This would I take, and that resign,
And say, "Though sweet thy beauties, May,
I'd rather forfeit all than lose my lady gay!"

Translated by E. TAYLOR.

THE AMEN OF THE STONES.

[**Ludwig Theobul Kosegarten,** born February 1st, 1758, at Grevismuhlen, in Mecklenburg, was appointed professor of history in 1807 at Greifswald, where he died October 26th, 1818. He wrote epics, idyls, lyrics, legends, and novels.]

Blind with old age, the venerable Bede
Ceased not, for that, to preach and publish
forth
The news from heaven—the tidings of great
joy.
From town to town—through all the villages—
With trusty guidance roamed the aged saint
And preached the word with all the fire of
youth.

One day his boy had led him to a vale
That lay all thickly sowed with mighty rocks.
In mischief more than malice spake the boy:
"Most reverend father! there are many men
Assembled here, who wait to hear thy voice!"

The blind old man, so bowed, straightway
rose up,
Chose him his text, expounded, then applied;
Exhorted, warned, rebuked, and comforted,
So fervently, that soon the gushing tears
Streamed thick and fast down to his hoary
beard.

When, at the close, as seemeth always meet,
He prayed "Our Father," and pronounced
aloud,
"Thine is the kingdom and the power, thine
The glory now and through eternity"—
At once there rang through all that echoing vale
A sound of many thousand voices crying,
"Amen! most reverend Sir, amen! amen!"

Trembling with terror and remorse, the boy
Knelt down before the saint and owned the sin.
"Son," said the old man, "hast thou then
ne'er read,
'When men are dumb, the stones shall cry
aloud?'
Henceforward mock not, son, the word of
God!
Living it is, and mighty, cutting sharp
Like a two-edged sword. And when the heart
Of flesh grows hard, and stubborn as the stone,
A heart of flesh shall stir in stones themselves!"

Translated by C. T. BROOKS.

THE SONG OF THE ROMAN LEGIONS.

[**Felix Dahn,** born February 9th, 1834, at Hamburg, is now professor at the University of Königsberg. Besides some historical novels and dramas, he wrote *Zwoelf Balladen* (Leipzig, 1875); *Gedichte* (Berlin, 1857), etc.]

Through Alpines snow, through Parthian sand,
With firm and steady tread,
We bear with us our Fatherland,
Our Roman rights inbred.

And where we pitch our camp each night
There dwells our native zone,
We follow on our eagles' flight,
The whole world is our own.

With victory won the sword is sunk,
We work with plow and spade,
The land which Roman blood has drunk
Is Roman Penates made.

By Euphrates' and Danube's streams
We worship Roman Lares,
And soon another Rome outgleams
'Midst rude barbarian stares.

The forest falls, the swamps are dried,
The lictor's rods draw near,
A beauteous world grows by our side,
The olive, vine, appear.

We build stone roads throughout the lands
O'er which till last of days
The brazen tread of warlike bands
Shall echo forth our praise.

From Delphic priest's inspired face
The word of fate resounded,
That stable as the earth's own base
The might of Rome is founded.

From pole to pole eternal will
Our Roman eagles fly,
While on the Capitolian hill
The gods enthroned dwell nigh.

Translated by H. PHILLIPS, JR.

A TRUE STORY OF A FAWN.

[**Anna Drinker,** better known by her pen-name of "Edith May," was born in Philadelphia in 1827, but has resided chiefly in Montrose, Pa. She was a contributor to *Sartain's Magazine* and to the *Home Journal* (1848–50). Her poems are characterized by felicities of expression, dramatic faculty, and occasional imaginative power. She has published in book form, *Poems by "Edith May"* (Philadelphia, 1854); *Tales and Verses for Children* (1855); and *Katy's Story*.]

Down from a mountain's craggy brow
His homeward way the hunter took,
By a path that wound to the vales below,
At the side of a leaping brook.
Long and sore had his journey been,
By the dust that clung to his forest green,
By the stains on his broidered moccasin;
And over his shoulder his rifle hung,
And an empty horn at his girdle swung.

The eve crept westward. Soft and pale
The sunset poured its rosy flood
Slanting over the wooded vale;
And the weary hunter stood
Looking down on his cot below,
Watching his children there at play,
Watching the swing on the chestnut bough
Flit to and fro through the twilight gray,
Till the dove's nest rocked on its quivering spray.

Faint and far through the forest wide
Came a hunter's voice and a hound's deep cry;
Silence, that slept in the rocky dell,
Scarcely woke as her sentinel
Challenged the sound from the mountain-side;
Over the valleys the echo died,
And a doe sprang lightly by,
And cleared the path, and panting stood
With her trembling fawn by the leaping flood.

She spanned the torrent at a bound,
And swiftly onward, winged by fear,
Fled as the bay of the deep-mouthed hound
Fell loudly on her ear;
And pausing by the waters deep,
Too slight to stem their rapid flow,
Too weak to dare the perilous leap,
The fawn sprang wildly to and fro,
Watching the flight of her lithe-limbed doe.

Now she hung o'er the torrent's edge,
And sobbed and wept as the waves shot by,
Now she paused on the rocky ledge,
With head erect and steadfast eye,
Listening to the stag-hound's cry;
Close from the forest the deep bay rang,
Close in the forest the echoes died,
And over the pathway the brown fawn sprang,
And crouched by the hunter's side.

Deep in the thickets the boughs unclasped,
Leaped apart with a crashing sound,
Under the lithe vines sure and fast
Came on the exulting hound,

Yet baffled stopped to bay and glare,
Far from the torrent's bound;
For the weeping fawn still crouching there
Shrank not nor fled, but closer pressed,
And laid her head on the hunter's breast.

THE SNOW-FLAKE.

[**Caroline Lee Hentz** was born in Massachusetts in 1800, died 1856. Her maiden name was **Whiting**; married 1825 N. M. Hentz, who became a professor in Chapel Hill College, N. C. She afterwards removed to Kentucky, where she became known as a writer. Her first publication was *De Lara; or the Moorish Bride*, a play, for which she received a prize. Her life was passed in several of the Southern States. Among her books are nearly a dozen stories which were very popular. Perhaps the best known was *The Mob Cap*. She was also a successful poetess. From her poems we select "The Snow-Flake."]

Ye're welcome, ye white and feathery flakes,
That fall like the blossoms the summer wind shakes
From the bending spray. Oh, say, do ye come
With tidings to me from my far-distant home?

"Our home is above in the depths of the sky,
In the hollow of God's own hand we lie;
We are fair, we are pure, *our* birth is divine;
Say, what can we know of thee or of thine?"

I know that ye dwell in the kingdoms of air,
I know ye are heavenly, pure and fair,
But oft have I seen ye, far travellers, roam,
By the cold blast driven, round my northern home.

"We roam over mountains and valley and sea,
We hang our pale wreaths on the leafless tree;
The heralds of wisdom and mercy we go,
And, perchance, the far home of thy childhood we know.

"We roam, and our fairy track we leave,
While for Nature a winding-sheet we weave,
A cold, white shroud that shall mantle the gloom
Till her Maker recalls her to glory and bloom."

Oh, foam of the shoreless ocean above!
I know thou descendest in mercy and love.
All chill as thou art, yet benign is thy birth
As the dew that impearls the green bosom of Earth;

And I've thought as I've seen thy tremulous spray,
Soft curling, like mist, on the branches lay,
In bright relief on the dark blue sky,
That thou meltedst in grief when the sun came nigh.

"Say, whose is the harp whose echoing song
Breathes wild on the gale that wafts us along?
The moon, the flowers, the blossoming tree,
Wake the minstrel's lyre; they are brighter than we."

The flowers shed their fragrance, the moon-beams their light,
Over scenes never veiled by your drapery of white,
But the clime where I first saw your downy flakes fall,
My own native clime, is far dearer than all.

Oh, fair when ye clothed in their wintry mail
The elms that o'ershadow my home in the vale!
Like warriors they looked as they bowed in the storm
With the tossing plume and the towering form.

Ye fade, ye melt; I feel the warm breath
Of the redolent South o'er the desolate heath;
But tell me, ye vanishing pearls, where ye dwell
When the dewdrops of summer bespangle the dell?

"We fade, we melt into crystalline spheres,
We weep, for we pass through the valley of tears;
But onward to glory, away to the sky,
In the hollow of God's own hand we lie."

THE SPINNER.

[**Johann Heinrich Voss,** born February 20th, 1751, at Sommersdorf, in Mecklenburg, studied theology

and philosophy at Gottingen, was appointed rector at Otterndorf, and afterwards at Eutin, and went (1805) to Heidelberg, where he assisted in reorganizing the University. Voss was an accomplished translator of Greek and Latin classics. His idyl, "Louise," once so popular, has become obsolete, while his poem, "Der siebzigste Geburtstag," is still found in many German reading books. He died at Heidelberg, March 29th, 1826.]

As I sat spinning at the door
A youth advanced along the road:
His dark eye smiled at me and o'er
His cheek a tint of crimson glowed:
I then looked up, in thought 'twas done,
And sat so bashfully and spun.

"Good-morrow, gentle maid," he spoke,
Approaching with a timid grace;
I trembled, and the thread, it broke,
My heart beat with a quicker pace.
Again the thread I fastened on,
And sat so bashfully and spun.

With soft caress he pressed my hand,
And swore none could with it compare;
No! not the fairest in the land,
So white and round, so soft and fair.
Though by this praise my heart was won,
I sat so bashfully and spun.

Upon my chair he leant his arm,
And praised the fineness of the thread,
His lips so near, so red and warm,
How tenderly "Sweet maid," they said!
Thus none e'er looked at me, not one;
I sat so bashfully and spun.

Meanwhile his handsome countenance
Bent downwards and approached my cheek,
My head encountered his by chance,
While bending the lost thread to seek,
He kissed me then, while I, undone,
Sat bashfully and spun and spun.

I turned to chide with earnest face,
But bolder still he then became,
He clasped me with a fond embrace,
And kissed my cheek as red as flame.
O, tell me, sisters, tell me! how
Could I to spin continue now?

Translated by A. BASKERVILLE.

CAPTAIN COOK DISCOVERS THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

[**Captain James Cook,** a famous English navigator and writer, born in 1728, in Yorkshire, killed by the natives at Hawaii, in 1779. Captain Cook was distinguished in the navy as early as 1755, and when the spirit of geographical science revived in England, where it had slept since the age of Elizabeth, he was placed in command of an expedition to the Pacific Ocean. Sir Joseph Banks and other men of science accompanied him, and in April, 1769, he reached Tahiti (then called Otaheite), sailing in search of the great continent supposed to exist, and reaching New Zealand, which had remained a *terra incognita* since its discovery. He took possession of Botany Bay and Australia in the name of England, encountering many dangers, and returning to London in 1771. Captain Cook's second voyage (1772–74), in command of two vessels, was in the Southern Ocean, and he discovered the island of New Caledonia. His third voyage was undertaken in search of a northwest passage in the Arctic regions, during which he discovered several islands, visited the shores of Alaska, but failed to penetrate Behring's Straits. In this voyage he discovered the Sandwich Islands, named by him, on one of which he met his tragical death. Captain Cook was noted for sagacity, intelligence, and perseverance. The account of his first voyage was drawn up by Dr. Hawkesworth, and the third from his papers by Captain King. From the account of the third voyage we quote the following.]

On the 2d of January, 1779, the ships resumed their course to the northward, and though several evidences occurred of the vicinity of land, none was discovered till the 18th, when an island made its appearance, bearing northeast by east. Soon after, more land was seen, lying towards the north, and entirely detached from the former. The succeeding day was distinguished by the discovery of a third island, in the direction of west-northwest, and as far distant as the eye could reach. In steering towards the second island, our voyagers had some doubt whether the land before them was inhabited; but this matter was speedily cleared up, by the putting off of some canoes from the shore, containing from three to six men each. Upon their approach, the English were agreeably surprised to find that they spoke the language of Otaheite, and of the other countries which had lately been visited. These people were at first fearful of going on board; but when, on the 20th, some of them took courage, and ventured to do it, they expressed an astonishment, on entering the ship, which Captain Cook had never experienced in the natives of any place, during the whole course of his several voyages. Their eyes continually flew from object to object; and, by the wildness of their looks and gestures, they fully

manifested their entire ignorance with relation to everything they saw, and strongly marked to our navigators, that, till this time, they had never been visited by Europeans, or been acquainted with any of our commodities, excepting iron. Even with respect to iron, it was evident that they had only heard of it, or, at most, had known it in some small quantity, brought to them at a distant period; for all they understood concerning it was, that it was a substance much better adapted to the purposes of cutting, or the boring of holes, than anything their own country produced. The ceremonies on entering the ship, their gestures and motions, and their manner of singing, were similar to those which our voyagers had been accustomed to see in the places lately visited.

There was, likewise, a farther circumstance in which these people perfectly resembled the other islanders; and that was, in their endeavoring to steal whatever came within their reach; or rather to take it openly, as what would either not be resented, or not hindered. The English soon convinced them of their mistake, by keeping such a watchful eye over them, that they afterwards were obliged to be less active in appropriating to themselves every object that struck upon their fancy, and excited the desire of possession.

. . . . . .

Mr. Williamson being sent with the boats to search for water, and attempting to land, the inhabitants came down in such numbers, and were so violent in their endeavors to seize upon the oars, muskets, and, in short, everything they could lay hold of, that he was obliged to fire, by which one man was killed. This unhappy circumstance was not known to Captain Cook till after he had left the island; so that all his measures were directed as if nothing of the kind had happened.

When the ships were brought to an anchor, our commander went on shore; and, at the very instant of his doing it, the collected body of the natives all fell flat upon their faces, and continued in that humble posture, till, by expressive signs, he prevailed upon them to rise. Other ceremonies followed; and the next day a trade was set on foot for hogs and potatoes, which the people of the island gave in exchange for nails and pieces of iron, formed into something like chisels. So far was any obstruction from being met with in watering, that, on the contrary, the inhabitants assisted our men in rolling the casks to and from the pool; and readily performed whatever was required.

Affairs thus going on to the captain's satisfaction, he made an excursion into the country, accompanied by Mr. Anderson and Mr. Webber, the former of whom was as well qualified to describe with the pen, as the latter was to represent with his pencil, whatever might occur worthy of observation. In this excursion, the gentlemen, among other objects that called for their attention, found a *Morai*. On the return of our commander, he had the pleasure of finding that a brisk trade for pigs, fowls, and roots was carrying on with the greatest good order, and without any attempt to cheat or steal, on the part of the natives. The rapacious disposition they at first displayed was entirely corrected by their conviction that it could not be exercised with impunity. Among the articles which they brought to barter, the most remarkable was a particular sort of cloak and cap, that might be reckoned elegant, even in countries where dress is eminently the object of attention. The cloak was richly adorned with red and yellow feathers, which were highly beautiful, and the newness and freshness of which added not a little to their beauty.

On the 22d, a circumstance occurred, which gave the English room to suspect that the people of the island are eaters of human flesh. Not, however, to rest the belief of the existence of so horrid a practice on the foundation of suspicion only, Captain Cook was anxious to inquire into the truth of the fact, the result of which was its being fully confirmed. An old man, in particular, who was asked upon the subject, answered in the affirmative, and seemed to laugh at the simplicity of such a question. His answer was equally affirmative on a repetition of the inquiry; and he added, that the flesh of men was excellent food, or, as he expressed it, "savoury eating." It is understood that enemies slain in battle are the sole objects of this abominable custom.

The island at which our voyagers had now touched was called Atooi by the natives. Near it was another island, named Oneeheow, where our commander came to an anchor on the 29th of the month. The inhabitants were found to resemble

those of Atooi in their dispositions, manners, and customs; and proofs, too convincing, appeared, that the horrid banquet of human flesh is here as much relished, amidst plenty, as it is in New Zealand. From a desire of benefiting these people, by furnishing them with additional articles of food, the captain left them a ram goat and two ewes, a boar and sow pig of the English breed, and the seeds of melons, pumpkins, and onions. These benevolent presents would have been made to Atooi, the larger island, had not our navigators been unexpectedly driven from it by stress of weather. Though the soil of Oneeheow seemed in general poor, it was observable, that the ground was covered with shrubs and plants, some of which perfumed the air with a more delicious fragrancy, than what Captain Cook had met with at any other of the countries that had been visited by him in this part of the world.

It is a curious circumstance, with regard to the islands in the Pacific Ocean which the late European voyages have added to the geography of the globe, that they have generally been found to lie in groups, or clusters. The single intermediate islands, which have as yet been discovered, are few in proportion to the others; though there are probably many more of them that are still unknown, and may serve as steps, by which the several clusters are, in some degree, connected together. Of the Archipelago now first visited, there were five only with which our commander became at this time acquainted. The names of these, as given by the natives, were Woahoo, Atooi, Oneeheow, Oreehoua, and Tahoora. To the whole group Captain Cook gave the appellation of Sandwich Islands, in honor of his great friend and patron, the Earl of Sandwich.

THE DEATH OF CAPTAIN COOK.

[Written by Captain King from Mr. Samwell's narrative.]

Early on the 4th February, 1779, the ships sailed out of Karakakooa Bay, being followed by a large number of canoes. It was our commander's design, before he visited the other islands, to finish the survey of Owyhee, in hopes of meeting with a road better sheltered than the bay he had just left. In case of not succeeding in this respect, he purposed to take a view of the southeast part of Mowee, where he was informed that he should find an excellent harbor.

The circumstances which brought Captain Cook back to Karakakooa Bay, and the unhappy consequences that followed, I shall give from Mr. Samwell's narrative of his death. This narrative was, in the most obliging manner, communicated to me in manuscript, by Mr. Samwell, with entire liberty to make such use of it as I should judge proper. Upon a perusal of it, its importance struck me in so strong a light, that I wished to have it separately laid before the world. Accordingly, with Mr. Samwell's concurrence, I procured its publication, that, if any objections should be made to it, I might be able to notice them in my own work. As the narrative had continued for more than two years unimpeached and uncontradicted, I esteem myself fully authorized to insert it in this place, as containing the most complete and authentic account of the melancholy catastrophe, which, at Owyhee, befel our illustrious navigator and commander.

"On the 6th we were overtaken by a gale of wind; and the next night, the *Resolution* had the misfortune of springing the head of the foremast, in such a dangerous manner, that Captain Cook was obliged to return to Keragegooah, in order to have it repaired; for we could find no other convenient harbor on the island. The same gale had occasioned much distress among some canoes, that had paid us a visit from the shore. One of them, with two men and a child on board, was picked up by the *Resolution*, and rescued from destruction: the men, having toiled hard all night, in attempting to reach the land, were so much exhausted, that they could hardly mount the ship's side. When they got upon the quarter-deck, they burst into tears, and seemed much affected with the dangerous situation from which they had escaped; but the little child appeared lively and cheerful. One of the *Resolution's* boats was also so fortunate, as to save a man and two women, whose canoe had been upset by the violence of the waves. They were brought on board, and, with the others, partook of the kindness and humanity of Captain Cook.

"On the morning of Wednesday, the

10th, we were within a few miles of the harbor; and were soon joined by several canoes, in which appeared many of our old acquaintances, who seemed to have come to welcome us back. Among them was Coo, aha, a priest; he had brought a small pig, and some cocoa-nuts in his hand, which, after having chanted a few sentences, he presented to Captain Clerke. He then left us, and hastened on board the *Resolution*, to perform the same friendly ceremony before Captain Cook. Having but light winds all that day, we could not gain the harbor. In the afternoon, a chief of the first rank, and nearly related to Kariopoo, paid us a visit on board the *Discovery*. His name was Ka, mea, mea: he was dressed in a very rich feathered cloak, which he seemed to have brought for sale, but would part with it for nothing except iron daggers. These, the chiefs, some time before our departure, had preferred to every other article; for, having received a plentiful supply of hatchets and other tools, they began to collect a store of warlike instruments. Kameamea procured nine daggers for his cloak; and, being pleased with his reception, he and his attendants slept on board that night.

"In the morning of the 11th of February, the ships anchored again in Kerageooah bay, and preparation was immediately made for landing the *Resolution's* foremast. We were visited but by few of the Indians, because there were but few in the bay. On our departure, those belonging to other parts had repaired to their several habitations, and were again to collect from various quarters, before we could expect to be surrounded by such multitudes as he had once seen in that harbor. In the afternoon, I walked about a mile into the country to visit an Indian friend, who had, a few days before, come near twenty miles, in a small canoe, to see me, while the ship lay becalmed. As the canoe had not left us long before a gale of wind came on, I was alarmed for the consequences: however, I had the pleasure to find that my friend had escaped unhurt, though not without some difficulties. I take notice of this short excursion, merely because it afforded me an opportunity of observing, that there appeared no change in the disposition or behavior of the inhabitants. I saw nothing that could induce me to think, that they were displeased with our return, or jealous of the intention of our second visit. On the contrary, that abundant good nature, which had always characterized them, seemed still to glow in every bosom, and to animate every countenance.

"The next day, February the 12th, the ships were put under a taboo by the chiefs; a solemnity, it seems, that was requisite to be observed, before Kariopoo, the king, paid his first visit to Captain Cook, after his return. He waited upon him the same day, on board the *Resolution*, attended by a large train, some of which bore the presents designed for Captain Cook; who received him in his usually friendly manner, and gave him several articles in return. This amicable ceremony being settled, the taboo was dissolved: matters went on in the usual train; and the next day, February the 13th, we were visited by the natives in great numbers the *Resolution's* mast was landed, and the astronomical observatories erected on their former situation. I landed, with another gentleman, at the town of Kavaroah, where we found a great number of canoes, just arrived from different parts of the island, and the Indians busy in constructing temporary huts on the beach, for their residence during the stay of the ships. On our return on board the *Discovery*, we learned, that an Indian had been detected in stealing the armorer's tongs, from the forge, for which he received a pretty severe flogging, and was sent out of the ship. Notwithstanding the example made of this man, in the afternoon, another had the audacity to snatch the tongs and chisel from the same place, with which he jumped overboard, and swam for the shore. The master and the midshipman were instantly dispatched after him, in the small cutter. The Indian, seeing himself pursued, made for a canoe; his countrymen took him on board, and paddled as swift as they could towards the shore; we fired several muskets at them, but to no effect, for they soon got out of reach of our shot. Pareah, one of the chiefs, who was at that time on board the *Discovery*, understanding what had happened, immediately went ashore, promising to bring back the stolen goods. Our boat was so far distanced, in chasing the canoe, which had taken the thief on board, that he had time to make his escape into the country. Captain Cook

who was then ashore, endeavored to intercept his landing; but, it seems, that he was led out of the way by some of the natives, who had officiously intruded themselves as guides. As the master was approaching near the landing-place he was met by some of the natives in a canoe: they had brought back the tongs and chisel, together with another article, that we had not missed, which happened to be the lid of the water-cask. Having recovered these things, he was returning on board, when he was met by the Resolution's pinnace, with five men in her, who, without any orders, had come from the observatories to his assistance. Being thus unexpectedly reinforced, he thought himself strong enough, to insist upon having the thief, or the canoe which took him in, delivered up as reprisals. With that view he turned back; and having found the canoe on the beach, he was preparing to launch it into the water, when Pareah made his appearance, and insisted upon his not taking it away, as it was his property. The officer not regarding him, the chief seized upon him, pinioned his arms behind, and held him by the hair of the head; on which one of the sailors struck him with an oar: Pareah instantly quitted the officer, snatched the oar out of the man's hand, and snapped it in two across his knee. At length the multitude began to attack our people with stones. They made some resistance, but were soon overpowered, and obliged to swim for safety to the small cutter which lay further out than the pinnace. The officers, not being expert swimmers, retreated to a small rock in the water, where they were closely pursued by the Indians. One man darted a broken oar at the master; but his foot slipping at the time, he missed him, which fortunately saved that officer's life. At last, Pareah interfered, and put an end to their violence. The gentlemen, knowing that his presence was their only defence against the fury of the natives, entreated him to stay with them, till they could get off in the boats: but that he refused, and left them. The master went to seek assistance from the party at the observatories; but the midshipman chose to remain in the pinnace. He was very rudely treated by the mob, who plundered the boat of everything that was loose on board, and then began to knock her to pieces, for the sake of the iron-work; but Pareah fortunately returned in time to prevent her destruction. He had met the other gentleman on his way to the observatories, and suspecting his errand, had forced him to return. He dispersed the crowd again, and desired the gentlemen to return on board; they represented, that all the oars had been taken out of the boat, on which he brought some of them back and the gentlemen were glad to get off without farther molestation. They had not proceeded far, before they were overtaken by Pareah, in a canoe: he delivered the midshipman's cap, which had been taken from him in the scuffle, joined noses with them, in token of reconciliation, and was anxious to know if Captain Cook would kill him for what had happened. They assured him of the contrary, and made signs of friendship to him in return. He then left them, and paddled over to the town of Kavaroah, and that was the last time we ever saw him. Captain Cook returned on board soon after, much displeased with the whole of this disagreeable business; and the same night sent a lieutenant on board the *Discovery* to learn the particulars of it, as it had originated in that ship.

"It was remarkable that, in the midst of the hurry and confusion attending this affair, Kanynah (a chief who had always been on terms particularly friendly with us) came from the spot where it happened with a hog to sell on board the *Discovery*. It was of an extraordinary large size, and he demanded for it a pahowa, or dagger, of an unusual length. He pointed to us that it must be as long as his arm. Captain Clerke, not having one of that length, told him he would get one made for him by the morning, with which, being satisfied, he left the hog and went ashore without making any stay with us. It will not be altogether foreign to the subject to mention a circumstance that happened today on board the *Resolution*. An Indian chief asked Captain Cook, at his table, if he was a Tata Toa, which means a fighting man, or a soldier. Being answered in the affirmative, he desired to see his wounds. Captain Cook held out his right hand, which had a scar upon it, dividing the thumb from the finger the whole length of the metacarpal bones. The Indian being thus convinced of his being a Toa, put the same question to

another gentleman present, but he happened to have none of those distinguishing marks. The chief then said that he himself was a Toa, and showed the scars of some wounds he had received in battle. Those who were on duty at the observatories were disturbed during the night with shrill and melancholy sounds issuing from the adjacent villages, which they took to be the lamentations of the women. Perhaps the quarrel between us might have filled their minds with apprehensions for the safety of their husbands, but be that as it may, their mournful cries struck the sentinels with unusual awe and terror.

"To widen the breach between us some of the Indians in the night took away the *Discovery's* large cutter, which lay swamped at buoy of one of her anchors. They had carried her off so quietly that we did not miss her till the morning, Sunday, February the 14th. Captain Clerke lost no time in waiting upon Captain Cook, to acquaint him with the accident. He returned on board with orders for the launch and small cutter to go, under the command of the second lieutenant, and lie off the east point of the bay in order to intercept all canoes that might attempt to get out, and, if he found it necessary, to fire upon them. At the same time the third lieutenant of the *Resolution*, with the launch and small cutter, was sent on the same service to the opposite point of the bay, and the master was despatched in the large cutter in pursuit of a double canoe, already under sail, making the best of her way out of the harbor. He soon came up with her, and by firing a few muskets drove her on shore, and the Indians left her. This happened to be the canoe of Omea, a man who bore the title of Orono. He was on board himself, and it would have been fortunate if our people had secured him, for his person was held as sacred as that of the king. During this time Captain Cook was preparing to go ashore himself, at the town of Kavaroah, in order to secure the person of Kariopoo before he should have time to withdraw himself to another part of the island out of our reach. This appeared the most effectual step that could be taken on the present occasion for the recovery of the boat. It was the measure he had invariably pursued, in similar cases, at other islands in these seas, and it had always been attended with the desired success; in fact, it would be difficult to point out any other mode of proceeding on these emergencies likely to attain the object in view. We had reason to suppose that the king and his attendants had fled when the alarm was first given. In that case it was Captain Cook's intention to secure the large canoes which were hauled up on the beach. He left the ships about seven o'clock, attended by the lieutenant of marines, a sergeant, corporal and seven private men. The pinnace's crew were also armed and under the command of Mr. Roberts. As they rowed towards the shore Captain Cook ordered the launch to leave her station at the west point of the bay in order to assist his own boat. This is a circumstance worthy of notice, for it clearly shows that he was not unapprehensive of meeting with resistance from the natives or unmindful of the necessary preparations for the safety of himself and his people. I will venture to say that, from the appearance of things just at that time, there was not one beside himself who judged that such precaution was absolutely requisite. So little did his conduct on the occasion bear the marks of rashness or a precipitate self-confidence! He landed with the marines at the upper end of the town of Kavaroah. The Indians immediately flocked around, as usual, and showed him the customary marks of respect by prostrating themselves before him. There were no signs of hostilities or much alarm among them. Captain Cook, however, did not seem willing to trust to appearances, but was particularly attentive to the disposition of the marines and to have them kept clear of the crowd. He first inquired for the king's sons, two youths who were much attached to him and generally his companions on board. Messengers being sent for them, they soon came to him and informed him that their father was asleep at a house not far from them. As he passed along the natives everywhere prostrated themselves before him and seemed to have lost no part of that respect they had always shown to his person. He was joined by several chiefs, among whom was Kanynah and his brother Koohowrooah. They kept the crowd in order, according to their usual custom, and, being ignorant of his intention in coming on shore, frequently asked him if he wanted any hogs or other provisions. He told them that he did not and that his

business was to see the king. When he arrived at the house he ordered some of the Indians to go in and inform Kariopoo that he waited without to speak with him. They came out two or three times and instead of returning any answers from the king presented some pieces of red cloth to him, which made Captain Cook suspect that he was not in the house. He therefore desired the lieutenant of marines to go in. The lieutenant found the old man just awakened from sleep and seemingly alarmed at the message, but he came out without hesitation. Captain Cook took him by the hand and in a friendly manner asked him to go on board, to which he very readily consented. Thus far matters appeared in a favorable train, and the natives did not seem much alarmed or apprehensive of hostility on our side, at which Captain Cook expressed himself a little surprised, saying that as the inhabitants of that town appeared innocent of stealing the cutter, he should not molest them, but that he must get the king on board. Kariopoo sat down before his door, and was surrounded by a great crowd. Kanynah and his brother were both very active in keeping order among them. In a little time, however, the Indians were observed arming themselves with long spears, clubs and daggers and putting on thick mats which they use as armor. This hostile appearance increased and became more alarming on the arrival of two men in a canoe from the opposite side of the bay with the news of a chief called Kareemo having been killed by one of the *Discovery's* boats. In thier passage across they had also delivered this account to each of the ships. Upon that information the women who were sitting upon the beach at their breakfasts and conversing familiarly with our people in the boats retired, and a confused murmur spread through the crowd. An old priest came to Captain Cook with a cocoanut in his hand, which he held out to him as a present, at the same time singing very loud. He was often desired to be silent, but in vain; he continued importunate and troublesome, and there was no such thing as getting rid of him or his noise. It seemed as if he meant to divert our attention from his countrymen, who were growing more tumultuous and arming themselves in every quarter. Captain Cook, being at the same time surrounded by a great crowd, thought his situation rather hazardous. He therefore ordered the lieutenant of marines to march his small party to the water-side, where the boats lay within a few yards of the shore. The Indians readily made a lane for them to pass and did not offer to interrupt them. The distance they had to go might be about fifty or sixty yards. Captain Cook followed, having hold of Kariopoo's hand, who accompanied him very willingly. He was attended by his wife, two sons and several chiefs. The troublesome old priest followed, making the same savage noise. Keowa, the younger son, went directly into the pinnace, expecting his father to follow, but just as he arrived at the water-side, his wife threw her arms about his neck and, with the assistance of two chiefs, forced him to sit down by the side of a double canoe. Captain Cook expostulated with them, but to no purpose. They would not suffer the king to proceed, telling him that he would be put to death if he went on board the ship. Kariopoo, whose conduct seemed entirely resigned to the will of others, hung down his head and appeared much distressed.

"While the king was in this situation a chief known to us, of the name of Coho, was observed lurking near, with an iron dagger, partly concealed under his cloak, seemingly with the intention of stabbing Captain Cook or the lieutenant of marines. The latter proposed to fire at him, but Captain Cook would not permit it. Coho, closing upon them, obliged the officer to strike him with his piece, which made him retire. Another Indian laid hold of the sergeant's musket and endeavored to wrench it from him, but was prevented by the lieutenant's making a blow at him. Captain Cook, seeing the tumult increase and the Indians growing more daring and resolute, observed that if he were to take the king off by force he could not do it without sacrificing the lives of many of his people. He then paused a little, and was on the point of giving his orders to re-embark, when a man threw a stone at him, which he returned with a discharge of small shot (with which one barrel of his double piece was loaded). The man having a thick mat before him, received little or no hurt. He brandished his spear and threatened to dart it at Captain Cook, who, being still

unwilling to take away his life, instead of firing with ball, knocked him down with his musket. He expostulated strongly with the most forward of the crowd upon their turbulent behavior. He had given up all thoughts of getting the king on board, as it appeared impracticable; and his care was then only to act on the defensive and to secure a safe embarkation for his small party, which were closely pressed by a body of several thousand people. Keowa, the king's son, who was in the pinnace, being alarmed on hearing the first firing, was, at his own entreaty, put on shore again, for even at that time Mr. Roberts, who commanded her, did not apprehend that Captain Cook's person was in any danger, otherwise he would have detained the prince, which, no doubt, would have been a great check on the Indians. One man was observed behind a double canoe in the action of darting his spear at Captain Cook, who was forced to fire at him in his own defence, but happened to kill another close to him equally forward in the tumult. The sergeant observing that he had missed the man he aimed at, received orders to fire at him, which he did and killed him. By this time the impetuosity of the Indians was somewhat repressed; they fell back in a body and seemed staggered; but, being pushed on by those behind, they returned to the charge and poured a volley of stones among the marines, who, without waiting for orders, returned it by a fire from the boat. At this Captain Cook was heard to express his astonishment; he waved his hand to the boats, called to them to cease firing and to come nearer in to receive the marines. Mr. Roberts immediately brought the pinnace as close to the shore as he could without grounding, notwithstanding the showers of stones that fell among the people; but the lieutenant who commanded in the launch, instead of pulling in to the assistance of Captain Cook, withdrew his boat farther off at the moment that everything seems to have depended upon the timely exertions of those in the boats. By his own account he mistook the signal; but be that as it may, this circumstance appears to me to have decided the fatal turn of the affair and to have removed every chance which remained with Captain Cook of escaping with his life. The business of saving the marines out of the water, in consequence of that, fell altogether upon the pinnace, which thereby became so much crowded that the crew were in a great measure prevented from using their firearms or giving what assistance they otherwise might have done to Captain Cook, so that he seems at the most critical point of time to have wanted the assistance of both boats owing to the removal of the launch. For, notwithstanding that they kept up a fire on the crowd from the situation to which they had removed in that boat, the fatal confusion which ensued on her being withdrawn, to say the least of it, must have prevented the full effect that the prompt co-operation of the two boats, according to Captain Cook's orders, must have had towards the preservation of himself and his people. At that time it was to the boats alone that Captain Cook had to look for his safety; for, when the marines fired, the Indians rushed among them and forced them into the water, where four of them were killed. Their lieutenant was wounded, but fortunately escaped and was taken up by the pinnace. Captain Cook was then the only one remaining on the rock. He was observed making for the pinnace, holding his left hand against the back of his head to guard it from the stones and carrying his musket under the other arm. An Indian was seen following him, but with caution and timidity, for he stopped once or twice, as if undetermined to proceed. At last he advanced upon him unawares, and with a large club, or common stake, gave him a blow on the back of the head and then precipitately retreated. The stroke seemed to have stunned Captain Cook; he staggered a few paces, then fell on his hand and one knee and dropped his musket. As he was rising, and before he could recover his feet, another Indian stabbed him in the back of the neck with an iron dagger. He then fell into a bit of water, about knee-deep, where others crowded upon him and endeavored to keep him under; but, struggling very strongly with them, he got his head up, and, casting his look towards the pinnace, seemed to solicit assistance. Though the boat was not above five or six yards distant from him, yet, from the crowded and confused state of the crew, it seems it was not in their power to save him. The Indians got him under again, but in deeper water. He was, however, able to get his

head up once more, and, being almost spent in the struggle, he naturally turned to the rock and was endeavoring to support himself by it when a savage gave him a blow with a club, and he was seen alive no more. They hauled him up lifeless on the rocks, where they seemed to take a savage pleasure in using every barbarity to his dead body, snatching the daggers out of each other's hands to have the horrid satisfaction of piercing the fallen victim of their barbarous rage.

"I need make no reflection on the great loss we suffered on this occasion, or attempt to describe what we felt. It is enough to say, that no man was ever more beloved or admired; and it is truly painful to reflect, that he seems to have fallen a sacrifice merely for want of being properly supported; a fate singularly to be lamented, as having fallen to his lot who had ever been conspicuous for his care of those under his command, and who seemed, to the last, to pay as much attention to their preservation, as to that of his own life.

"If anything could have added to the shame and indignation universally felt on this occasion, it was to find that his remains had been deserted and left exposed on the beach, although they might have been brought off. It appears from the information of four or five midshipmen, who arrived on the spot at the conclusion of the fatal business, that the beach was then almost entirely deserted by the Indians, who at length had given way to the fire of the boats, and dispersed through the town; so that there seemed no great obstacle to prevent the recovery of Captain Cook's body; but the lieutenant returned on board without making the attempt. It is unnecessary to dwell longer on this painful subject, and to relate the complaints and censures that fell on the conduct of the lieutenant. It will be sufficient to observe, that they were so loud as to oblige Captain Clerke to notice them, and to take the depositions of his accusers down in writing. The Captain's bad state of health and approaching dissolution, it is supposed, induced him to destroy these papers a short time before his death.

"It is a painful task to be obliged to notice circumstances which seem to reflect upon the character of any man. A strict regard to truth, however, compelled me to the insertion of these facts, which I have offered merely as facts, without presuming to connect with them any comment of my own: esteeming it the part of a faithful historian 'to extenuate nothing, nor set down aught in malice.'

"The fatal accident happened at eight o'clock in the morning, about an hour after Captain Cook landed. It did not seem that the king or his sons were witnesses of it; but it is supposed that they withdrew in the midst of the tumult. The principal actors were the other chiefs, many of them the king's relations and attendants: the man who stabbed him with the dagger was called Nooah. I happened to be the only one who recollected his person, from having on a former occasion mentioned his name in the journal I kept. I was induced to take particular notice of him, more from his personal appearance than any other consideration, though he was of high rank, and a near relation of the king: he was stout and tall, with a fierce look and demeanor, and one who united in his figure the two qualities of strength and agility, in a greater degree than ever I remembered to have seen in any other man. His age might be about thirty, and by the white scurf on his skin, and his sore eyes, he appeared to be a hard drinker of kava. He was a constant companion of the king, with whom I first saw him when he paid a visit to Captain Clerke. The chief who struck Captain Cook with the club was called Karimano, craha, but I did not know him by his name. These circumstances I learned of honest Kaireekea, the priest; who added that they were both held in great esteem on account of that action; neither of them came near us afterwards. When the boats left the shore, the Indians carried away the dead body of Captain Cook and those of the marines to the rising ground, at the back of the town, where we could plainly see them with our glasses from the ships.

"This most melancholy accident appears to have been altogether unexpected and unforeseen, as well on the part of the natives as ourselves. I never saw sufficient reason to induce me to believe that there was anything of design, or a preconcerted plan on their side, or that they purposely sought to quarrel with us; thieving, which gave rise to the whole, they were equally guilty of in our first and second visits. It was the cause of every misunderstanding

that happened between us: their petty thefts were generally overlooked, but sometimes slightly punished; the boat, which they at last ventured to take away, was an object of no small magnitude to people in our situation, who could not possibly replace her, and therefore not slightly to be given up. We had no other chance of recovering her, but by getting the person of the king into our possession: on our attempting to do that, the natives became alarmed for his safety, and naturally opposed those whom they deemed his enemies. In the sudden conflict that ensued, we had the unspeakable misfortune of losing our excellent commander, in the manner already related. It is in this light the affair has always appeared to me as entirely accidental, and not in the least owing to any previous offence received, or jealousy of our second visit entertained by the natives.

"Pareah seems to have been the principal instrument in bringing about this fatal disaster. We learned afterwards, that it was he who had employed some people to steal the boat: the king did not seem to be privy to it, or even apprised of what had happened, till Captain Cook landed.

"It was generally remarked that, at first, the Indians showed great resolution in facing our fire-arms; but it was entirely owing to ignorance of their effect. They thought that their thick mats would defend them from a ball, as well as from a stone; but being soon convinced of their error, yet still at a loss to account how such execution was done among them, they had recourse to a stratagem, which, though it answered no other purpose, served to show their ingenuity and quickness of invention. Observing the flashes of the muskets, they naturally concluded that water would counteract their effect, and therefore, very sagaciously, dipped their mats, or armor, in the sea, just as they came on to face our people; but finding this last resource to fail them, they soon dispersed, and left the beach entirely clear. It was an object they never neglected, even at the greatest hazard, to carry off their slain; a custom probably owing to the barbarity with which they treat the dead body of an enemy, and the trophies they make of his bones."

In consequence of this barbarity of disposition, the whole remains of Captain Cook could not be recovered. For, though every exertion was made for that purpose, though negotiations and threatenings were alternately employed, little more than the principal part of his bones (and that with great difficulty) could be procured. By the possession of them, our navigators were enabled to perform the last offices of their eminent and unfortunate commander. The bones, having been put into a coffin, and the service being read over them, were committed to the deep, on the 21st, with the usual military honors. What were the feelings of the companies of both the ships, on this occasion, must be left to the world to conceive; for those who were present know that it is not in the power of any pen to express them.

A SONG OF WINTER.

[**Frances H. Greene** (whose maiden name was **Whipple**), an American prose and poetical writer, was born in Smithfield, R. I., in 1805, died in California in 1875. Educated in Providence, she married an artist in 1842, in which year she printed anonymously several writings in behalf of the Dorr rebellion in Rhode Island. In 1848 she was editor of *The Young Lady's Journal* in New York. Her poems are numerous, and include *Songs of the Winds* and *Nanuntenoo, a Legend of the Narragansetts*, which are marked by energy and close observation of nature. Her prose writings include *Memoir of Eleanor Eldridge* (1843); *Might and Right: a History of the Dorr Rebellion* (1844); and *Shahmah in Pursuit of Freedom* (1858).]

His gathering mantle of fleecy snow
The winter-king wrapped around him,
And flashing with ice-wrought gems below
Was the regal zone that bound him.
He went abroad in his kingly state,
By the poor man's door, by the palace-gate.

Then his minstrel winds, on either hand
The music of frost-days humming,
Flew fast before him through all the land,
Crying, "Winter—winter is coming!"
And they sang a song in their deep, loud voice
That made the heart of their king rejoice;

For it spake of strength and it told of power,
And the mighty will that moved him—
Of all the joys of the fireside hour,
And the gentle hearts that loved him—
Of affections sweetly interwrought
With the play of wit and the flow of thought.

LOUIC AP'L FINK

GEBBIE & CO

A SONG OF WINTER

He has left his home in the starry North
  On a mission high and holy,
And now in his pride he is going forth
  To strengthen the weak and lowly,
While his vigorous breath is on the breeze,
And he lifts up Health from wan Disease.

We bow to his sceptre's supreme behest;
  He is rough, but never unfeeling,
And a voice comes up from his icy breast,
  To our kindness ever appealing;
By the comfortless hut, on the desolate moor,
He is pleading earnestly for the poor.

While deep in his bosom the heart lies warm,
  And there the future he cherisheth;
Nor clinging root nor seedling form,
  Its genial depths embracing, perisheth;
But safely and tenderly he will keep
The delicate flower-gems while they sleep.

The mountain heard the sounding blast
  Of the winds from their wild horn blowing,
And his rough cheek paled as on they passed,
  And the river checked his flowing;
Then, with ringing laugh and echoing shout,
The merry schoolboys all came out.

And see them now as away they go,
  With the long, bright plane before them,
In its sparkling girdle of silvery snow,
  And the blue arch bending o'er them,
While every bright cheek brighter grows,
Blooming with health, our winter rose.

The shrub looked up and the tree looked down,
  For with ice-gems each was crested,
And flashing diamonds lit the crown
  That on the old oak rested;
And the forest shone in gorgeous array,
For the spirits of winter kept holiday.

So on the joyous skaters fly,
  With no thought of a coming sorrow,
For never a brightly-beaming eye
  Has dreamed of the tears of to-morrow.
Be free and be happy, then, while ye may,
And rejoice in the blessing of to-day.

COUNTRY LIFE.

[**Ludwig Heinrich Christoph Hölty.** The poet, Hölty, was born December 21st, 1748, at Marienssee, in Hanover, where his father was a preacher. His early education was superintended by his father. He gave precocious indications of a love of learning, but his health was feeble from his childhood up. He was sent to school in Celle, and in 1766 entered the University of Göttingen as a student of theology. He occupied himself much with poetry, and assisted in forming the Poetical Society. He died September 1st, 1776.]

Happy the man who has the town escaped!
To him the whistling trees, the murmuring
    brooks,
  The shining pebbles, preach
  Virtue's and wisdom's lore.

The whispering grove a holy temple is
To him, where God draws nigher to his soul;
  Each verdant sod a shrine,
  Whereby he kneels to Heaven.

The nightingale on him sings slumber down—
The nightingale rewakes him, fluting sweet,
  When shines the lovely red
  Of morning through the trees.

Then he admires thee in the plain, O God!—
In the ascending pomp of dawning day—
  Thee in thy glorious sun—
  The worm—the budding branch.

Where coolness gushes, in the waving grass,
Or o'er the flowers streams the fountain,
    rests:
  Inhales the breath of prime,
  The gentle airs of eve.

His straw-decked thatch, where doves bask in
    the sun,
And play and hop, invites to sweeter rest
  Than golden halls of state
  Or beds of down afford.

To him the plumy people sporting chirp,
Chatter, and whistle, on his basket perch,
  And from his quiet hand
  Pick crumbs, or peas, or grains.

Oft wanders he alone, and thinks on death;
And in the village churchyard by the graves
  Sits, and beholds the cross,—
  Death's waving garland there,—

The stone beneath the elders, where a text
Of Scripture teaches joyfully to die,—

And with his scythe stands Death,—
An angel, too, with palms.

Happy the man who thus hath 'scaped the town!
Him did an angel bless when he was born,—
The cradle of the boy
With flowers celestial strewed.

GITJE.

[**Busken-Huet**, though not the greatest Dutch novelist, may yet be pronounced representative of national life, for in his pages we meet with realistic pictures of Dutch every-day existence, such as are revealed to us by the paintings of Brouwer, Ostade, Teniers, Jan Steen, De Hooghe, and others. Busken-Huet was born at the Hague 1828, and educated at its public school. In 1844 he became a student at the University of Leyden, and passed thence to Switzerland, completing his studies at Geneva and Lausanne. In 1851 he was appointed minister to the Walloon congregation at Haarlem. Huet is not only, or chiefly, a novelist, though he has produced many novelettes of the kind of which we give a short specimen. He has also written a novel in two volumes, called *Lidewyde*. There is no lack of beauty in this work, though it is marred by many blemishes. The work proved that Huet could never become a great novelist, and what he has published since confirms this opinion. His most remarkable productions are his essays, especially his *Eerste Fantasiën*.]

If any one had asked us at that time—we speak of our childish, our boyish years—concerning the name and appearance of Brigitta van der Plas, we should have answered, "Whom do you mean? We have not the honor of knowing such a lady." Had the rejoinder been, "What! you do not know Brigitta van der Plas, the seamstress, who was in the service of your parents so many years!" we should have replied again with the exclamation, "Ah, you mean Gitje, our seamstress! Yes, indeed, we know her very well. Give us a pair of scissors and a piece of paper; we will at once make you a likeness of her. But how could we have thought that Brigitta van der Plas was the same person as our Gitje?"

You may be sure we never heard her called anything but Gitje. The future master or mistress begins already as a child to show an aristocratic, no doubt, a well-educated indifference to the fate and the circumstances of the servants. But work-people's children also have aristocratic feelings. We, who were the children of well-to-do people, had never given it a thought, either that Gitje could be the abbreviation of Brigitta, or that our seamstress could allow herself the luxury of a family name. Still you might say van der Plas sounds modest and simple enough.

Three or four times a week Gitje came to practice her trade at our parents' house. One of her regular occupations was to mend our blue-and-white-striped blouses, in whose sleeves we managed to tear such wonderfully large holes. At other times she would iron upstairs in the nursery, the windows of which looked out on the garden, in which also stood a mangle and a linen-press. She was a beautiful ironer. When she had put her irons to the fire and all was in order, she would take the ironing-board from the wall against which it leaned, and put it down in the usual way, *i. e.*, like a bridge, with one end resting on the trestle-table and with the other on the back of a chair. Thus Gitje, standing in the middle, had plenty of room to move her arms and put her things down. The board was swathed in a half-scorched woollen blanket, and reminded us of a thin old woman covered with a flannel vest. There was nothing more amusing than to watch Gitje when she ironed our sister's ball-dresses. After they had been damped and rolled up sufficiently long, she would take up a dress, and, lifting the ironing-board at one side, slip the frock over it. Then she took one of the irons out of the red-hot iron pot at her left-hand side, held it for a moment very close to her cheek to feel if it was as hot as she wanted, rubbed it lightly on a cloth lying for that purpose at her right hand, and then began her real operations. The ball-dress, first a limp, draggled, shapeless mass, gained crispness and form with every touch of the iron. My sisters were only half satisfied if they were going to a ball and any one but Gitje ironed their dresses.

Once a month* the scene of Gitje's

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[1] A wash once a month in a Dutch household is called a children's wash. The house-linen and the body-linen of the grown-up people are only sent away to be washed three or four times a year. The above description applies to the present day, with the exception that the mistress does not now generally help in the work, and that instead of the breakfast-room, the linen is dressed in the upper or lower parts of the house.

labors was down stairs in the breakfast-room. This happened when the linen had come home. The family to which we belonged was a very large one, and consequently our washing was also large. Now we purpose to describe the management of a very large one; large not in the etymological sense, but in the technical. Gitje's help was indispensable. She descended from the less sacred sphere of the nursery, and was closeted with our mother in the breakfast-room, the holy of holies. Nothing was more fascinating than to watch our mother and Gitje stretch the numerous tablecloths and sheets. They did it exceedingly neatly; ay, not only neatly, but with energy, with enthusiasm. They stood at the head and foot of the large oblong table. The sheets, still unstretched, lay in gradually diminishing piles on the left-hand side, while those already stretched lay in an ever increasing heap upon the right. In the middle lay their present victim, several yards long, and pale as death, while they pinched it between their fingers. Their elbows pressed closely to their sides, their right feet forward, the upper part of their body thrown backwards, stood the two women, the mistress and the maid, and stretched, stretched, stretched as fast as they could—types of simplicity and fulfilment of duty, and pictures of Dutch home-life. For us, who looked on passively, but nevertheless with the greatest interest, the question of questions was: will Gitje presently draw our mother over the table? or will our mother be quicker than she and draw Gitje across? Will our mother drop the sheet? or will Gitje open her fingers, and, as a preventive measure proceeding solely from a principle of permissible self-defence, play a trick upon our mother? or will the sheet tear in the middle? Will Gitje keep one end in her hand and our mother the other? and will the sorrowful close of the matter be that Gitje's head will fall against the mantelpiece, while our mother's will recoil against the wainscot, and thus both of them be hurt?

Meanwhile the dexterous women stood immovable, emulating each other in perseverance. The pile on the right grew bigger and bigger, and before dinner-time the heap on the left had disappeared.

With the beginning of autumn came the preserving of greens and fruits. Good gracious! what a number of things were brought into our house with Gitje's assistance! We, who never felt too grand to help for a little while, if required, with the mangling, used also in our childhood, under Gitje's guidance, to string a great many beans, especially the small French beans. Afterwards, when we could be trusted without danger with a knife, we also helped with the large beans, which, as you know, are so much more difficult to manage. Besides this, we saw Gitje throw numberless white cabbages into a cask, after she had cut them into little bits. Then she pressed them down with a wooden pestle, and, last of all, she covered them with a few heavy stones placed on a board nearly as large as the width of the cask. This is to induce fermentation in the contents of the cask, in contradiction to the Dutch proverb, "What lies in the cask does not ferment."

What lies in the cask does not turn sour. So people say; and it would be ignoble to undermine the hopeful trust in the future embodied in this proverb. Gitje too spoke in this manner as often as she thought of Leendert van Kuyk, and this happened now and then. You ask why? Well, here our narrative takes quite a new turn. He was, and had been for years and days, her lover. At the time of which we are speaking the silver wedding of their engagement already lay far, far behind them. "Incredible!" you exclaim. Well, I cannot give you faith. We can assure you, as a well-sifted and well-confirmed fact, that Brigitta van der Plas had been for twenty-seven years the sweetheart of Leendert van Kuyk. And then? Then Leendert van Kuyk died of the cholera at the age of fifty-five.

His profession was making fishing-tackle. We used to buy angling-rods, fishing-lines, hooks, and floats in great quantities at his little shop; and sometimes, poor though he was, he would make us a present for Gitje's sake. At that time we really did not know that he led such a poor life. On the contrary, we thought him very well off indeed. Had he not a large stock in his little shop, an enviable abundance of fishing tools? Did it not make our mouths water to see his angling-rods, his trammels and drag-nets; his imitation breeze-flies, dunflies, gadflies, beetles, and other kinds of bait? We dreamed of nothing more precious or desirable than his worm-boxes, made of

painted tin, and intended to be worn slung across the shoulders, as a cavalry officer carries his cartridge-boxes. But, even if we had been acquainted with Leendert's poor circumstances, we should none the less have accepted his presents. Children are not only haughty, but greedy. See how, after the death of a little brother or sister, they immediately confiscate the dead child's toys—dolls with real hair and movable eyes, magic-lanterns, humming-tops—and divide them, wrangling as to ownership. You see at once these are grown-up people in the bud. The wolf-nature is already in them. The first time they will share a real inheritance you will see them attack it with greed, unless they have learnt in the mean time to behave themselves in accordance with the requirements of society.

Leendert and Gitje were not exactly a nice-looking couple, still they were not repulsive. They belonged to those worthy, lovable people, to whose features one pays no attention after one has spent two days in their company. Goodness and fidelity, the foundations of their character, radiated from both their faces. In the summer holidays, early in the morning, before day-break, Leendert would take us out fishing; and then his kindness was boundless. He woke us by ringing the bell, and then waited patiently at the street-door till we were ready; carried our barrels for us, showed us the places where we should have the best chances, gave us his own paste and worms, and presented us with the greater part of his catch. He fished splendidly. Do not fancy every one can fish if he likes. Angling especially requires much instinct and long practice. The tales Leendert told us of his exploits and good luck—of innumerable three-pounder perches which he had caught one after another in a small ditch; of eels which he had to split up to their tails to regain his fishing-hook; of pikes which had swum away with his rod; of bleeding tenches that cry like new-born babes; of large eels which he had skinned in the morning, and which bit his finger next evening. We believed them all, as we did the *Arabian Nights*. Two things in special we learnt from him. In the first place, how to put a new hook on the line, and to cover it over with tin-foil, so that it hung quite straight, and did not slope away from the float; an indispensable condition, that alone makes it possible for the angler to know surely if, and in what measure, the fish has bitten. In the second place, we brought from the school of Gitje's faithful lover this lesson: when the fish has really bitten, and the angler is ready to strike, he should always do so by pushing it, and not by pulling. In the latter case, when the little fish has not bitten well, it swims away backwards with your bait in its mouth, and grants you at most a bloody piece of its gill. In the former case you oblige the creature to tumble, and by so doing you insert with deadly force the angle through the horny substance of the open lips.

Of Gitje's appearance in her spring-time, when she was twenty-three years of age, and plighted her troth to her Leendert, he himself could have told you more than we are able to do, had not the great angler, Death, taken him away. At the time of which we are speaking all womanly beauty had fled from her. She was then between forty and fifty, very tall, looking delicate and weak, suffering much from catarrhs and rheumatism, and carrying always a silver snuff-box (containing coarse snuff and a tonga-bean) about her. Now that we have grown older and wiser, we do not think these peculiarities at all ridiculous. On the contrary, we feel that we have a right to make Leendert's betrothed, who was fifty-five years old, and who carried a tonga-bean in her pocket, the heroine of a novelette. While yet a child, and having never pondered the rudiments of our art, we laughed at Gitje's tediously long engagement and her old-maidish complaints. For children are not only haughty and greedy—they are also cruel. They like to laugh at the misfortunes they do not understand. We did not, however, commit this cruelty. But this was not from amiability of disposition, but because the true relations between Leendert and our seamstress were not known to us till the funeral of the former, and because we had never even wondered why this man treated us with such marked kindness.

The first information of Leendert's death, and of his long courtship of Gitje, did not make us laugh, you may be sure; but still it did not make that impression which the sad event deserved. This proves that, had we been sooner informed, we should undoubtedly have made many

jokes about Gitje and her lover. We heard the news from our mother, in answer to our question why, on a certain morning, Gitje had not come.

"What is the reason Gitje has not come to-day?"

"Leendert is dead, and is at this moment being buried."

THE PRAISE OF IRON.

[**Valerius Wilhelm Neubeck.** This poet was born January 29th, 1765, at Arnstadt, in the principality of Schwarzburg-Sondershausen. He studied at the school of his native place, and at the Knight's Academy at Liegnitz, in Silesia; afterwards at the Universities of Göttingen and Jena, from the latter of which he received his medical degree in 1788. He acquired his reputation as a didactic poet by a poem upon the "Mineral Springs," an extract from which is given below. This was followed by a poem on the "Destruction of the Earth after the Final Judgment" (Liegnitz, 1785). He wrote, also, lyrical pieces, and a drama. A collection of his works appeared at Leipsic in 1827.]

Now strike, my lyre, thy strongest, fullest tones! —
Now sing the praise of Iron! 'Mongst the bards,
So potent in Thuiskon's sacred land,
None sang the fruits of the Teutonic hills;
No festal lay was heard to Iron's praise
Beneath the sacred oaks, which stretch their roots
Down to the silent caves, where Nature bids
Her seeds to germ and ripe in gentle growth.
Hail, noble present of our native heights!
Despised by many, who, with foolish sense,
Gold's treacherous splendor more revere, and covet
More than thee, Iron, and thy modest sheen!
Ye sons of Herrmann! undervalue not,
Scorn not, this treasure of your native mountains!
Hear me! I sing the worth of native wealth!
Say—whence doth War derive his glittering arms?
'Tis Iron, hardened in the tempering fire
To steel, and fashioned on the anvil-head,
Then sharpened by the artist's busy hand,
That arms the hero—Iron guards his breast.
Hail, noble tribute of our native heights!
Accept the incense of my song!—thou giv'st
The avenging sword into his hand to wage
The war of Justice; thou assistest him
To conquer for his country in the field.
Yet greater is thy praise in peace, and fairer
Thy blessing! Verily, I love thee more,
My song more fervently salutes thee, when
The workman's hand hath on the anvil shaped
Thee to the shining arms of Peace, which ne'er
Inhuman warriors with the innocent blood
Shall stain of slumbering infants. Evermore
The softest rural joys expand my heart,
And from my quivering lips in holy hymns
Stream out, whene'er I see thee, shining, peep
From out the clodded furrow; when I hear
The sweeping scythe upon the flowery mead;
Or, 'midst the sinking ears, the grateful sound
Of the shrill sickle, where the nutbrown maid
Weaves the blue corn-flowers in the wisp of straw,
To bind the fairest sheaf; when, in the time,
The merry vintage-time, I hear the knife
Rubbed on the grating whetstone, to collect
The gifts of Autumn on the clustered hills.
Hail, useful ore! the choir of social Arts
Join with my numbers, in thy well-earned praise.
Ne'er had Praxiteles the marble formed
With silver chisel into breathing life;
No palace from the mountain's rocky ribs,
Corinthian-built, had risen, without thee,
To the astonished clouds;—without thy help,
Arachne's art would never know to trace
The varied picture on the glossy silk.
Say, would the horse, if shod with purest gold,
More safely scour the ice, or climb the mountain-path?
O, how would the bold pilot in the wastes
Of ocean find a way, when, round about,
The heavens are hung with dreary, stormy clouds,
Like curtains, shutting out the friendly stars,
Which else, through labyrinths of treacherous sands
And hurrying whirlpools, by a golden clue
Would safely lead him, that he founder not?
Through the dread night art thou, respondent needle,

To him a faithful oracle, which reads,
With magic tremblings, in what cloudy range
Of heaven, the Dog-star, where Arcturus, where
The sevenfold Pleiads and Orion shine.

BROTHER, COME HOME.

[**Catherine H. W. Esling,** formerly Miss Waterman, was born in Philadelphia in 1812. In 1840 she was married to Mr. Esling, of Philadelphia. As a contributor to the periodicals of the day Miss Waterman obtained great and deserved celebrity. In 1850 Mrs. Esling published *The Broken Bracelet and other Poems*, Philadelphia, 12mo.

"Her poems are the expressions of a true woman's soul; she excels in portraying feeling, and in expressing the warm and tender emotions of one to whom *home* has ever been the lodestar of the soul. In pathos and delicacy she has few equals."—*Mrs. Hale's Woman's Record.*]

Come home!
Would I could send my spirit o'er the deep!
Would I could wing it like a bird to thee,
To commune with thy thoughts, to fill thy sleep
With these unwearying words of melody,
Brother, come home!

Come home!
Come to the hearts that love thee, to the eyes
That beam in gladness but to gladden thine;
Come where fond thoughts like holiest incense rise,
Where cherished Memory rears her altar's shrine;
Brother, come home!

Come home!
Come to the hearthstone of thy earlier days,
Come to the ark like the o'erwearied dove;
Come with the sunlight of thy heart's warm rays,
Come to the fireside circle of thy love;
Brother, come home!

Come home!
It is not home without thee. The lone seat
Is still unclaimed where thou wert wont to be;
In every echo of returning feet
In vain we list for what should herald thee;
Brother, come home!

Come home!
We 've nursed for thee the sunny buds of spring,
Watched every germ the full-blown flowers rear,
Seen o'er their bloom the chilly winter bring
Its icy garlands, and thou art not here;
Brother, come home!

Come home!
Would I could send my spirit o'er the deep!
Would I could wing it like a bird to thee,
To commune with thy thoughts, to fill thy sleep
With these unwearying words of melody,
Brother, come home!

PAUL AND VIRGINIA.

BY BERNARDIN DE ST. PIERRE.[1]

Situate on the eastern side of the mountain which rises above Port Louis, in the Mauritius, upon a piece of land bearing the marks of former cultivation, are seen the ruins of two small cottages. These ruins are not far from the centre of a valley, formed by immense rocks, and which opens only towards the north. On the left rises the mountain called the Height of Discovery, whence the eye marks the distant sail when it first touches the verge of the horizon, and whence the signal is given when a vessel approaches the island. At the foot of this mountain stands the town of Port Louis. On the right is formed the road which stretches from Port Louis to the Shaddock Grove, where the church bearing that name lifts its head, surrounded by the avenues of bamboo, in the middle of a spacious plain; and the prospect terminates in a forest extending to the furthest bounds of the island. The front view presents the bay, denominated the Bay of the Tomb; a little on the right is seen the Cape of Misfortune; and beyond rolls the expanded ocean, on the surface of which appear a few uninhabited islands; and, among others, the Point of Endeavor, which resembles a bastion built upon the flood.

[1] For biography of the author, see Vol. VIII., page 380, *Library of Choice Literature.*

To this scene I loved to resort, as I could here enjoy at once the richness of an unbounded landscape and the charm of uninterrupted solitude. One day, when I was seated at the foot of the cottages, and contemplating their ruins, a man, advanced in years, passed near the spot. He was dressed in the ancient garb of the island, his feet were bare, and he leaned upon a staff of ebony: his hair was white, and the expression of his countenance was dignified and interesting. I bowed to him with respect; he returned the salutation; and, after looking at me with some earnestness, came and placed himself upon the hillock on which I was seated. Encouraged by this mark of confidence, I thus addressed him: "Father, can you tell me to whom those cottages once belonged?" "My son," replied the old man, "those heaps of rubbish and that untilled land were, twenty years ago, the property of two families, who then found happiness in this solitude. Their history is affecting; but what European, pursuing his way to the Indies, will pause one moment to interest himself in the fate of a few obscure individuals? What European can picture happiness to his imagination amidst poverty and neglect? The curiosity of mankind is only attracted by the history of the great, and yet from that knowledge little use can be derived." "Father," I rejoined, "from your manner and your observation, I perceive that you have acquired much experience of human life. If you have leisure, relate to me, I beseech you, the history of the ancient inhabitants of this desert; and be assured, that even the men who are most perverted by the prejudices of the world, find a soothing pleasure in contemplating that happiness which belongs to simplicity and virtue." The old man, after a short silence, during which he leaned his face upon his hands, as if he were trying to recall the images of the past, thus began his narration:

Monsieur de la Tour, a young man who was a native of Normandy, after having in vain solicited a commission in the French army, or some support from his own family, at length determined to seek his fortune in this island, where he arrived in 1726. He brought hither a young woman, whom he loved tenderly, and by whom he was no less tenderly beloved. She belonged to a rich and ancient family of the same province, but he had married her secretly and without fortune, and in opposition to the will of her relations, who refused their consent because he was found guilty of being descended from parents who had no claims to nobility. Monsieur de la Tour, leaving his wife at Port Louis, embarked for Madagascar, in order to purchase a few slaves, to assist him in forming a plantation on this island. He landed at Madagascar during that unhealthy season which commences about the middle of October, and soon after his arrival died of the pestilential fever, which prevails in that island six months of the year, and which will forever baffle the attempts of the European nations to form establishments on that fatal soil. His effects were seized upon by the rapacity of strangers, as commonly happens to persons dying in foreign parts; and his wife, who was pregnant, found herself a widow in a country where she had neither credit nor acquaintance, and no earthly possession, or rather support, but one negro woman. Too delicate to solicit protection or relief from any one else after the death of him whom alone she loved, misfortune armed her with courage, and she resolved to cultivate, with her slave, a little spot of ground, and procure for herself the means of subsistence.

Desert as was the island, and the ground left to the choice of the settler, she avoided those spots which were most fertile and most favorable to commerce; seeking some nook of the mountain, some secret asylum, where she might live solitary and unknown, she bent her way from the town towards these rocks, where she might conceal herself from observation. All sensitive and suffering creatures, from a sort of common instinct, fly for refuge amidst their pains to haunts the most wild and desolate; as if rocks could form a rampart against misfortune—as if the calm of nature could hush the tumults of the soul. That Providence, which lends its support when we ask but the supply of our necessary wants, had a blessing in reserve for Madame de la Tour, which neither riches nor greatness can purchase—this blessing was a friend.

The spot to which Madame de la Tour had fled had already been inhabited for a year by a young woman of a lively, good-natured, and affectionate disposition. Margaret (for that was her name) was born in Brittany, of a family of peasants, by whom

she was cherished and beloved, and with whom she might have passed through life in simple rustic happiness, if, mislead by the weakness of a tender heart, she had not listened to the passion of a gentleman in the neighborhood, who promised her marriage. He soon abandoned her, and, adding inhumanity to seduction, refused to insure a provision for the child of which she was pregnant. Margaret then determined to leave forever her native village, and retire, where her fault might be concealed, to some colony distant from that country where she had lost the only portion of a poor peasant girl—her reputation. With some borrowed money she purchased an old negro slave, with whom she cultivated a little corner of this district.

Madame de la Tour, followed by her negro woman, came to this spot, where she found Margaret engaged in suckling her child. Soothed and charmed by the sight of a person in a situation somewhat similar to her own, Madame de la Tour related, in a few words, her past condition and her present wants. Margaret was deeply affected by the recital; and, more anxious to merit confidence than to create esteem, she confessed without disguise the errors of which she had been guilty.

"As for me," said she, "I deserve my fate; but you, madame—you! at once virtuous and unhappy"—and, sobbing, she offered Madame de la Tour both her hut and her friendship. That lady, affected by this tender reception, pressed her in her arms, and exclaimed: "Ah, surely heaven has put an end to my misfortunes, since it inspires you, to whom I am a stranger, with more goodness toward me than I have ever experienced from my own relations!"

I was acquainted with Margaret, and, although my habitation is a league and a half from hence, in the woods behind that sloping mountain, I considered myself as her neighbor. In the cities of Europe a street, even a simple wall, frequently prevents members of the same family from meeting for years; but in new colonies we consider those persons as neighbors from whom we are divided only by woods and mountains; and above all at that period, when this island had little intercourse with the Indies, vicinity alone gave a claim to friendship, and hospitality towards strangers seemed less a duty than a pleasure. No sooner was I informed that Margaret had found a companion than I hastened to her, in the hope of being useful to my neighbor and her guest. I found Madame de la Tour possessed of all those melancholy graces which, by blending sympathy with admiration, gave to beauty additional power. Her countenance was interesting, expressive at once of dignity and dejection. She appeared to be in the last stage of her pregnancy. I told the two friends that, for the future interest of their children, and to prevent the intrusion of any other settler, they had better divide between them the property of this wild, sequestered valley, which is nearly twenty acres in extent. They confided that task to me, and I marked out two equal portions of land. One included the higher part of this inclosure, from the cloudy pinnacle of that rock, whence springs the river of Fan-Palms, to that precipitous cleft which you see on the summit of the mountain, and which, from its resemblance in form to the battlement of a fortress, is called the Embrasure. It is difficult to find a path along this wild portion of the inclosure, the soil of which is encumbered with fragments of rock, or worn into channels formed by torrents, yet it produces noble trees and innumerable springs and rivulets. The other portion of land comprised the plain extending along the banks of the river of Fan-Palms to the opening where we are now seated, whence the river takes its course between those two hills, until it falls into the sea. You may still trace the vestiges of some meadow land; and this part of the common is less rugged, but not more valuable than the other, since in the rainy season it becomes marshy, and in dry weather is so hard and unyielding, that it will almost resist the stroke of a pickaxe. When I had thus divided the property, I persuaded my neighbors to draw lots for their respective possessions. The higher portion of land, containing the source of the river of Fan-Palms, became the property of Madame de la Tour; the lower, comprising the plain on the banks of the river, was allotted to Margaret; and each seemed satisfied with her share. They entreated me to place their habitations together, that they might at all times enjoy the soothing intercourse of friendship, and the consolation of mutual kind offices. Margaret's cottage was situated

near the centre of the valley, and just on the boundary of her own plantation. Close to that spot I built another cottage for the residence of Madame de la Tour; and thus the two friends, while they possessed all the advantages of neighborhood, lived on their own property. I myself cut palisades from the mountain, and brought leaves of fan-palms from the seashore in order to construct those two cottages, of which you can now discern neither the entrance nor the roof. Yet, alas! there still remain but too many traces for my remembrance! Time, which so rapidly destroys the proud monuments of empires, seems in this desert to spare those of friendship, as if to perpetuate my regrets to the last hour of my existence.

As soon as the second cottage was finished, Madame de la Tour was delivered of a girl. I had been the godfather of Margaret's child, who was christened by the name of Paul. Madame de la Tour desired me to perform the same office for her child also, together with her friend, who gave her the name of Virginia. "She will be virtuous," cried Margaret, "and she will be happy. I have only known misfortune by wandering from virtue."

About the time Madame de la Tour recovered, these two little estates had already begun to yield some produce, perhaps in a small degree owing to the care which I occasionally bestowed on their improvement, but far more to the indefatigable labors of the two slaves. Margaret's slave, who was called Domingo, was still healthy and robust, though advanced in years: he possessed some knowledge, and a good natural understanding. He cultivated indiscriminately, on both plantations, the spots of ground that seemed most fertile, and sowed whatever grain he thought most congenial to each particular soil. Where the ground was poor, he strewed maize; where it was most fruitful, he planted wheat: and rice in such spots as were marshy. He threw the seeds of gourds and cucumbers at the foot of the rocks, which they loved to climb and decorate with their luxuriant foliage. In dry spots he cultivated the sweet potato; the cotton tree flourished upon the heights, and the sugar-cane grew in the clayey soil. He reared some plants of coffee on the hills, where the grain, although small, is excellent. His plantain-trees, which spread their grateful shade on the banks of the river, and encircled the cottages, yielded fruit throughout the year. And lastly, Domingo, to soothe his cares, cultivated a few plants of tobacco. Sometimes he was employed in cutting wood for firing from the mountain, sometimes in hewing pieces of rock within the enclosure, in order to level the paths. The zeal which inspired him enabled him to perform all these labors with intelligence and activity. He was much attached to Margaret, and not less to Madame de la Tour, whose negro woman, Mary, he had married on the birth of Virginia; and he was passionately fond of his wife. Mary was born at Madagascar, and had there acquired the knowledge of some useful arts. She could weave baskets, and a sort of stuff, with long grass that grows in the woods. She was active, cleanly, and above all, faithful. It was her care to prepare their meals, to rear the poultry, and go sometimes to Port Louis, to sell the superfluous produce of these little plantations, which was not, however, very considerable. If you add to the personages already mentioned, two goats which were brought up with the children, and a great dog, which kept watch at night, you will have a complete idea of the household, as well as of the productions of these two little farms.

Madame de la Tour and her friend were constantly employed in spinning cotton for the use of their families. Destitute of everything which their own industry could not supply, at home they went barefooted: shoes were a convenience reserved for Sunday, on which day, at an early hour, they attended mass at the Church of the Shaddock Grove, which you see yonder. That church was more distant from their homes than Port Louis; but they seldom visited the town, lest they should be treated with contempt on account of their dress, which consisted simply of the coarse blue linen of Bengal, usually worn by slaves. But is there, in that external deference which fortune commands, a compensation for domestic happiness? If these interesting women had something to suffer from the world, their homes on that very account became more dear to them. No sooner did Mary and Domingo, from this elevated spot, perceive their mistresses on the road of the Shaddock Grove, than

they flew to the foot of the mountain in order to help them to ascend. They discerned in the looks of their domestics the joy which their return excited. They found in their retreat neatness, independence, all the blessings which are the recompense of toil, and they received the zealous services which spring from affection. United by the tie of similar wants, and the sympathy of similar misfortunes, they gave each other the tender names of companion, friend, sister. They had but one will, one interest, one table. All their possessions were in common. And if sometimes a passion more ardent than friendship awakened in their hearts the pang of unavailing anguish, a pure religion united with chaste manners drew their affections towards another life: as the trembling flame rises towards heaven, when it no longer finds any aliment on earth.

. . . . . .

When their children began to speak, the first names they learned to give each other were those of brother and sister, and childhood knows no softer appellation. Their education, by directing them ever to consider each other's wants, tended greatly to increase their affection. In a short time, all the household economy, the care of preparing their rural repasts, became the task of Virginia, whose labors were always crowned with the praises and kisses of her brother. As for Paul, always in motion, he dug the garden with Domingo, or followed him with a little hatchet into the woods; and if in his rambles he espied a beautiful flower, any delicious fruit, or a nest of birds, even at the top of the tree, he would climb up and bring the spoil to his sister. When you met one of these children, you might be sure the other was not far off.

One day as I was coming down that mountain, I saw Virginia at the end of the garden running towards the house with her petticoat thrown over her head, in order to screen herself from a shower of rain. At a distance, I thought she was alone; but as I hastened towards her in order to help her on, I perceived she held Paul by the arm, almost entirely enveloped in the same canopy, and both were laughing heartily at their being sheltered together under an umbrella of their own invention. Those two charming faces in the middle of a swelling petticoat, recalled to my mind the children of Leda, enclosed in the same shell.

Their sole study was how they could please and assist one another; for of all other things they were ignorant, and indeed could neither read nor write. They were never disturbed by inquiries about past times, nor did their curiosity extend beyond the bounds of their mountain. They believed the world ended at the shores of their own island, and all their ideas and all their affections were confined within its limits.

All their early childhood passed thus, like a beautiful dawn, the prelude of a bright day. Already they assisted their mothers in the duties of the household. At twelve years of age the figure of Virginia was in some degree formed; a profusion of light hair shaded her face, to which her blue eyes and coral lips gave the most charming brilliancy. Her eyes sparkled with vivacity when she spoke; but when she was silent they were habitually turned upwards with an expression of extreme sensibility, or rather of tender melancholy. The figure of Paul began already to display the graces of youthful beauty. He was taller than Virginia; his skin was a darker tint; his nose more aquiline; and his black eyes would have been too piercing, if the long eyelashes by which they were shaded, had not imparted to them an expression of softness. He was constantly in motion, except when his sister appeared, and then, seated by her side, he became still. Their meals often passed without a word being spoken; and from their silence, the simple elegance of their attitudes, and the beauty of their naked feet, you might have fancied you beheld an antique group of white marble, representing some of the children of Niobe, but for the glances of their eyes, which were constantly seeking to meet, and their mutual soft and tender smiles, which suggested rather the idea of happy celestial spirits, whose nature is love, and who are not obliged to have recourse to words for the expression of their feelings.

In the mean time Madame de la Tour, perceiving every day some unfolding grace, some new beauty, in her daughter, felt her maternal anxiety increase with her tenderness. She often said to me, "if I were to die, what will become of Virginia without fortune?"

Madame de la Tour had an aunt in

France, who was a woman of quality, rich, old, and a complete devotee. She had behaved with so much cruelty towards her niece upon her marriage, that Madame de la Tour had determined no extremity of distress should ever compel her to have recourse to her hard-hearted relation. But when she became a mother, the pride of resentment was overcome by the stronger feelings of maternal tenderness. She wrote to her aunt, informing her of the sudden death of her husband, and the birth of her daughter, and the difficulties in which she was involved, burdened as she was with an infant, and without means of support. She received no answer; but notwithstanding the high spirit natural to her character, she no longer feared exposing herself to mortification; and, although she knew her aunt would never pardon her for having married a man who was not of noble birth, however estimable, she continued to write to her, with the hope of awakening her compassion for Virginia. Many years, however, passed without receiving any token of her remembrance.

At length, in 1738, three years after the arrival of Monsieur de la Bourdonnais in this island, Madame de la Tour was informed that the Governor had a letter to give her from her aunt. She flew to Port Louis; maternal joy raised her mind above trifling considerations, and she was careless on this occasion of appearing in her homely attire. Monsieur de la Bourdonnais gave her a letter from her aunt, in which she informed her, that she deserved her fate for marrying an adventurer and libertine; that the passions brought with them their own punishment; that the premature death of her husband was a just visitation from Heaven; that she had done well in going to a distant island, rather than dishonor her family by remaining in France; and that, after all, in the colony where she had taken refuge, none but the idle failed to grow rich. Having thus censured her niece, she concluded by eulogizing herself. To avoid, she said, the almost inevitable evils of marriage, she had determined to remain single. In fact, as she was of a very ambitious disposition, she had resolved to marry none but a man of high rank; but although she was very rich, her fortune was not found a sufficient bribe, even at court, to counterbalance the malignant dispositions of her mind, and the disagreeable qualities of her person.

After mature deliberation, she added in a postscript, that she had strongly recommended her niece to Monsieur de la Bourdonnais. This she had indeed done, but in a manner of late too common, which renders a patron perhaps even more to be feared than a declared enemy; for, in order to justify herself for her harshness, she had cruelly slandered her niece, while she affected to pity her misfortunes.

Madame de la Tour, whom no unprejudiced person could have seen without feelings of sympathy and respect, was received with the utmost coolness by Monsieur de la Bourdonnais, biased as he was against her. When she painted to him her own situation and that of her child, he replied in abrupt sentences,—"We will see what can be done—there are so many to relieve—all in good time—why did you displease your aunt?—you have been much to blame."

Madame de la Tour returned to her cottage, her heart torn with grief, and filled with all the bitterness of disappointment. When she arrived she threw her aunt's letter on the table, and exclaimed to her friend, "There is the fruit of eleven years of patient expectation!" Madame de la Tour being the only person in the little circle who could read, she again took up the letter, and read it aloud. Scarcely had she finished, when Margaret exclaimed, "What have we to do with your relations? Has God then forsaken us? He only is our Father! Have we not hitherto been happy? Why then this regret? You have no courage." Seeing Madame de la Tour in tears, she threw herself upon her neck, and pressing her in her arms,—"My dear friend!" cried she, "my dear friend!"—but her emotion choked her utterance. At this sight, Virginia burst into tears, and pressed her mother's and Margaret's hands alternately to her lips and heart; while Paul, his eyes inflamed with anger, cried, clasping his hands together, and stamping with his foot, not knowing whom to blame for this scene of misery. The noise soon brought Domingo and Mary to the spot, and the little habitation resounded with cries of distress,—"Ah, madame!—My good mistress!—My dear mother!—Do not weep!" These tender proofs of affection at length

dispelled the grief of Madame de la Tour. She took Paul and Virginia in her arms, and, embracing them, said, "You are the cause of my affliction, my children, but you are also my only source of delight! Yes, my dear children, misfortune has reached me, but only from a distance: here I am surrounded with happiness." Paul and Virginia did not understand this reflection; but when they saw that she was calm, they smiled, and continued to caress her. Tranquillity was thus restored in this happy family, and all that had passed was but as a storm in the midst of fine weather, which disturbs the serenity of the atmosphere but for a short time, and then passes away.

The amiable disposition of these children unfolded itself daily. One Sunday, at daybreak, their mothers having gone to mass at the church of the Shaddock Grove, the children perceived a negro woman beneath the plantains which surrounded their habitation. She appeared almost wasted to a skeleton, and had no other garment than a piece of coarse cloth thrown around her. She threw herself at the feet of Virginia, who was preparing the family breakfast, and said, "My good young lady, have pity on a poor runaway slave. For a whole month I have wandered among these mountains, half dead with hunger, and often pursued by the hunters and their dogs. I fled from my master, a rich planter of the Black River, who has used me as you see;" and she showed her body marked with scars from the lashes she had received. She added, "I was going to drown myself, but hearing you lived here, I said to myself, 'Since there are still some good white people in this country, I need not die yet.'" Virginia answered with emotion,—"Take courage, unfortunate creature! here is something to eat;" and she gave her the breakfast she had been preparing, which the slave in a few minutes devoured. When her hunger was appeased, Virginia said to her,—"Poor woman! I should like to go and ask forgiveness for you of your master. Surely the sight of you will touch him with pity. Will you show me the way?"—"Angel of heaven!" answered the poor negro woman, "I will follow you where you please!" Virginia called her brother, and begged him to accompany her. The slave led the way, by winding and difficult paths, through the woods, over mountains, which they climbed with difficulty, and across rivers, through which they were obliged to wade. At length, about the middle of the day, they reached the foot of a steep descent upon the borders of the Black River. There they perceived a well-built house, surrounded by extensive plantations, and a number of slaves employed in their various labors. Their master was walking among them with a pipe in his mouth, and a switch in his hand. He was a tall thin man, of a brown complexion; his eyes were sunk in his head, and his dark eyebrows were joined in one. Virginia, holding Paul by the hand, drew near, and with much emotion begged him, for the love of God, to pardon his poor slave, who stood trembling a few paces behind. The planter at first paid little attention to the children, who, he saw, were meanly dressed. But when he observed the elegance of Virginia's form, and the profusion of her beautiful light tresses which had escaped from beneath her blue cap; when he heard the soft tone of her voice, which trembled, as well as her whole frame, while she implored his compassion, he took the pipe from his mouth, and lifting up his stick, swore, with a terrible oath, that he pardoned his slave, not for the love of Heaven, but of her who asked his forgiveness. Virginia made a sign to the slave to approach her master, and instantly sprang away followed by Paul.

They climbed up the steep they had descended; and having gained the summit, seated themselves at the foot of a tree, overcome with fatigue, hunger and thirst. They had left their home fasting, and walked five leagues since sunrise. Paul said to Virginia,—"My dear sister, it is past noon, and I am sure you are thirsty and hungry; we shall find no dinner here; let us go down the mountain again, and ask the master of the poor slave for some food."—"Oh, no," answered Virginia, "he frightens me too much. Remember what mamma sometimes says, 'The bread of the wicked is like stones in the mouth.'"—"What shall we do then?" said Paul; "these trees produce no fruit fit to eat; and I shall not be able to find even a tamarind or a lemon to refresh you."—"God will take care of us," replied Virginia; "he listens to the cry even of the little birds

when they ask him for food." Scarcely had she pronounced these words when they heard the noise of water falling from a neighboring rock. They ran thither, and having quenched their thirst at this crystal spring, they gathered and ate a few cresses which grew on the border of the stream. Soon afterwards, while they were wandering backwards and forwards in search of more solid nourishment, Virginia perceived in the thickest part of the forest a young palm-tree. The kind of cabbage which is found at the top of the palm, enfolded within its leaves, is well adapted for food; but, although the stock of the tree is not thicker than a man's leg, it grows to above sixty feet in height. The wood of the tree, indeed, is composed of very fine filaments; but the bark is so hard that it turns the edge of the hatchet, and Paul was not furnished even with a knife. At length he thought of setting fire to the palm-tree; but a new difficulty occurred; he had no steel with which to strike fire; and although the whole island is covered with rocks, I do not believe it is possible to find a single flint. Necessity, however, is fertile in expedients, and the most useful inventions have arisen from men placed in the most destitute situations. Paul determined to kindle a fire after the manner of the negroes. With the sharp end of a stone he made a small hole in the branch of a tree that was quite dry, and which he held between his feet; he then, with the edge of the same stone, brought to a point another dry branch of a different sort of wood, and, afterwards, placing the piece of pointed wood in the small hole of the branch which he held with his feet and turning it rapidly between his hands, in a few minutes smoke and sparks of fire issued from the point of contact. Paul then heaped together dried grass and branches, and set fire to the foot of the palm-tree, which soon fell to the ground with a tremendous crash. The fire was further useful to him in stripping off the long, thick, and pointed leaves, within which the cabbage was inclosed. Having thus succeeded in obtaining this fruit, they ate part of it raw, and part dressed upon the ashes, which they found equally palatable. They made this frugal repast with delight, from the remembrance of the benevolent action they had performed in the morning; yet their joy was embittered by the thoughts of the uneasiness which their long absence from home would occasion their mothers. Virginia often recurred to this subject; but Paul, who felt his strength renewed by their meal, assured her that it would not be long before they reached home, and, by the assurance of their safety, tranquillized the minds of their parents.

After dinner they were much embarrassed by the recollection that they had now no guide, and that they were ignorant of the way. Paul, whose spirit was not subdued by difficulties, said to Virginia,—"The sun shines full upon our huts at noon; we must pass, as we did this morning, over that mountain with its three points, which you see yonder. Come, let us be moving." This mountain was that of the Three Breasts, so called from the form of its three peaks. They then descended the steep bank of the Black River, on the northern side; and arrived, after an hour's walk, on the banks of a large river, which stopped their further progress. This large portion of the island, covered as it is with forests, is even now so little known that many of its rivers and mountains have not yet received a name. The stream, on the banks of which Paul and Virginia were now standing, rolls foaming over a bed of rocks. The noise of the water frightened Virginia, and she was afraid to wade through the current; Paul therefore took her up in his arms, and went thus loaded over the slippery rocks, which formed the bed of the river, careless of the tumultuous noise of its waters. "Do not be afraid," cried he, to Virginia; "I feel very strong with you. If that planter at the Black River had refused you the pardon of his slave, I would have fought with him."—"What!" answered Virginia, "with that great wicked man? To what have I exposed you! Gracious heaven! how difficult it is to do good! and yet it is so easy to do wrong."

When Paul had crossed the river, he wished to continue the journey carrying his sister; and he flattered himself that he could ascend in that way the mountain of the Three Breasts, which was still at the distance of half a league; but his strength soon failed, and he was obliged to set down his burden, and to rest himself by her side. Virginia then said to him, "My dear brother, the sun is going down; you have still some strength left,

but mine has quite failed; do leave me here, and return home alone to ease the fears of our mothers."—"Oh, no," said Paul, "I will not leave you if night overtakes us in the wood. I will light a fire and bring down another palm-tree; you shall eat the cabbage, and I will form a covering of the leaves to shelter you." In the meantime, Virginia being a little rested, she gathered from the trunk of an old tree, which overhung the bank of the river, some long leaves of the plant called hart's tongue, which grew near its root. Of these leaves she made a sort of buskin, with which she covered her feet, that were bleeding from the sharpness of the stony paths; for in her eager desire to do good, she had forgotten to put on her shoes. Feeling her feet cooled by the freshness of the leaves, she broke off a branch of bamboo, and continued her walk, leaning with one hand on the staff, and with the other on Paul.

They walked on in this manner slowly through the woods; but from the height of the trees, and the thickness of their foliage, they soon lost sight of the mountain of the Three Breasts, by which they had directed their course, and also of the sun, which was now setting. At length they wandered, without perceiving it, from the beaten path in which they had hitherto walked, and found themselves in a labyrinth of trees, underwood and rocks, whence there appeared to be no outlet. Paul made Virginia sit down, while he ran backwards and forwards, half frantic, in search of a path which might lead them out of this thick wood; but he fatigued himself to no purpose. He then climbed to the top of a lofty tree, whence he hoped at least to perceive the mountain of the Three Breasts; but he could discern nothing around him but the tops of trees, some of which were gilded with the last beams of the setting sun. Already the shadows of the mountains were spreading over the forests in the valleys. The wind lulled, as is usually the case at sunset. The most profound silence reigned in those awful solitudes, which was only interrupted by the cry of the deer, who came to their lairs in that unfrequented spot. Paul, in the hope that some hunter would hear his voice, called out as loud as he was able,—"Come, come to the help of Virginia." But the echoes of the forest alone answered his call, and repeated again and again, "Virginia—Virginia."

Paul at length descended from the tree, overcome with fatigue and vexation. He looked around in order to make some arrangement for passing the night in that desert; but he could find neither fountain, nor palm-tree, nor even a branch of dry wood fit for kindling a fire. He was then impressed by experience with the sense of his own weakness, and began to weep. Virginia said to him,—"Do not weep, my dear brother, or I shall be overwhelmed with grief. I am the cause of all your sorrow, and of all that our mothers are suffering at this moment. I find we ought to do nothing, not even good, without consulting our parents. Oh, I have been very imprudent!"—and she began to shed tears. "Let us pray to God, my dear brother," she again said, "and he will hear us." They had scarcely finished their prayer, when they heard the barking of a dog. "It must be the dog of some hunter," said Paul, "who comes here at night to lie in wait for the deer." Soon after, the dog began barking again with increased violence. "Surely," said Virginia, "it is Fidele, our own dog; yes, now I know his bark. Are we then so near home?—at the foot of our own mountain?" A moment after Fidele was at their feet, barking, howling, moaning, and devouring them with caresses. Before they could recover from their surprise, they saw Domingo running towards them. At the sight of the good old negro, who wept for joy, they began to weep too, but had not the power to utter a syllable. When Domingo had recovered himself a little, "Oh, my dear children," said he, "how miserable have you made your mothers! how astonished they were when they returned with me from the mass, on not finding you at home. Mary, who was at work a little distance, could not tell us where you were gone. I ran backwards and forwards in the plantation, not knowing where to look for you. At last I took some of your old clothes, and showing them to Fidele, the poor animal, as if he understood me, immediately began to scent your path; and conducted me, wagging his tail all the while, to the Black River. I there saw a planter, who told me you had brought back a Maroon negro woman, his slave, and that he had pardoned her at your request. But what a

pardon! he showed her to me with her feet chained to a block of wood, and an iron collar with three hooks fastened round her neck! After that, Fidele, still on the scent, led me up the steep bank of the Black River, where he again stopped, and barked with all his might. This was on the brink of a spring, near which was a fallen palm-tree, and a fire still smoking. At last he led me to this very spot. We are now at the foot of the mountain of the Three Breasts, and still four good leagues from home. Come eat, and recover your strength." Domingo then presented them with a cake, some fruit, and a large gourd full of beverage composed of wine, water, lemon-juice, sugar, and nutmeg, which their mothers had prepared to invigorate and refresh them. Virginia sighed at the recollection of the poor slave, and at the uneasiness they had given their mothers. She repeated several times, "Oh, how difficult it is to do good!" While she and Paul were taking refreshment, it being already night, Domingo kindled a fire; and having found among the rocks a particular kind of twisted wood, called bois de ronde, which burns when quite green, and throws out a great blaze, he made a torch of it, which he lighted. But when they prepared to continue their journey, a new difficulty occurred; Paul and Virginia could no longer walk, their feet being violently swollen and inflamed. Domingo knew not what to do; whether to leave them and go in search of help, or remain and pass the night with them on that spot. "There was a time," said he, "when I could carry you both together in my arms! But now you are grown big, and I am grown old." While he was in this perplexity, a troop of Maroon negroes appeared at a short distance from them. The chief of the band, approaching Paul and Virginia, said to them,—"Good little white people, do not be afraid. We saw you pass this morning with a negro woman of the Black River. You went to ask pardon for her of her wicked master; and we, in return for this, will carry you home upon our shoulders." He then made a sign, and four of the strongest negroes immediately formed a sort of litter with the branches of trees and lianas, and having seated Paul and Virginia on it, carried them upon their shoulders. Domingo marched in front with a lighted torch, and they proceeded amidst the rejoicings of the whole troop, who overwhelmed them with their benedictions. Virginia, affected by this scene, said to Paul, with emotion,—"O, my dear brother! God never leaves a good action unrewarded."

It was midnight when they arrived at the foot of their mountain, on the ridges of which several fires were lighted. As soon as they began to ascend, they heard voices exclaiming—"Is it you, my children?" They answered immediately, and the negroes also,—"Yes, yes, it is." A moment after they could distinguish their mothers and Mary coming towards them with lighted sticks in their hands. "Unhappy children," cried Madame de la Tour, "where have you been? What agonies you have made us suffer!"—"We have been," said Virginia, "to the Black River, where we went to ask pardon for a poor Maroon slave, to whom I gave our breakfast this morning, because she seemed dying of hunger; and these Maroon negroes have brought us home." Madame de la Tour embraced her daughter, without being able to speak; and Virginia, who felt her face wet with her mother's tears, exclaimed, "Now I am repaid for all the hardships I have suffered." Margaret, in a transport of delight, pressed Paul in her arms, exclaiming, "And you also, my dear child, you have done a good action." When they reached the cottages with their children, they entertained all the negroes with a plentiful repast, after which the latter returned to the woods, praying Heaven to shower down every description of blessing on those good white people.

Every day was to these families a day of happiness and tranquillity. Neither ambition nor envy disturbed their repose. They did not seek to obtain a useless reputation out of doors, which may be procured by artifice and lost by calumny; but were contented to be the sole witnesses and judges of their own actions. In this island, where, as is the case in most colonies, scandal forms the principal topic of conversation, their virtues, and even their names, were unknown. The passer-by on the road to the Shaddock Grove, indeed, would sometimes ask the inhabitants of the plain, who lived in the cottages up there? and was always told, even by those who did not know them, "They are good people." The modest violet thus, con-

cealed in thorny places, sheds all unseen its delightful fragrance around.

Paul, at twelve years of age, was stronger and more intelligent than most European youths are at fifteen; and the plantations, which Domingo merely cultivated, were embellished by him.

The delicacy of sentiment of these happy families was manifested in everything around them. They gave the tenderest names to objects in appearance the most indifferent. A border of orange, plantain, and rose-apple trees, planted round a green sward where Virginia and Paul sometimes danced, received the name of Concord. An old tree, beneath the shade of which Madame de la Tour and Margaret used to recount their misfortunes, was called the Burial-place of Tears. They bestowed the names of Brittany and Normandy on two little plots of ground, where they had sown corn, strawberries, and peas. Domingo and Mary, wishing, in imitation of their mistresses, to recall to mind Angola and Foullepointe, the places of their birth in Africa, gave those names to the little fields where the grass was sown with which they wove their baskets, and where they had planted a calabash tree. Thus, by cultivating the productions of their respective climates, these exiled families cherished the dear illusions which bind us to our native country, and softened their regrets in a foreign land. Alas! I have seen these trees, these fountains, these heaps of stones, which are now so completely overthrown—which now, like the desolated plains of Greece, present nothing but masses of ruin and affecting remembrances, all but called into life by the many charming appellations thus bestowed upon them!

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During the rainy season the two families met together in the cottage, and employed themselves in weaving mats of grass and baskets of bamboo. Rakes, spades, and hatchets were ranged along the walls in the most perfect order; and near these instruments of agriculture were heaped its products,—bags of rice, sheaves of corn, and baskets of plantain. Some degree of luxury usually accompanies abundance, and Virginia was taught by her mother and Margaret to prepare sherbet and cordials from the juice of the sugar-cane, the lemon, and the citron.

During the fine season they went every Sunday to the church of the Shaddock Grove, the steeple of which you see yonder upon the plain. Many wealthy members of the congregation, who came to church in palanquins, sought the acquaintance of these united families, and invited them to parties of pleasure. But they always repelled these overtures with respectful politeness, as they were persuaded that the rich and powerful seek the society of persons in an inferior station only for the sake of surrounding themselves with flatterers, and that every flatterer must applaud alike all the actions of his patron, whether good or bad. On the other hand, they avoided, with equal care, too intimate an acquaintance with the lower class, who are ordinarily jealous, calumniating, and gross. They thus acquired with some the character of being timid, and with others of pride; but their reserve was accompanied with so much obliging politeness, above all towards the unfortunate and the unhappy, that they insensibly acquired the respect of the rich and the confidence of the poor.

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Sometimes, if alone with Virginia, Paul has a thousand times told me he used to say to her, on his return from labor: "When I am wearied the sight of you refreshes me. If from the summit of the mountain I perceive you below in the valley, you appear to me in the midst of our orchard like a blooming rosebud. If you go towards our mother's house, the partridge, when it runs to meet its young, has a shape less beautiful and a step less light. When I lose sight of you through the trees I have no need to see you in order to find you again. Something of you, I know not how, remains for me in the air through which you have passed, on the grass whereon you have been seated. When I come near you you delight all my senses. The azure of the sky is less charming than the blue of your eyes, and the song of the amadavid bird less soft than the sound of your voice. If I only touch you with the tip of my finger, my whole frame trembles with pleasure. Do you remember the day when we crossed over the great stones of the river of the Three Breasts? I was very tired before we reached the bank, but as soon as I had taken you in my arms I seemed to have wings like a bird. Tell

me by what charm you have thus enchanted me. Is it by your wisdom? Our mothers have more than either of us. Is it by your caresses? They embrace me much oftener than you. I think it must be by your goodness. I shall never forget how you walked bare-footed to the Black River to ask pardon for the poor runaway slave. Here, my beloved, take this flowering branch of a lemon tree, which I have gathered in the forest; you will let it remain at night near your bed. Eat this honey-comb, too, which I have taken for you from the top of a rock. But first lean on my bosom, and I shall be refreshed."

Virginia would answer him: "Oh, my dear brother, the rays of the sun in the morning on the tops of the rocks give me less joy than the sight of you. I love my mother,—I love yours; but when they call you their son, I love them a thousand times more. When they caress you, I feel it more sensibly than when I am caressed myself. You ask me what makes you love me. Why, all creatures that are brought up together love one another. Look at our birds: reared up in the same nests, they love each other as we do; they are always together like us. Hark! how they call and answer from one tree to another. So when the echoes bring to my ears the air which you play on your flute on the top of the mountain, I repeat the words at the bottom of the valley. You are dear to me, more especially since the day when you wanted to fight the master of the slave for me. Since that time how often have I said to myself, 'Ah, my brother has a good heart; but for him I should have died of terror.' I pray to God every day for my mother and for yours, and for our poor servants; but when I pronounce your name my devotion seems to increase; I ask so earnestly of God that no harm may befall you! Why do you go so far and climb so high to seek fruits and flowers for me? Hav we not enough in our garden already? How much you are fatigued,—you look so warm!"—and with her little white handkerchief she would wipe the damps from his face, and then imprint a tender kiss on his forehead.

For some time past, however, Virginia had felt her heart agitated by new sensations. Her beautiful blue eyes lost their lustre, her cheek its freshness, and her frame was overpowered with a universal languor. Serenity no longer sat upon her brow, nor smiles played upon her lips. She would become all at once gay without cause for joy, and melancholy without any subject for grief. She fled her innocent amusements, her gentle toils, and even the society of her beloved family; wandering about the most unfrequented parts of the plantations, and seeking everywhere the rest which she could nowhere find. Sometimes, at the sight of Paul, she advanced sportively to meet him; but, when about to accost him, was overcome by a sudden confusion; her pale cheeks were covered with blushes, and her eyes no longer dared to meet those of her brother. Paul said to her: "The rocks are covered with verdure, our birds begin to sing when you approach, everything around you is gay, and you only are unhappy." He then endeavored to soothe her by his embraces, but she turned away her head, and fled, trembling, towards her mother. The caresses of her brother excited too much emotion in her agitated heart, and she sought, in the arms of her mother, refuge from herself. Paul, unused to the secret windings of the female heart, vexed himself in vain in endeavoring to comprehend the meaning of these new and strange caprices. Misfortunes seldom come alone, and a serious calamity now impended over these families.

One of those summers which sometimes desolate the countries situated between the tropics now began to spread its ravages over this island. It was near the end of December, when the sun, in Capricorn, darts over the Mauritius, during the space of three weeks, its vertical fires. The drooping cattle, on the sides of the hills, stretching out their necks towards heaven, and panting for breath, made the valleys re-echo with their melancholy lowings; even the Caffre, by whom they were led, threw himself upon the earth, in search of some cooling moisture; but his hopes were vain; the scorching sun had penetrated the whole soil, and the stifling atmosphere everywhere resounded with the buzzing noise of insects, seeking to allay their thirst with the blood of men and of animals.

During this sultry season, Virginia's restlessness and disquietude were much increased. One night, in particular, being unable to sleep, she arose from her bed,

sat down, and returned to rest again; but could find in no attitude either slumber or repose. At length she bent her way, by the light of the moon, towards her fountain, and gazed at its spring, which, notwithstanding the drought, still trickled in silver threads down the brown sides of the rock. She flung herself into the basin: its coolness reanimated her spirits, and a thousand soothing remembrances came to her mind.

Madame de la Tour, though she easily discerned the source of her daughter's uneasiness, did not think proper to speak to her on the subject. "My dear child," said she, "offer up your supplications to God, who disposes at his will of health and of life. He subjects you to trial now, in order to recompense you hereafter. Remember that we are only placed upon earth for the exercise of virtue."

The excessive heat in the meantime raised vast masses of vapor from the ocean, which hung over the island like an immense parasol, and gathered round the summits of the mountains. Long flakes of fire issued from time to time from these mist-embosomed peaks. The most awful thunder soon after re-echoed through the woods, the plains and the valleys; the rains fell from the skies in cataracts; foaming torrents rushed down the sides of this mountain; the bottom of the valley became a sea, and the elevated platform on which the cottages were built, a little island. The accumulated waters, having no other outlet, rushed with violence through the narrow gorge which leads into the valley, tossing and roaring, and bearing along with them a mingled wreck of soil, trees, and rocks.

The trembling families meantime addressed their prayers to God altogether in the cottage of Madame de la Tour, the roof of which cracked fearfully from the force of the winds. So incessant and vivid were the lightnings, that although the doors and window-shutters were securely fastened, every object without could be distinctly seen through the joints in the wood-work! Paul, followed by Domingo, went with intrepidity from one cottage to another, notwithstanding the fury of the tempest; here supporting a partition with a buttress, there driving in a stake; and only returning to the family to calm their fears, by the expression of a hope that the storm was passing away. Accordingly, in the evening the rains ceased, the trade-winds of the southeast pursued their ordinary course, the tempestuous clouds were driven away to the northward, and the setting sun appeared in the horizon.

Virginia's first wish was to visit the spot called her Resting-place. Paul approached her with a timid air, and offered her the assistance of his arm; she accepted it with a smile, and they left the cottage together. The air was clear and fresh; white vapors arose from the ridges of the mountain, which was furrowed here and there by the courses of torrents, marked in foam, and now beginning to dry up on all sides. As for the garden, it was completely torn to pieces by deep water-courses, the roots of most of the fruit trees were laid bare, and vast heaps of sand covered the borders of the meadows, and had choked up Virginia's bath. The two cocoa trees, however, were still erect, and still retained their freshness; but they were no longer surrounded by turf, or arbors, or birds, except a few amadavid birds, which, upon the points of the neighboring rocks, were lamenting, in plaintive notes, the loss of their young.

At the sight of this general desolation, Virginia exclaimed to Paul,—"You brought birds hither; and the hurricane has killed them. You planted this garden, and it is now destroyed. Everything then upon earth perishes, and it is only Heaven that is not subject to change."—"Why," answered Paul, "cannot I give you something that belongs to Heaven? but I have nothing of my own even upon the earth." Virginia with a blush replied, "You have the picture of St. Paul." As soon as she had uttered the words, he flew in quest of it to his mother's cottage. This picture was a miniature of Paul the Hermit, which Margaret, who viewed it with feelings of great devotion, had worn at her neck while a girl, and which, after she became a mother, she had placed round her child's. It had even happened, that being, while pregnant, abandoned by all the world, and constantly occupied in contemplating the image of this benevolent recluse, her offspring had contracted some resemblance to this revered object. She therefore bestowed upon him the name of Paul, giving him for his patron a saint who had passed his life far from mankind by whom he had been first deceived and then forsaken. Virginia, on receiving this

little present from the hands of Paul, said to him, with emotion, "My dear brother, I will never part with this while I live; nor will I ever forget that you have given me the only thing you have in this world." At this tone of friendship—this unhoped for return of familiarity and tenderness, Paul attempted to embrace her; but light as a bird, she escaped him, and fled away, leaving him astonished, and unable to account for conduct so extraordinary.

Meanwhile Margaret said to Madame de la Tour, "Why do we not unite our children by marriage? They have a strong attachment for each other, and though my son hardly understands the real nature of his feelings, yet great care and watchfulness will be necessary. Under such circumstances, it will be as well not to leave them too much together." Madame de la Tour replied, "They are too young, and too poor. What grief would it occasion us to see Virginia bring into the world unfortunate children, whom she would not perhaps have sufficient strength to rear! Your negro, Domingo, is almost too old to labor; Mary is infirm. As for myself, my dear friend, at the end of fifteen years, I find my strength greatly decreased; the feebleness of age advances rapidly in hot climates, and, above all, under the pressure of misfortune. Paul is our only hope: let us wait till he comes to maturity, and his increased strength enables him to support us by his labor; at present you well know that we have only sufficient to supply the wants of the day: but were we to send Paul for a short time to the Indies, he might acquire, by commerce, the means of purchasing some slaves; and at his return we could unite him to Virginia; for I am persuaded no one on earth would render her so happy as your son. We will consult our neighbor on this subject."

They accordingly asked my advice, which was in accordance with Madame de la Tour's opinion. "The Indian seas," I observed to them, "are calm, and, in choosing a favorable time of the year, the voyage out is seldom longer than six weeks; and the same time may be allowed for the return home. We will furnish Paul with a little venture from my neighborhood, where he is much beloved. If we were only to supply him with some raw cotton, of which we make no use for want of mills to work it, some ebony, which is here so common that it serves us for firing, and some rosin, which is found in our woods, he would be able to sell those articles, though useless here, to good advantage in the Indies."

I took upon myself to obtain permission from Monsieur de la Bourdonnais to undertake this voyage; and I determined previously to mention the affair to Paul. But what was my surprise, when this young man said to me, with a degree of good sense above his age, "And why do you wish me to leave my family for this precarious pursuit of fortune? Is there any commerce in the world more advantageous than the culture of the ground, which yields sometimes fifty or a hundredfold? If we wish to engage in commerce, can we not do so by carrying our superfluities to the town without my wandering to the Indies? Our mothers tell me, that Domingo is old and feeble; but I am young, and gather strength every day. If any accident should happen during my absence, above all to Virginia, who already suffers—Oh, no, no!—I cannot resolve to leave them."

So decided an answer threw me into great perplexity, for Madame de la Tour had not concealed from me the cause of Virginia's illness and want of spirits, and her desire of separating these young people till they were a few years older. I took care, however, not to drop anything which could lead Paul to suspect the existence of these motives.

About this period a ship from France brought Madame de la Tour a letter from her aunt. The fear of death, without which hearts as insensible as hers would never feel, had alarmed her into compassion. When she wrote she was recovering from a dangerous illness, which had, however, left her incurably languid and weak. She desired her niece to return to France; or, if her health forbade her to undertake so long a voyage, she begged her to send Virginia, on whom she promised to bestow a good education, to procure for her a splendid marriage and to leave her heiress of her whole fortune. She concluded by enjoining strict obedience to her will, in gratitude, she said, for her great kindness.

At the perusal of this letter general consternation spread itself through the whole assembled party; Domingo and Mary began to weep. Paul, motionless

with surprise, appeared almost ready to burst with indignation; while Virginia, fixing her eyes anxiously upon her mother, had not power to utter a single word. "And can you now leave us?" cried Margaret to Madame de la Tour. "No, my dear friend, no, my beloved children," replied Madame de la Tour; "I will never leave you. I have lived with you, and with you I will die. I have known no happiness but your affection. If my health be deranged my past misfortunes are the cause. My heart has been deeply wounded by the cruelty of my relations, and by the loss of my beloved husband. But I have since found more consolation and more real happiness with you in these humble huts, than all the wealth of my family could now lead me to expect in my own country."

At this soothing language every eye overflowed with tears of delight. Paul, pressing Madame de la Tour in his arms, exclaimed,—"Neither will I leave you! I will not go to the Indies. We will all labor for you, dear mamma; and you shall never feel any want with us." But of the whole society, the person who displayed the least transport, and who probably felt the most, was Virginia: and during the remainder of the day, the gentle gayety which flowed from her heart, and proved that her peace of mind was restored, completed the general satisfaction.

At sunrise the next day, just as they had concluded offering up, as usual, their morning prayer before breakfast, Domingo came to inform them that a gentleman on horseback, followed by two slaves, was coming towards the plantation. It was Monsieur de la Bourdonnais. Addressing himself to Madame de la Tour, he observed, that although public affairs drew his attention too much from the concerns of individuals, she had many claims on his good offices. "You have an aunt at Paris, madame," he added, "a woman of quality, and immensely rich, who expects that you will hasten to see her, and who means to bestow upon you her whole fortune." Madame de la Tour replied, that the state of her health would not permit her to undertake so long a voyage. "At least," resumed Monsieur de la Bourdonnais, "you cannot, without injustice, deprive this amiable young lady, your daughter, of so noble an inheritance. I will not conceal from you that your aunt has made use of her influence to secure your daughter being sent to her: and that I have received official letters, in which I am ordered to exert my authority, if necessary, to that effect. But as I only wish to employ my power for the purpose of rendering the inhabitants of this country happy, I expect from your good sense the voluntary sacrifice of a few years, upon which your daughter's establishment in the world and the welfare of your whole life depends. Wherefore do we come to these islands? Is it not to acquire a fortune? And will it not be more agreeable to return and find it in your own country?"

He then took a large bag of piastres from one of his slaves, and placed it upon the table. "This sum," he continued, "is allotted by your aunt to defray the outlay necessary for the equipment of the young lady for her voyage." Gently reproaching Madame de la Tour for not having had recourse to him in her difficulties, he extolled at the same time her noble fortitude. Upon this Paul said to the governor,—"My mother did apply to you, sir, and you received her ill."—"Have you another child, madame?" said Monsieur de la Bourdonnais to Madame de la Tour. "No, sir," she replied; "this is the son of my friend; but he and Virginia are equally dear to us, and we mutually consider them both as our own children." "Young man," said the governor to Paul, "when you have acquired a little more experience of the world, you will know that it is the misfortune of people in place to be deceived, and bestow, in consequence, upon intriguing vice, that which they would wish to give to modest merit."

Madame de la Tour was not sorry to find an opportunity of separating Paul and Virginia for a short time, and provide by this means for their mutual felicity at a future period. She took her daughter aside, and said to her,—"My dear child, our servants are now old. Paul is still very young, Margaret is advanced in years, and I am already infirm. If I should die what would become of you, without fortune, in the midst of these deserts? You would then be left alone, without any person who could afford you much assistance and would be obliged to labor without ceasing, as a hired servant, in order to support your wretched existence. This idea overcomes me with sorrow." Vir-

ginia answered,—"God has appointed us to labor, and to bless him every day. Up to this time he has never forsaken us, and he never will forsake us in time to come. His providence watches most especially over the unfortunate. You have told me this very often, my dear mother! I cannot resolve to leave you." Madame de la Tour replied with much emotion,—"I have no other aim than to render you happy, and to marry you one day to Paul, who is not really your brother. Remember then that his fortune depends upon you."

A young girl who is in love believes that every one else is ignorant of her passion; she throws over her eyes the veil with which she covers the feelings of her heart; but when it is once lifted by a friendly hand, the hidden sorrows of her attachment escape as through a newly-opened barrier, and the sweet outpourings of unrestrained confidence succeed to her former mystery and reserve. Virginia, deeply affected by this new proof of her mother's tenderness, related to her the cruel struggles she had undergone, of which heaven alone had been witness; she saw, she said, the hand of Providence in the assistance of an affectionate mother, who approved of her attachment, and would guide her by her counsels; and as she was now strengthened by such support, every consideration led her to remain with her mother, without anxiety for the present, and without apprehension for the future.

Madame de la Tour, perceiving that this confidential conversation had produced an effect altogether different from that which she expected, said,—"My dear child, I do not wish to constrain you; think over it at leisure, but conceal your affection from Paul. It is better not to let a man know that the heart of his mistress is gained."

Virginia and her mother were sitting together by themselves the same evening, when a tall man, dressed in a blue cassock, entered their cottage. He was a misionary priest and the confessor of Madame de la Tour and her daughter, who had now been sent them by the governor. "My children," he exclaimed as he entered, "God be praised! you are now rich. You can now attend to the kind suggestions of your benevolent hearts, and do good to the poor. I know what Monsieur de la Bourdonnais has said to you, and what you have said in reply. Your health, dear madame, obliges you to remain here; but you, young lady, are without excuse. We must obey the direction of Providence: and we must always obey our aged relations, even when they are unjust. A sacrifice is required of you; but it is the will of God. Our Lord devoted himself for you; and you in imitation of his example, must give up something for the welfare of your family. Your voyage to France will end happily. You will surely consent to go, my dear young lady."

Virginia, with downcast eyes, answered, trembling, "if it is the command of God, I will not presume to oppose it. Let the will of God be done!" As she uttered these words, she wept.

The priest went away, in order to inform the governor of the success of his mission. In the meantime Madame de la Tour sent Domingo to request me to come to her, that she might consult me respecting Virginia's departure. I was not at all of opinion that she ought to go. I consider it as a fixed principle of happiness, that we ought to prefer the advantages of nature to those of fortune, and never go in search of that at a distance, which we may find at home,—in our own bosoms. But what could be expected from my advice, in opposition to the illusions of a splendid fortune?—or from my simple reasoning, when in competition with the prejudices of the world, and an authority held sacred by Madame de la Tour? This lady indeed had only consulted me out of politeness: she had ceased to deliberate since she had heard the decision of her confessor. Margaret herself, who, notwithstanding the advantages she expected for her son from the possession of Virginia's fortune, had hitherto opposed her departure, made no further objections. As for Paul, in ignorance of what had been determined, but alarmed at the secret conversations which Virginia had been holding with her mother, he abandoned himself to melancholy. "They are plotting something against me," cried he, "for they conceal everything from me."

A report having in the meantime been spread in the island that fortune had visited these rocks, merchants of every description were seen climbing their steep ascent. Now, for the first time, were

seen displayed in these humble huts the richest stuffs of India; the fine dimity of Gondelore; the handkerchiefs of Pellicate and Masulipatan; the plain, striped, and embroidered muslins of Dacca, so beautifully transparent; the delicately white cottons of Surat, and linens of all colors. They also brought with them the gorgeous silks of China, satin damasks, some white, and others grass-green and bright red; pink taffetas, with a profusion of satin and gauze of Tonquin, both plain and decorated with flowers; soft pekins, downy as cloth; with white and yellow nankeens, and the calicoes of Madagascar.

Madame de la Tour wished her daughter to purchase whatever she liked; she only examined the goods, and inquired the price, to take care that the dealers did not cheat her. Virginia made choice of everything she thought would be useful or agreeable to her mother, or to Margaret and her son. "This," said she, "will be wanted for furnishing the cottage, and that will be very useful to Mary and Domingo." In short, the bag of piastres was almost emptied before she even began to consider her own wants; and she was obliged to receive back for her own use a share of the presents which she had distributed among the family circle.

Paul, overcome with sorrow at the sight of these gifts of fortune, which he felt were a presage of Virginia's departure, came a few days after to my dwelling. With an air of deep despondency he said to me,—"My sister is going away; she is already making preparations for her voyage. I conjure you to come and exert your influence over her mother and mine, in order to detain her here." I could not refuse the young man's solicitations, although well convinced that my representations would be unavailing.

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Paul became more and more melancholy; and at length Margaret, distressed at the situation of her son, took him aside, and said to him,—"Why, my child, will you cherish vain hopes, which will only render your disappointment more bitter? It is time for me to make known the secret of your life and of mine. Mademoiselle de la Tour belongs, by her mother's side, to a rich and noble family, while you are but the son of a poor peasant girl; and you are illegitimate."

Paul, who had never heard this last expression before, inquired with eagerness its meaning. His mother replied, "I was not married to your father. When I was a girl, seduced by love, I was guilty of a weakness of which you are the offspring. The consequence of my fault is, that you are deprived of the protection of a father's family, and by my flight from home, you have also lost that of your mother's. Unfortunate child! you have no relation in the world but me!"—and she shed a flood of tears. Paul, pressing her in his arms, exclaimed, "Oh, my dear mother! since I have no relation in the world but you, I will love you all the more. But what a secret have you just disclosed to me! I now see the reason why Mademoiselle de la Tour has estranged herself so much from me for the last two months, and why she has determined to go to France."

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The hour of supper being arrived, we gathered round the table; but the different sensations with which we were agitated left us little inclination to eat, and the meal, if such it may be called, passed in silence. Virginia was the first to rise; she went out, and seated herself on the very spot where we now are. Paul hastened after her, and sat down by her side. Both of them, for some time, kept a profound silence. It was one of those delicious nights which are so common between the tropics, and to the beauty of which no pencil can do justice. The moon appeared in the midst of the firmament, surrounded by a curtain of clouds, which was gradually unfolded by her beams. Her light insensibly spread itself over the mountains of the island, and their distant peaks glistened with a silvery green. The winds were perfectly still. We heard among the woods, at the bottom of the valleys, and on the summits of the rocks, the piping cries and the soft notes of the birds, wantoning in their nests, and rejoicing in the brightness of the night and the serenity of the atmosphere. The hum of insects was heard in the grass. The stars sparkled in the heavens, and their lucid orbs were reflected, in trembling sparkles, from the tranquil bosom of the ocean. Virginia's eye wandered distractedly over its vast and gloomy horizon, distinguishable from the shore of the island only by the red fires in the fishing boats. She perceived at the entrance of

the harbor a light and a shadow; these were the watchlight and the hull of the vessel in which she was to embark for Europe, and which, all ready for sea, lay at anchor, waiting for a breeze. Affected at this sight, she turned away her head, in order to hide her tears from Paul.

Madame de la Tour, Margaret, and I, were seated at a little distance, beneath the plantain trees; and, owing to the stillness of the night, we distinctly heard their conversation, which I have not forgotten.

Paul said to her,—"You are going away from us, they tell me, in three days. You do not fear, then, to encounter the danger of the sea, at the sight of which you are so much terrified?" "I must perform my duty," answered Virginia, "by obeying my parent." "You leave us," resumed Paul, "for a distant relation, whom you have never seen." "Alas!" cried Virginia, "I would have remained here my whole life, but my mother would not have it so. My confessor, too, told me it was the will of God that I should go, and that life was a scene of trials!—and Oh! this is indeed a severe one."

"What!" exclaimed Paul, "you could find so many reasons for going, and not one for remaining here! Ah! there is one reason for your departure that you have not mentioned. Riches have great attractions. You will soon find in the new world to which you are going, another, to whom you will give the name of brother, which you bestow on me no more. You will choose that brother from amongst persons who are worthy of you by their birth, and by a fortune which I have not to offer. But where can you go to be happier? On what shore will you land and find it dearer to you than the spot which gave you birth?—and where will you form around you a society more delightful than this, by which you are so much beloved? How will you bear to live without your mother's caresses, to which you are so much accustomed? What will become of her, already advanced in years, when she no longer sees you at her side at table, in the house, in the walks, where she used to lean upon you? What will become of my mother, who loves you with the same affection? What shall I say to comfort them when I see them weeping for your absence? Cruel Virginia! I say nothing to you of myself; but what will become of me, when in the morning I shall no more see you; when the evening will come, and not reunite us?—when I shall gaze on these two palm trees, planted at our birth, and so long the witnesses of our mutual friendship? Ah! since your lot is changed,—since you seek in a far country other possessions than the fruits of my labor, let me go with you in the vessel in which you are about to embark. I will sustain your spirits in the midst of those tempests which terrify you so much even on shore. I will lay my head upon your bosom; I will warm your heart upon my own; and in France, where you are going in search of fortune and of grandeur, I will wait upon you as your slave. Happy only in your happiness, you will find me, in those palaces where I shall see you receiving the homage and adoration of all, rich and noble enough to make you the greatest of all sacrifices, by dying at your feet."

The violence of his emotions stopped his utterance, and we then heard Virginia, who, in a voice broken by sobs, uttered these words:—"It is for you that I go,—for you whom I see tired to death every day by the labor of sustaining two helpless families. If I have accepted this opportunity of becoming rich, it is only to return a thousand-fold the good which you have done us. Can any fortune be equal to your friendship? Why do you talk about your birth? Ah! if it were possible for me still to have a brother, should I make choice of any other than you? Oh, Paul, Paul! you are far dearer to me than a brother! How much has it cost me to repulse you from me! Help me to tear myself from what I value more than existence, till Heaven shall bless our union. But I will stay or go—I will live or die,—dispose of me as you will. Unhappy that I am! I could have repelled your caresses; but I cannot support your affliction."

At these words Paul seized her in his arms, and, holding her pressed close to his bosom, said in a piercing tone, "I will go with her,—nothing shall ever part us." We all ran towards him; and Madame de la Tour said to him, "My son, if you go, what will become of us?"

He, trembling, repeated after her the words,—"My son!—my son! You my mother!" cried he; "you who would separate the brother from the sister! We

have both been nourished at your bosom; we have both been reared upon your knees; we have learnt of you to love one another; we have said so a thousand times; and now you would separate her from me!—you would send her to Europe, that inhospitable country which refused you an asylum, and to relations by whom you yourself were abandoned. You will tell me that I have no right over her, and that she is not my sister. She is everything to me; my riches, my birth, my family,—all that I have! I know no other. We have had but one roof,—one cradle,—and we will have but one grave! If she goes I will follow her. The governor will prevent me! Will he prevent me from flinging myself into the sea?—will he prevent me from following her by swimming? The sea cannot be more fatal to me than the land. Since I cannot live with her, at least I will die before her eyes, far from you. Inhuman mother!—woman without compassion!—may the ocean, to which you trust her, restore her to you no more! May the waves, rolling back our bodies amid the shingles of this beach, give you, in the loss of your two children, an eternal subject of remorse!"

At these words, I seized him in my arms, for despair had deprived him of reason. His eyes sparkled with fire, the perspiration fell in great drops from his face; his knees trembled, and I felt his heart beat violently against his burning bosom.

Virginia, alarmed, said to him,—"Oh, my dear Paul, I call to witness the pleasures of our early age, your griefs and my own, and everything that can forever bind two unfortunate beings to each other, that if I remain at home, I will live but for you; that if I go, I will one day return to be yours. I call you all to witness;—you who have reared me from my infancy, who dispose of my life, and who see my tears. I swear by that Heaven which hears me, by the sea which I am going to pass, by the air I breathe, and which I never sullied by a falsehood."

As the sun softens and precipitates an icy rock from the summit of one of the Apennines, so the impetuous passions of the young man were subdued by the voice of her he loved. He bent his head, and a torrent of tears fell from his eyes. His mother, mingling her tears with his, held him in her arms, but was unable to speak. Madame de la Tour, half distracted, said to me, "I can bear this no longer. My heart is quite broken. This unfortunate voyage shall not take place. Do take my son home with you. Not one of us has had any rest the whole week."

I said to Paul, "My dear friend, your sister shall remain here. To-morrow we will talk to the governor about it; leave your family to take some rest, and come and pass the night with me. It is late; it is midnight; the southern cross is just above the horizon."

He suffered himself to be led away in silence; and after a night of great agitation, he arose at break of day, and returned home.

But why should I continue any longer to you the recital of this history? There is but one aspect of human existence which we can ever contemplate with pleasure. Like the globe upon which we revolve, the fleeting course of life is but a day; and if one part of that day be visited by light, the other is thrown into darkness.

"My father," I answered, "finish, I conjure you, the history which you have begun in a manner so interesting. If the images of happiness are the most pleasing, those of misfortune are the more instructive. Tell me what became of the unhappy young man."

The first object beheld by Paul in his way home was the negro woman Mary, who, mounted on a rock, was earnestly looking toward the sea. As soon as he perceived her, he called to her from a distance,—"Where is Virginia?" Mary turned her head towards her young master, and began to weep. Paul, distracted, retracing his steps, ran to the harbor. He was informed that Virginia had embarked at break of day, and that the vessel had immediately set sail, and was now out of sight. He instantly returned to the plantation, which he crossed without uttering a word.

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For some days he employed himself in gathering everything which belonged to Virginia, the last nosegays she had worn, the cocoa-shell from which she used to drink; and after kissing a thousand times these relics of his beloved, to him the most precious treasures which the world contained, he hid them in his bosom. Amber does not shed so sweet a perfume

as the veriest trifles touched by those we love. At length, perceiving that the indulgence of his grief increased that of his mother and Madame de la Tour, and that the wants of the family demanded continual labor, he began, with the assistance of Domingo, to repair the damage done to the garden.

But, soon after, this young man, hitherto indifferent as a Creole to everything that was passing in the world, begged of me to teach him to read and write, in order that he might correspond with Virginia. He afterwards wished to obtain a knowledge of geography, that he might form some idea of the country where she would disembark; and of history, that he might know something of the manners of the society in which she would be placed. The powerful sentiment of love, which directed his present studies, had already instructed him in agriculture, and in the art of laying out grounds with advantage and beauty. It must be admitted, that to the fond dreams of this restless and ardent passion, mankind are indebted for most of the arts and sciences, while its disappointments have given birth to philosophy, which teaches us to bear up under misfortune. Love thus becomes the great spring of society, by inciting us to knowledge as well as to pleasure.

Paul found little satisfaction in the study of geography, which, instead of describing the natural history of each country, gave only a view of its political divisions and boundaries. History, and especially modern history, interested him little more. He there saw only general and periodical evils, the causes of which he could not discover; wars without either motive or reason; uninteresting intrigues; with nations destitute of principle, and princes void of humanity. To this branch of reading he preferred romances, which, being chiefly occupied by the feelings and concerns of men, sometimes represented situations similar to his own. Thus, no book gave him so much pleasure as Telemachus, from the pictures it draws of pastoral life, and of the passions which are most natural to the human breast.

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More than a year and a half, indeed, passed away before Madame de la Tour received any tidings of her aunt or her daughter. During that period she only accidentally heard that Virginia had safely arrived in France. At length, however, a vessel which stopped here in its way to the Indies brought a packet to Madame de la Tour, and a letter written by Virginia's own hand. Although this amiable and considerate girl had written in a guarded manner that she might not wound her mother's feelings, it appeared evident enough that she was unhappy. The letter painted so naturally her situation and her character, that I have retained it almost word for word.

"*My dear and beloved mother*,

"I have already sent you several letters, written by my own hand, but having received no answer, I am afraid they have not reached you. I have better hopes for this, from the means I have now gained of sending you tidings of myself, and of hearing from you.

"I have shed many tears since our separation, I who never used to weep, but for the misfortunes of others! My aunt was much astonished, when, having, upon my arrival, inquired what accomplishments I possessed, I told her that I could neither read nor write. She asked me what then I had learnt, since I came into the world; and when I answered that I had been taught to take care of the household affairs, and to obey your will, she told me that I had received the education of a servant. The next day she placed me as a boarder in a great abbey near Paris, where I have masters of all kinds, who teach me, among other things, history, geography, grammar, mathematics, and riding on horseback. But I have so little capacity for all these sciences, that I fear I shall make but little progress with my masters. I feel that I am a very poor creature, with very little ability to learn what they teach. My aunt's kindness, however, does not decrease. She gives me new dresses every season; and she has placed two waiting women with me, who are dressed like fine ladies. She has made me take the title of countess; but has obliged me to renounce the name of La Tour, which is as dear to me as it is to you, from all you have told me of the sufferings my father endured in order to marry you. She has given me in place of your name that of your family, which is also dear to me, because it was your name when a girl. Seeing myself in so splendid a situation, I implored her to let me send you

something to assist you. But how shall I repeat her answer! Yet you have desired me always to tell you the truth. She told me then that a little would be of no use to you, and that a great deal would only encumber you in the simple life you lead. As you know I could not write, I endeavored upon my arrival to send you tidings of myself by another hand; but, finding no person here in whom I could place confidence, I applied night and day to learn to read and write, and Heaven, who saw my motive for learning, no doubt, assisted my endeavors, for I succeeded in both in a short time. I entrusted my first letters to some of the ladies here, who, I have reason to think, carried them to my aunt. This time I have recourse to a boarder, who is my friend. I send you her direction, by means of which I shall receive your answer. My aunt has forbid me holding any correspondence whatever, with any one, lest, she says, it should occasion an obstacle to the great views she has for my advantage. No person is allowed to see me at the gate but herself, and an old nobleman, one of her friends, who, she says, is much pleased with me. I am sure I am not at all so with him, nor should I, even if it were possible for me to be pleased with any one at present.

"I live in all the splendor of affluence, and have not a sou at my disposal. They say I might make an improper use of money. Even my clothes belong to my femmes de chambre, who quarrel about them before I have left them off. In the midst of riches I am poorer than when I lived with you; for I have nothing to give away. When I found that the great accomplishments they taught me would not procure me the power of doing the smallest good, I had recourse to my needle, of which happily you had taught me the use. I send several pairs of stockings of my own making for you and my mamma Margaret, a cap for Domingo, and one of my red handkerchiefs for Mary. I also send with this packet some kernels, and seeds of various kinds of fruits which I gathered in the abbey park during my hours of recreation. I have also sent a few seeds of violets, daisies, buttercups, poppies and scabious, which I picked up in the fields. There are much more beautiful flowers in the meadows of this country than in ours, but nobody cares for them. I am sure that you and my mamma Margaret will be better pleased with this bag of seeds, than you were with the bag of piastres, which was the cause of our separation and of my tears. It will give me great delight if you should one day see apple trees growing by the side of our plantations, and elms blending their foliage with that of our cocoa trees. You will fancy yourself in Normandy, which you love so much.

"You desired me to relate to you my joys and my griefs. I have no joys far from you. As for my griefs, I endeavor to soothe them by reflecting that I am in the situation in which it was the will of God that you should place me. But my greatest affliction is, that no one here speaks to me of you, and that I cannot speak of you to any one. My femmes de chambre, or rather those of my aunt, for they belong more to her than to me, told me the other day, when I wished to turn the conversation upon the object most dear to me: "Remember, mademoiselle, that you are a French woman, and must forget the land of savages." Ah! sooner will I forget myself, than forget the spot on which I was born and where you dwell! It is this country which is to me a land of savages, for I live alone, having no one to whom I can impart those feelings of tenderness for you which I shall bear with me to the grave. I am,

"My dear and beloved mother,

"Your affectionate and dutiful daughter,

"VIRGINIA DE LA TOUR."

"I recommend to your goodness Mary and Domingo, who took so much care of my infancy; caress Fidele for me, who found me in the wood."

Paul was astonished that Virginia had not said one word of him,—she, who had not forgotten even the house-dog. But he was not aware that, however long a woman's letter may be, she never fails to leave her dearest sentiments for the end.

In a postscript Virginia particularly recommended to Paul's attention two kinds of seed,—those of the violet and the scabious. She gave him some instructions upon the natural character of these flowers, and the spots most proper for their cultivation. "The violet," she said, "produces a little flower of a dark purple color, which

delights to conceal itself beneath the bushes; but it is soon discovered by its wide-spreading perfume." She desired that these seeds might be sown by the border of the fountain, at the foot of her cocoa-tree. "The scabious," she added, "produces a beautiful flower of a pale blue, and a black ground spotted with white. You might fancy it was in mourning; and for this reason it is also called the widow's flower. It grows best in bleak spots, beaten by the winds." She begged him to sow this upon the rock where she had spoken to him at night for the last time, and that, in remembrance of her, he would henceforth give it the name of the Rock of Adieus.

She had put these seeds into a little purse, the tissue of which was exceedingly simple; but which appeared above all price to Paul, when he saw on it a P and a V entwined together, and knew that the beautiful hair which formed the cipher was the hair of Virginia.

The whole family listened with tears to the reading of the letter of this amiable and virtuous girl. Her mother answered it in the name of the little society, desiring her to remain or return as she thought proper: and assuring her, that happiness had left their dwelling since her departure, and that, for herself, she was inconsolable.

Paul also sent her a very long letter, in which he assured her that he would arrange the garden in a manner agreeable to her taste, and might mingle together in it the plants of Europe with those of Africa, as she had blended their initials together in her work. He sent her some fruit from the cocoa-trees of the fountain, now arrived at maturity; telling her, that he would not add any of the other productions of the island, that the desire of seeing them again might hasten her return. He conjured her to comply as soon as possible with the ardent wishes of her family, and above all, with his own, since he could never hereafter taste happiness away from her.

Paul sowed with a careful hand the European seeds, particularly the violet and scabious, the flowers of which seemed to bear some analogy to the character and present situation of Virginia; but either they were dried up in the voyage, or the climate in this part of the world is unfavorable to their growth, for a very small number of them even came up, and not one arrived at full perfection.

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In the meantime, envy, which ever comes to embittered human happiness, particularly in the French colonies, spread some reports in the island which gave Paul much uneasiness. The passengers in the vessel which brought Virginia's letter asserted that she was on the point of being married, and named the nobleman of the court to whom she was engaged. Some even went so far as to declare that the union had already taken place, and that they themselves had witnessed the ceremony. Paul despised the report, brought by a merchant vessel, as he knew that they often spread erroneous intelligence in their passage; but some of the inhabitants of the island, with malignant pity, affecting to bewail the event, he was soon led to attach some degree of belief to this cruel intelligence. Virginia, Paul was persuaded, had not written, because she would soon arrive.

It took so little time to come from Europe with a fair wind! Then he enumerated the vessels which had made this passage of four thousand five hundred miles in less than three months; and perhaps the vessel in which Virginia had embarked might not be more than two. Shipbuilders were now so ingenious, and sailors were so expert! He then talked to me of the arrangements he intended to make for her reception, of the new house he would build for her, and of the pleasures and surprises which he would contrive for her every day, when she was his wife. His wife! The idea filled him with ecstasy. "At least, my dear father," said he, "you shall then do no more work than you please. As Virginia will be rich, we shall have plenty of negroes, and they shall work for you. You shall always live with us, and have no other care than to amuse yourself and be happy;"—and, his heart throbbing with joy, he flew to communicate these exquisite anticipations to his family.

In a short time, however, these enchanting hopes were succeeded by the most cruel apprehensions. It is always the effect of violent passions to throw the soul into opposite extremes. Paul returned the next day to my dwelling, overwhelmed with melancholy, and said to me,—"I hear nothing from Virginia.

Had she left Europe she would have written me word of her departure. Ah! the reports which I have heard concerning her are but too well founded. Her aunt has married her to some great lord. She, like others, has been undone by the love of riches. In those books which paint women so well, virtue is treated but as a subject of romance. If Virginia had been virtuous, she would never have forsaken her mother and me. I do nothing but think of her, and she has forgotten me. I am wretched, and she is diverting herself. The thought distracts me; I cannot bear myself! Would to Heaven that war were declared in India! I would go there and die."

One morning, at break of day (it was the 24th of December, 1744), Paul, when he arose, perceived a white flag hoisted upon the Mountain of Discovery. This flag he knew to be the signal of a vessel descried at sea. He instantly flew to the town to learn if this vessel brought any tidings of Virginia, and waited there till the return of the pilot, who was gone, according to custom, to board the ship. The pilot did not return till the evening, when he brought the governor information that the signalled vessel was the *Saint-Geran*, of seven hundred tons burden, and commanded by a captain of the name of Aubin; that she was now four leagues out at sea, but would probably anchor at Port Louis the following afternoon, if the wind became fair: at present there was a calm. The pilot then handed to the governor a number of letters which the *Saint-Geran* had brought from France, among which was one addressed to Madame de la Tour, in the handwriting of Virginia. Paul seized upon the letter, kissed it with transport, and placing it in his bosom, flew to the plantation. No sooner did he perceive from a distance the family, who were awaiting his return, upon the rock of Adieus, than he waved the letter aloft in the air, without being able to utter a word. No sooner was the seal broken, than they all crowded round Madame de la Tour to hear the letter read. Virginia informed her mother that she had experienced much ill-usage from her aunt, who, after having in vain urged her to a marriage against her inclination, had disinherited her, and had sent her back at a time when she would probably reach the Mauritius during the hurricane season. In vain, she added, had she endeavored to soften her aunt, by representing what she owed to her mother, and to her early habits; she was treated as a romantic girl, whose head had been turned by novels. She could now only think of the joy of again seeing and embracing her beloved family, and would have gratified her ardent desire at once, by landing in the pilot's boat, if the captain had allowed her: but that he had objected, on account of the distance, and of a heavy swell, which, notwithstanding the calm, reigned in the open sea.

As soon as the letter was finished, the whole of the family, transported with joy, repeatedly exclaimed, "Virginia is arrived!" and mistresses and servants embraced each other. Madame de la Tour said to Paul,—"My son, go and inform our neighbor of Virginia's arrival." Domingo immediately lighted a torch of bois de ronde, and he and Paul bent their way towards my dwelling.

It was about ten o'clock at night, and I was just going to extinguish my lamp, and retire to rest, when I perceived, through the palisades round my cottage, a light in the woods. Soon after, I heard the voice of Paul calling me. I instantly arose, and had hardly dressed myself, when Paul, almost beside himself, and panting for breath, sprang on my neck, crying,—"Come along, come along. Virginia is arrived. Let us go to the port; the vessel will anchor at break of day."

Scarcely had he uttered the words, when we set off. As we were passing through the woods of the Sloping Mountain, and were already on the road which leads from the Shaddock Grove to the port, I heard some one walking behind us. It proved to be a negro, and he was advancing with hasty steps. When he had reached us, I asked him whence he came, and whither he was going with such expedition. He answered, "I come from that part of the island called Golden Dust; and am sent to the port, to inform the governor that a ship from France has anchored under the Isle of Amber. She is firing guns of distress, for the sea is very rough." Having said this, the man left us, and pursued his journey without any further delay.

I then said to Paul,—"Let us go towards the quarter of the Golden Dust, and meet Virginia there. It is not more than three leagues from hence." We accordingly bent our course towards the

northern part of the island. The heat was suffocating. The moon had risen, and was surrounded by three large black circles. A frightful darkness shrouded the sky; but the frequent flashes of lightning discovered to us long rows of thick and gloomy clouds, hanging very low, and heaped together over the centre of the island, being driven in with great rapidity from the ocean, although not a breath of air was perceptible upon the land. As we walked along, we thought we heard peals of thunder; but, on listening more attentively, we perceived that it was the sound of cannon at a distance, repeated by the echoes. These ominous sounds, joined to the tempestuous aspect of the heavens, made me shudder. I had little doubt of their being signals of distress from a ship in danger. In about half an hour the firing ceased, and I found the silence still more appalling than the dismal sounds which had preceded it.

We hastened on without uttering a word, or daring to communicate to each other our mutual apprehensions. At midnight, by great exertion, we arrived at the seashore, in that part of the island called Golden Dust. The billows were breaking against the beach with a horrible noise, covering the rocks and the strand with foam of a dazzling whiteness, blended with sparks of fire. By these phosphoric gleams we distinguished, notwithstanding the darkness, a number of fishing canoes, drawn up high upon the beach.

At the entrance of a wood, a short distance from us, we saw a fire, round which a party of the inhabitants were assembled. We repaired thither, in order to rest ourselves till the morning. While we were seated near this fire, one of the standers-by related, that late in the afternoon he had seen a vessel in the open sea, driven towards the island by the currents; that the night had hidden it from his view; and that two hours after sunset he had heard the firing of signal guns of distress, but that the surf was so high, that it was impossible to launch a boat to go off to her; that a short time after, he thought he perceived the glimmering of the watch-lights on board the vessel, which, he feared, by its having approached so near the coast, had steered between the main land and the little island of Amber, mistaking the latter for the Point of Endeavor, near which vessels pass in order to gain Port Louis; and that, if this were the case, which, however, he would not take upon himself to be certain of, the ship, he thought, was in very great danger. Another islander then informed us, that he had frequently crossed the channel which separates the isle of Amber from the coast, and had sounded it; that the anchorage was very good, and that the ship would there lie as safely as in the best harbor. "I would stake all I'm worth upon it," said he, "and if I were on board, I should sleep as sound as on shore." A third bystander declared that it was impossible for the ship to enter that channel, which was scarcely navigable for a boat. He was certain, he said, that he had seen the vessel at anchor beyond the isle of Amber; so that, if the wind arose in the morning, she could either put to sea, or gain the harbor. Other inhabitants gave different opinions upon this subject, which they continued to discuss in the usual desultory manner of the indolent Creoles. Paul and I observed a profound silence. We remained on this spot till break of day, but the weather was too hazy to admit of our distinguishing any object at sea, everything being covered with fog. All we could descry to seaward was a dark cloud, which they told us was the isle of Amber, at the distance of a quarter of a league from the coast. On this gloomy day we could only discern the point of land on which we were standing, and the peaks of some inland mountains, which started out occasionally from the midst of the clouds that hung around them.

At about seven in the morning we heard the sound of drums in the woods: it announced the approach of the governor, Monsieur de la Bourdonnais, who soon after arrived on horseback, at the head of a detachment of soldiers armed with muskets, and a crowd of islanders and negroes. He drew up his soldiers upon the beach, and ordered them to make a general discharge. This was no sooner done, than we perceived a glimmering light upon the water which was instantly followed by the report of a cannon. We judged that the ship was at no great distance and all ran towards that part whence the light and sound proceeded. We now discerned through the fog the hull and yards of a large vessel. We were so near to her, that notwithstanding the tumult of the

waves, we could distinctly hear the whistle of the boatswain, and the shouts of the sailors, who cried out three times, VIVE LE ROI! this being the cry of the French in extreme danger, as well as in exuberant joy;—as though they wished to call their prince to their aid, or to testify to him that they are prepared to lay down their lives in his service.

As soon as the *Saint-Geran* perceived that we were near enough to render her assistance, she continued to fire guns regularly at intervals of three minutes. Monsieur de la Bourdonnais caused great fires to be lighted at certain distances upon the strand, and sent to all the inhabitants of the neighborhood, in search of provisions, planks, cables, and empty barrels. A number of people soon arrived, accompanied by their negroes loaded with provisions and cordage, which they had brought from the plantations of Golden Dust, from the district of La Flaque, and from the river of the Rampart.

One of the most aged of these planters, approaching the governor, said to him,—"We have heard all night hollow noises in the mountain; in the woods the leaves of the trees are shaken, although there is no wind; the sea-birds seek refuge upon the land; it is certain that all these signs announce a hurricane." "Well, my friends," answered the governor, "we are prepared for it, and no doubt the vessel is also."

Everything, indeed, presaged the near approach of the hurricane. The centre of the clouds in the zenith was of a dismal black, while their skirts were tinged with a copper-colored hue. The air resounded with the cries of the tropic-birds, petrels, frigate-birds, and innumerable other sea-fowl, which, notwithstanding the obscurity of the atmosphere, were seen coming from every point of the horizon, to seek for shelter in the island.

Towards nine in the morning we heard in the direction of the ocean the most terrific noise, like the sound of thunder mingled with that of torrents rushing down the steeps of lofty mountains. A general cry was heard of, "There is the hurricane!" and the next moment a frightful gust of wind dispelled the fog which covered the isle of Amber and its channel. The *Saint-Geran* then presented herself to our view, her deck crowded with people, her yards and topmasts lowered down, and her flag half-mast high, moored by four cables at her bow and one at her stern. She had anchored between the isle of Amber and the main land, inside the chain of reefs which encircles the island, and which she had passed through in a place where no vessel had ever passed before. She presented her head to the waves that rolled in from the open sea, and as each billow rushed into the narrow strait where she lay, her bow lifted to such a degree as to show her keel; and at the same moment her stern, plunging into the water, disappeared altogether from our sight, as if it were swallowed up by the surges. In this position, driven by the winds and waves towards the shore, it was equally impossible for her to return by the passage through which she had made her way; or, by cutting her cables, to strand herself upon the beach, from which she was separated by sand-banks and reefs of rocks. Every billow which broke upon the coast advanced roaring to the bottom of the bay, throwing up heaps of shingles to the distance of fifty feet upon the land; then, rushing back, laid bare its sandy bed, from which it rolled immense stones, with a hoarse and dismal noise. The sea, swelled by the violence of the wind, rose higher every moment; and the whole channel between this island and the isle of Amber was soon one vast sheet of white foam, full of yawning pits of black and deep billows.

Heaps of this foam, more than six feet high, were piled up at the bottom of the bay; and the winds which swept its surface carried masses of it over the steep sea-bank, scattering it upon the land to the distance of half a league. These innumerable white flakes, driven horizontally even to the very foot of the mountains, looked like snow issuing from the bosom of the ocean. The appearance of the horizon portended a lasting tempest; the sky and the water seemed blended together. Thick masses of clouds, of a frightful form, swept across the zenith with the swiftness of birds, while others appeared motionless as rocks. Not a single spot of blue sky could be discerned in the whole firmament; and a pale yellow gleam only lighted up all the objects of the earth, the sea, and the skies.

From the violent rolling of the ship, what we all dreaded happened at last. The cables which held her bow were torn

away; she then swung to a single hawser, and was instantly dashed upon the rocks, at a distance of half a cable's length from the shore. A general cry of horror issued from the spectators. Paul rushed forward to throw himself into the sea, when, seizing him by the arm, "My son," I exclaimed, "would you perish?"—"Let me go to save her," he cried, "or let me die!" Seeing that despair had deprived him of reason, Domingo and I, in order to preserve him, fastened a long cord around his waist, and held it fast by the end. Paul then precipitated himself towards the *Saint-Geran*, now swimming, and now walking upon the rocks. Sometimes he had hopes of reaching the vessel, which the sea, by the reflux of its waves, had left almost dry, so that you could have walked around it on foot; but suddenly the billows, returning with fresh fury, shrouded it beneath mountains of water, which then lifted it upright upon its keel. The breakers at the same moment threw the unfortunate Paul far upon the beach, his legs bathed in blood, his bosom wounded, and himself half dead. The moment he had recovered the use of his senses, he arose, and returned with new ardor towards the vessel, the parts of which now yawned asunder from the violent strokes of the billows. The crew then, despairing of their safety, threw themselves in crowds into the sea, upon yards, planks, hen-coops, tables, and barrels. At this moment we beheld an object which wrung our hearts with grief and pity; a young lady appeared in the stern-gallery of the *Saint-Geran*, stretching out her arms towards him who was making so many efforts to join her. It was Virginia. She had discovered her lover by his intrepidity. The sight of this amiable girl, exposed to such horrible danger, filled us with unutterable despair. As for Virginia, with a firm and dignified mien, she waved her hand, as if bidding us an eternal farewell. All the sailors had flung themselves into the sea, except one, who still remained upon the deck, and who was naked, and strong as Hercules. This man approached Virginia with respect, and kneeling at her feet, attempted to force her to throw off her clothes; but she repulsed him with modesty, and turned away her head.

Then were heard redoubled cries from the spectators, "Save her!—save her!—do not leave her!" But at that moment a mountain billow, of enormous magnitude, ingulfed itself between the isle of Amber and the coast, and menaced the shattered vessel, towards which it rolled bellowing, with its black sides and foaming head. At this terrible sight the sailor flung himself into the sea; and Virginia, seeing death inevitable, crossed her hands upon her breast, and raising upwards her serene and beauteous eyes, seemed an angel prepared to take flight to Heaven.

Oh, day of horror! Alas! everything was swallowed up by the relentless billows. The surge threw some of the spectators, whom an impulse of humanity had prompted to advance towards Virginia, far upon the beach, and also the sailor who had endeavored to save her life. This man, who had escaped from almost certain death, kneeling on the sand, exclaimed,—"Oh, my God! thou hast saved my life, but I would have given it willingly for that excellent young lady, who had persevered in not undressing herself as I had done." Domingo and I drew the unfortunate Paul to the shore. He was senseless, and blood was flowing from his mouth and ears. The governor ordered him to be put into the hands of a surgeon, while we, on our part, wandered along the beach, in hopes that the sea would throw up the corpse of Virginia. But the wind having suddenly changed, as it frequently happens during hurricanes, our search was in vain; and we had the grief of thinking that we should not be able to bestow on this sweet and unfortunate girl the last sad duties. We retired from the spot overwhelmed with dismay, and our minds wholly occupied by one cruel loss, although numbers had perished in the wreck. Some of the spectators seemed tempted, from the fatal destiny of this virtuous girl, to doubt the existence of Providence; for there are in life such terrible, such unmerited evils, that even the hope of the wise is sometimes shaken.

In the meantime Paul, who began to recover his senses, was taken to a house in the neighborhood, till he was in a fit state to be removed to his own home. Thither I bent my way with Domingo to discharge the melancholy duty of preparing Virginia's mother and her friend for the disastrous event which had happened. When we had reached the entrance of the valley of the river of Fan-Palms, some negroes informed us that the sea had

thrown up many pieces of the wreck in the opposite bay. We descended towards it, and one of the first objects that struck my sight upon the beach was the corpse of Virginia. The body was half covered with sand, and preserved the attitude in which we had seen her perish. Her features were not sensibly changed, her eyes were closed, and her countenance was still serene; but the pale purple hues of death were blended on her cheek with the blush of virgin modesty. One of her hands was placed upon her clothes; and the other, which she held on her heart, was fast closed, and so stiffened, that it was with difficulty that I took from its grasp a small box. How great was my emotion when I saw that it contained the picture of Paul, which she had promised him never to part with while she lived! At the sight of this last mark of the fidelity and tenderness of the unfortunate girl, I wept bitterly. As for Domingo, he beat his breast, and pierced the air with his shrieks. With heavy hearts we then carried the body of Virginia to a fisherman's hut, and gave it in charge of some poor Malabar women, who carefully washed away the sand.

While they were employed in this melancholy office, we ascended the hill with trembling steps to the plantation. We found Madame de la Tour and Margaret at prayer; hourly expecting to have tidings from the ship. As soon as Madame de la Tour saw me coming, she cried,—"Where is my daughter—my dear daughter,—my child?" My silence and my tears apprised her of her misfortune. She was instantly seized with convulsive stopping of the breath and agonizing pains, and her voice was only heard in sighs and groans. Margaret cried, "Where is my son? I do not see my son!" and fainted. We ran to her assistance. In a short time she recovered, and being assured that Paul was safe, and under the care of the governor, she thought of nothing but of succoring her friend, who recovered from one fainting fit only to fall into another. Madame de la Tour passed the whole night in these cruel sufferings, and I became convinced that there was no sorrow like that of a mother. When she recovered her senses, she cast a fixed, unconscious look towards heaven. In vain her friend and myself pressed her hands in ours; in vain we called upon her by the most tender names; she appeared wholly insensible to these testimonials of our affection, and no sound issued from her oppressed bosom but deep and hollow moans.

During the morning Paul was carried home in a palanquin. He had now recovered the use of his reason, but was unable to utter a word. His interview with his mother and Madame de la Tour, which I had dreaded, produced a better effect than all my cares. A ray of consolation gleamed on the countenance of the two unfortunate mothers. They pressed close to him, clasped him in their arms, and kissed him: their tears, which excess of anguish had till now dried up at the source, began to flow. Paul mixed his tears with theirs; and nature having thus found relief, a long stupor succeeded the convulsive pangs they had suffered and afforded them a lethargic repose, which was in truth like that of death.

Monsieur de la Bourdonnais sent to apprise me secretly that the corpse of Virginia had been borne to the town by his order, from whence it was to be transferred to the church of the Shaddock Grove. I immediately went down to Port Louis, where I found a multitude assembled from all parts of the island, in order to be present at the funeral solemnity, as if the isle had lost that which was nearest and dearest to it. The vessels in the harbor had their yards crossed, their flags half-mast, and fired guns at long intervals. A body of grenadiers led the funeral procession, with their muskets reversed, their muffled drums sending forth slow and dismal sounds. Dejection was depicted in the countenance of these warriors, who had so often braved death in battle without changing color. Eight young ladies of considerable families of the island, dressed in white, and bearing palm-branches in their hands, carried the corpse of their amiable companion, which was covered with flowers. They were followed by a chorus of children, chanting hymns, and by the governor, his field officer, all the principal inhabitants of the island, and an immense crowd of people.

This imposing funeral solemnity had been ordered by the administration of the country, which was desirous of doing honor to the virtues of Virginia. But when the mournful procession arrived at the foot of this mountain, within sight of

those cottages of which she had been so long an inmate and an ornament, diffusing happiness all around them, and which her loss had now filled with despair, the funeral pomp was interrupted, the hymns and anthems ceased, and the whole plain resounded with sighs and lamentations. Numbers of young girls ran from the neighboring plantations to touch the coffin of Virginia with their handkerchiefs, and with chaplets and crowns of flowers, invoking her as a saint. Mothers asked of heaven a child like Virginia; lovers a heart as faithful; the poor as tender a friend; and the slaves as kind a mistress.

When the procession had reached the place of interment, some negresses of Madagascar and Caffres of Mozambique placed a number of baskets of fruit around the corpse, and hung pieces of stuff upon the adjoining trees, according to the custom of their several countries. Some Indian women from Bengal also, and from the coast of Malabar, brought cages full of small birds, which they set at liberty upon her coffin. Thus deeply did the loss of this amiable being affect the natives of different countries, and thus was the ritual of various religions performed over the tomb of unfortunate virtue.

It became necessary to place guards round her grave, and to employ gentle force in removing some of the daughters of the neighboring villagers, who endeavored to throw themselves into it, saying that they had no longer any consolation to hope for in this world, and that nothing remained for them but to die with their benefactress.

On the western side of the church of the Shaddock Grove is a small copse of bamboos, where, in returning from mass with her mother and Margaret, Virginia loved to rest herself, seated by the side of him whom she then called brother. This was the spot selected for her interment.

At his return from the funeral solemnity, Monsieur de la Bourdonnais came up here, followed by part of his numerous retinue. He offered Madame de la Tour and her friend all the assistance it was in his power to bestow. After briefly expressing his indignation at the conduct of her unnatural aunt, he advanced to Paul, and said everything which he thought most likely to soothe and console him. "Heaven is my witness," said he, "that I wished to insure your happiness, and that of your family. My dear friend, you most go to France; I will obtain a commission for you, and during your absence I will take the same care of your mother as if she were my own." He then offered him his hand; but Paul drew away and turned his head aside, unable to bear his sight.

I remained for some time at the plantation of my unfortunate friends, that I might render to them and Paul those offices of friendship that were in my power, and which might alleviate, though they could not heal the wounds of calamity. At the end of three weeks Paul was able to walk; but his mind seemed to droop in proportion as his body gathered strength. He was insensible to everything; his look was vacant; and when asked a question, he made no reply. Madame de la Tour, who was dying, said to him often,—"My son, while I look at you, I think I see my dear Virginia." At the name of Virginia he shuddered, and hastened away from her, notwithstanding the entreaties of his mother, who begged him to come back to her friend. He used to go alone into the garden, and seat himself at the foot of Virginia's cocoa-tree, with his eyes fixed upon the fountain. The governor's surgeon, who had shown the most humane attention to Paul and the whole family, told us that in order to cure the deep melancholy which had taken possession of his mind, we must allow him to do whatever he pleased, without contradiction: this, he said, afforded the only chance of overcoming the silence in which he persevered.

I resolved to follow this advice. The first use which Paul made of his returning strength was to absent himself from the plantation. Being determined not to lose sight of him I set out immediately and desired Domingo to take some provisions and accompany us. The young man's strength and spirits seemed renewed as he descended the mountain. He first took the road to the Shaddock Grove, and when he was near the church, in the Alley of Bamboos, he walked directly to the spot where he saw some earth fresh turned up; kneeling down there and raising his eyes to heaven, he offered up a long prayer. This appeared to me a favorable symptom of the return of his reason; since this mark of confidence in the Supreme Being showed that his mind was beginning to resume its natural functions. Domingo and I, following his example

fell upon our knees and mingled our prayers with his. When he arose, he bent his way, paying little attention to us, towards the northern part of the island. As I knew that he was not only ignorant of the spot where the body of Virginia had been deposited, but even of the fact that it had been recovered from the waves, I asked him why he had offered up his prayer at the foot of those bamboos. He answered,—"We have been there so often."

I took him back to his own dwelling, where I found his mother and Madame de la Tour in a state of increased languor and exhaustion, but Margaret seemed to droop the most. Lively characters, upon whom petty troubles have but little effect, sink the soonest under great calamities.

"O my good friend," said Margaret, "I thought last night I saw Virginia, dressed in white, in the midst of groves and delicious gardens. She said to me, 'I enjoy the most perfect happiness:' and then approaching Paul with a smiling air, she bore him away with her. While I was struggling to retain my son, I felt that I myself too was quitting the earth, and that I followed with inexpressible delight. I then wished to bid my friend farewell, when I saw that she was hastening after me, accompanied by Mary and Domingo. But the strangest circumstance remains yet to be told; Madame de la Tour has this very night had a dream exactly like mine in every possible respect."

"My dear friend," I replied, "nothing, I firmly believe, happens in this world without the permission of God. Future events, too, are sometimes revealed in dreams."

Madame de la Tour then related to me her dream which was exactly the same as Margaret's in every particular; and as I had never observed in either of these ladies any propensity to superstition, I was struck with the singular coincidence of their dreams, and I felt convinced that they would soon be realized. The belief that future events are sometimes revealed to us during sleep, is one that is widely diffused among the nations of the earth. The greatest men of antiquity have had faith in it; among whom may be mentioned Alexander the Great, Julius Cæsar, the Scipios, the two Catos, and Brutus, none of whom were weak-minded persons. Both the Old and the New Testament furnish us with numerous instances of dreams that came to pass. As for myself, I need only, on this subject, appeal to my experience, as I have more than once had good reason to believe that superior intelligences, who interest themselves in our welfare, communicate with us in these visions of the night. Things which surpass the light of human reason cannot be proved by arguments derived from that reason; but still, if the mind of man is an image of that of God, since man can make known his will to the ends of the earth by secret missives, may not the Supreme Intelligence which governs the universe employ similar means to attain a like end? One friend consoles another by a letter, which, after passing through many kingdoms, and being in the hands of various individuals at enmity with each other, brings at last joy and hope to the breast of a single human being. May not in like manner the Sovereign Protector of innocence come in some secret way, to the help of a virtuous soul, which puts its trust in him alone? Has he occasion to employ visible means to effect his purpose in this, whose ways are hidden in all his ordinary works?

Why should we doubt the evidence of dreams? for what is our life, occupied as it is with vain and fleeting imaginations, other than a prolonged vision of the night?

Whatever may be thought of this in general, on the present occasion the dreams of my friends were soon realized. Paul expired two months after the death of his Virginia, whose name dwelt on his lips in his expiring moments. About a week after the death of her son, Margaret saw her last hour approach with that serenity which virtue only can feel. She bade Madame de la Tour a most tender farewell, "in the certain hope," she said, "of a delightful and eternal reunion. Death is the greatest of blessings to us," added she, "and we ought to desire it. If life be a punishment, we should wish for its termination; if it be a trial, we should be thankful that it is short."

The governor took care of Domingo and Mary, who were no longer able to labor, and who survived their mistresses but a short time. As for poor Fidele, he pined to death, soon after he had lost his master.

I afforded an asylum in my dwelling to

Madame de la Tour, who bore up under her calamities with incredible elevation of mind. She had endeavored to console Paul and Margaret till their last moments, as if she herself had no misfortunes of her own to bear. When they were no more, she used to talk to me every day of them as of beloved friends, who were still living near her. She survived them, however, but one month. Far from reproaching her aunt for the afflictions she had caused, her benign spirit prayed to God to pardon her, and to appease that remorse which we heard began to torment her, as soon as she had sent Virginia away with so much inhumanity.

On the same spot, and at the foot of the same shrubs as his Virginia, was deposited the body of Paul; and round about them lie the remains of their tender mothers and their faithful servants. No marble marks the spot of their humble graves, no inscription records their virtues; but their memory is engraven upon the hearts of those whom they have befriended, in indelible characters. Their spirits have no need of the pomp, which they shunned during their life; but if they still take an interest in what passes upon earth, they no doubt love to wander beneath the roofs of these humble dwellings, inhabited by industrious virtue, to console poverty discontented with its lot, to cherish in the hearts of lovers the sacred flame of fidelity, and to inspire a taste for the blessings of nature, a love of honest labor, and a dread of the allurements of riches.

CHEVY-CHASE.

[" Chevy-Chase," a ballad, was printed in **Percy's** *Reliques*, the original of which was probably as old as the reign of Henry VI. The modern version is probably not more ancient than the time of Queen Elizabeth, and is copied from an old manuscript at the end of Hearne's preface to *Gulielmus Nubrigiensis Hist.* (1719), Vol. I. It is referred to in an old book, called *The Complaynt of Scotland*, under the title of "Huntis of Chevet," of which two lines are quoted. Sir Philip Sidney says of it, in his *Defense of Poesie*, that "I never heard the old story of Percie and Douglas that I found not my heart moved more than a trumpet." It is well known that this ballad, which was originally called "The Hunting a' the Cheviat," arose out of the hereditary rivalry and feud between the two families of Percy and Douglas.]

God prosper long our noble king,
Our lives and safeties all;
A woful hunting once there did
In Chevy-Chase befall.

To drive the deer with hound and horn
Earl Percy took his way;
The child may rue that is unborn
The hunting of that day.

The stout Earl of Northumberland
A vow to God did make,
His pleasure in the Scottish woods
Three summer days to take,—

The chiefest harts in Chevy-Chase
To kill and bear away.
These tidings to Earl Douglas came,
In Scotland where he lay;

Who sent Earl Percy present word
He would prevent his sport.
The English earl, not fearing that,
Did to the woods resort,

With fifteen hundred bowmen bold,
All chosen men of might,
Who knew full well in time of need
To aim their shafts aright.

The gallant greyhounds swiftly ran
To chase the fallow deer;
On Monday they began to hunt,
When daylight did appear;

And long before high noon they had
A hundred fat bucks slain;
Then, having dined, the drovers went
To rouse the deer again.

The bowmen mustered on the hills,
Well able to endure;
And all their rear, with special care,
That day was guarded sure.

The hounds ran swiftly through the woods
The nimble deer to take,
That with their cries the hills and dales
An echo shrill did make.

Lord Percy to the quarry went,
To view the slaughtered deer;
Quoth he, "Earl Douglas promisèd
This day to meet me here;

"But if I thought he would not come,
No longer would I stay;"
With that a brave young gentleman
Thus to the earl did say:—

"Lo, yonder doth Earl Douglas come,—
His men in armor bright;
Full twenty hundred Scottish spears
All marching in our sight;

"All men of pleasant Teviotdale,
Fast by the river Tweed;"
"Then cease your sports," Earl Percy said,
"And take your bows with speed;

"And now with me, my countrymen,
Your courage forth advance;
For never was there champion yet,
In Scotland or in France,

"That ever did on horseback come,
But if my hap it were,
I durst encounter man for man,
With him to break a spear."

Earl Douglas on his milk-white steed,
Most like a baron bold,
Rode foremost of his company,
Whose armor shone like gold.

"Show me," said he, "whose men you be,
That hunt so boldly here,
That, without my consent, do chase
And kill my fallow-deer."

The first man that did answer make
Was noble Percy he—
Who said, "We list not to declare,
Nor show whose men we be:

"Yet will we spend our dearest blood
Thy chiefest harts to slay."
Then Douglas swore a solemn oath,
And thus in rage did say:

"Ere thus I will out-bravèd be,
One of us two shall die;
I know thee well, an earl thou art,—
Lord Percy, so am I.

"But trust me, Percy, pity 'twere,
And great offense, to kill
Any of these our guiltless men,
For they have done no ill.

"Let you and me the battle try,
And set our men aside."
"Accursed be he," Earl Percy said,
"By whom this is denied."

Then stepped a gallant squire forth,
Witherington was his name,
Who said, "I would not have it told
To Henry, our king, for shame,

"That e'er my captain fought on foot,
And I stood looking on.
You two be earls," said Witherington,
"And I a squire alone;

"I'll do the best that do I may,
While I have power to stand;
While I have power to wield my sword
I'll fight with heart and hand."

Our English archers bent their bows,—
Their hearts were good and true;
At the first flight of arrows sent,
Full fourscore Scots they slew.

Yet stays Earl Douglas on the bent,
As chieftain stout and good;
As valiant captain, all unmoved,
The shock he firmly stood.

His host he parted had in three,
As leader ware and tried;
As soon his spearmen on their foes
Bore down on every side.

Throughout the English archery
They dealt full many a wound;
But still our valiant Englishmen
All firmly kept their ground.

And throwing straight their bows away,
They grasped their swords so bright;
And now sharp blows, a heavy shower,
On shields and helmets light.

They closed full fast on every side,—
No slackness there was found;
And many a gallant gentleman
Lay gasping on the ground.

In truth, it was a grief to see
How each one chose his spear,
And how the blood out of their breasts
Did gush like water clear.

At last these two stout earls did meet;
Like captains of great might,
Like lions wode, they laid on lode,
And made a cruel fight.

They fought until they both did sweat,
With swords of tempered steel,
Until the blood, like drops of rain,
They trickling down did feel.

"Yield thee, Lord Percy," Douglas said,
"In faith I will thee bring
Where thou shalt high advanced be
By James, our Scottish king.

"Thy ransom I will freely give,
And this report of thee,—
Thou art the most courageous knight
That ever I did see."

"No, Douglas," saith Earl Percy then,
"Thy proffer I do scorn;
I will not yield to any Scot
That ever yet was born."

With that there came an arrow keen
Out of an English bow,
Which struck Earl Douglas to the heart,—
A deep and deadly blow;

Who never spake more words than these:
"Fight on, my merry men all;
For why, my life is at an end;
Lord Percy sees my fall."

Then leaving life, Earl Percy took
The dead man by the hand;
And said, "Earl Douglas, for thy life
Would I had lost my land.

"In truth, my very heart doth bleed
With sorrow for thy sake;
For sure a more redoubted knight
Mischance did never take."

A knight amongst the Scots there was
Who saw Earl Douglas die,
Who straight in wrath did vow revenge
Upon the Earl Percy.

Sir Hugh Mountgomery was he called,
Who, with a spear full bright,
Well mounted on a gallant steed,
Ran fiercely through the fight;

And past the English archers all,
Without a dread or fear;
And through Earl Percy's body then
He thrust his hateful spear.

With such vehement force and might
He did his body gore,
The staff ran through the other side
A large cloth-yard and more.

So thus did both these nobles die,
Whose courage none could stain.
An English archer then perceived
The noble earl was slain.

He had a bow bent in his hand,
Made of a trusty tree;
An arrow of a cloth-yard long
To the hard head haled he.

Against Sir Hugh Mountgomery
So right the shaft he set,
The gray goose wing that was thereon
In his heart's blood was wet.

This fight did last from break of day
Till setting of the sun;
For when they rung the evening-bell
The battle scarce was done.

With stout Earl Percy there were slain
Sir John of Egerton,
Sir Robert Ratcliff, and Sir John,
Sir James, that bold baron.

And with Sir George and stout Sir James,
Both knights of good account,
Good Sir Ralph Raby there was slain,
Whose prowess did surmount.

For Witherington my heart is woe
That ever he slain should be,
For when his legs were hewn in two,
He knelt and fought on knee.

And with Earl Douglas there were slain
Sir Hugh Mountgomery,
Sir Charles Murray, that from the field
One foot would never flee;

Sir Charles Murray of Ratcliff, too,—
His sister's son was he;
Sir David Lamb, so well esteemed,
But saved he could not be.

And the Lord Maxwell in like case
Did with Earl Douglas die:
Of twenty hundred Scottish spears,
Scarce fifty-five did fly.

Of fifteen hundred Englishmen
Went home but fifty-three;
The rest in Chevy-Chase were slain,
Under the greenwood tree.

Next day did many widows come,
Their husbands to bewail;
They washed their wounds in brinish tears,
But all would not prevail.

Their bodies, bathed in purple blood,
They bore with them away;
They kissed them dead a thousand times,
Ere they were clad in clay.

The news was brought to Edinburgh,
Where Scotland's king did reign,
That brave Earl Douglas suddenly
Was with an arrow slain:

"Oh heavy news," King James did say;
"Scotland can witness be
I have not any captain more
Of such account as he."

Like tidings to King Henry came
Within as short a space,
That Percy of Northumberland
Was slain in Chevy-Chase:

"Now God be with him," said our King,
"Since 'twill no better be;
I trust I have within my realm
Five hundred as good as he:

"Yet shall not Scots or Scotland say
But I will vengeance take;
I'll be revenged on them all
For brave Earl Percy's sake."

This vow full well the King performed
After at Humbledown;
In one day fifty knights were slain
With lords of high renown;

And of the rest, of small account,
Did many hundreds die:
Thus endeth the hunting of Chevy-Chase,
Made by the Earl Percy.

God save the king, and bless this land
With plenty, joy and peace;
And grant, henceforth, that foul debate
'Twixt noblemen may cease.

A NOBLEMAN'S COUNTRY HOUSE.

[**Louisa De La Rame** (better known by her literary pseudonym "**Ouida**"), an English novelist, was born in Bury St. Edmunds, near London, of French descent, in 1840. She began writing for periodicals long before she was of age, her first story appearing in *Colburn's New Monthly Magazine*. She has produced many works of fiction of varied merit, the unflagging interest of which is sometimes marred by offences against purity and correct taste. These include *Granville de Vigne* (1861); *Strathmore* (1865); *Folle-Farine* (1871); *Ariadne* (1877); *Moths* (1880); *In Maremma* (1882); *Wanda* (1883); *A House Party* (1880); *In a Winter City* (1877), etc. From the last two we make extracts.]

It is an August morning. It is an old English manor house. There is a breakfast-room, hung with old gilded leather, of the time of the Stuarts; it has oak furniture of the same period; it has leaded lattices, with stained glass in some of their frames, and the motto of the house in old French, "*J'ay bon vouloir*," emblazoned there, with the crest of a heron resting in a crown. Thence windows open on to a green, quaint, lovely garden, which was laid out by M. Beaumont when he planned the gardens of Hampton Court. There are clipped yew-trees, walks, and arbors, and fantastic forms; there are stone terraces and steps like those of Haddon, and there are peacocks, which pace and perch upon them; there are beds full of all the flowers which blossomed in the England of the Stuarts, and birds dart and butterflies pass above them; beyond the gardens there are the woods and grassy lawns of the home park.

The place is called Surrenden Court, and is one of the houses of George, Earl of Usk; his favorite house in what pastoral people call autumn, and what he calls the shooting season.

Lord Usk is a well-made man of fifty, with a good-looking face, a little spoiled by a permanent expression of irritability and impatience, which is due to the state

of his liver; his eyes are good-tempered, his mouth is querulous; nature meant him for a very amiable man, but the dinner-table has interfered with, and in a measure upset, the good intentions of nature; it very often does. Dorothy, his wife, who is by birth a Fitz-Charles, third daughter of the Duke of Derry, is still a pretty woman of thirty-five or six, inclined to an *embonpoint*, which is the despair of herself and her maids; she has small features, a gay expression, and very intelligent eyes; she does not look at all a great lady, but she can be one when it is necessary. She prefers those merrier moments in life in which it is not necessary. She and Lord Usk, then Lord Surrenden, were greatly in love when they married; sixteen years have gone by since then, and it now seems very odd to each of them that they should ever have been so. They are not, however, bad friends, and have even at the bottom of their hearts a lasting regard for each other. This is saying much, as times go. When they are alone they quarrel considerably, but then they are so seldom alone. They both consider this disputatiousness the inevitable result of their respective relations. They have three sons, very pretty boys and great pickles, and two young and handsome daughters. The eldest son, Lord Surrenden, rejoices in the name of Victor Albert Augustus George, and is generally known as Boom.

They are now at breakfast in the garden-chamber; the china is old Chelsea, the silver is Queen Anne's, the roses are old-fashioned Jacquemines and real cabbage-roses. There is a pleasant scent from flowers, coffee, cigarettes, and newly-mown grass. There is a litter of many papers on the floor.

There is yet a fortnight before the shooting begins; Lord Usk feels that those fifteen days will be intolerable; he repents a fit of fright and economy in which he had sold his great Scotch moors and deer forests to an American capitalist; not having his own lands in Scotland any longer, pride had kept him from accepting any of the many invitations of his friends to go to them there for the twelfth, but he has a keen dread of the ensuing fifteen days without sport.

His wife has asked her own set; but he hates her set; he does not much like his own; there is only Dulcia Waverly whom he does like, and Lady Waverly will not come till the twentieth. He feels bored, hipped, annoyed; he would like to strangle the American who has bought Achnalorrie. Achnalorrie having gone irrevocably out of his hands, represents to him for the time being the one absolutely to-be-desired spot upon earth. Good heavens! he thinks, how can he have been such a fool as to sell it?

When he was George Rochfort, a boy of much promise going up from Oxford to Eton, he had a clever brain, a love of classics, and much inclination to scholarly pursuits; but he gradually lost all these tastes, little by little, he could not very well have said how; and now he never hardly opens a book, and he has drifted into that odd English habit of only counting time by the seasons for killing things. There is nothing to kill just now except rabbits, which he scorns, so he falls foul of his wife's list of people he has invited, which is lying temptingly provocative, of course, on the breakfast-table, scribbled in pencil on a sheet of note-paper.

"Always the same thing!" he says, as he glances over it. "Always the very worst lot you could get together, and there isn't one of the husbands or one of the wives."

"Of course there isn't," says Lady Usk, looking up from a society newspaper, which told her that her friends were all where they were not, and fitted all the caps of scandal on to all the wrong heads, and yet from some mysterious reason gave her amusement on account of its very blunders.

"I do think," he continues, "that nobody on earth ever had such absolutely indecent house-parties as yours!"

"You always say these absurd things."

"I don't think they're absurd. Look at your list; everybody asked that he may meet somebody whom he shouldn't meet!"

"What nonsense! As if they didn't all meet everywhere every day, and as if it mattered!"

"It does matter."

He has not been a moral man himself, but at fifty he likes to *faire la morale pour les autres*. When we are compelled to relinquish cakes and ale ourselves, we begin honestly to believe them indigestible for everybody; why should they be sold or be made at all?

"It does matter," he repeats. "Your people are too larky; much too larky. You grow worse every year. You don't care a straw what's said about 'em so long as they please you, and you let 'em carry on till there's the devil to pay."

"They pay him; I don't—and they like it."

"I know they like it, but I don't choose you should give 'em opportunity for it."

"Oh, nonsense!"

"Not nonsense at all. This house is a kind of Agapemone—a sort of Orleans Club."

"You ought not to be bored in it, then."

"One is always bored at one's own place. I tell you, I don't like your people. You ask everybody who wants to meet somebody else, and it's never respectable. It's a joke at the clubs. Jack's always saying to his Jill: 'We'll get Lady Usk to ask us together,' and they do. I say it's indecent."

"But, my dear, if Jack sulks without his Jill, and if Jill's in bad form without Jack, one must ask them together. I want people to like me, and to enjoy themselves."

"Enjoy themselves! That means flirting till all's blue with somebody you'd hate if you'd married her."

"What does that matter, so long as they're amused?"

"What an immoral woman you are, Dolly! To hear you—"

"I only mean that I don't think it matters; you know it doesn't matter; everybody's always doing it."

"If you'd only ask some of the women's husbands; some of the men's wives—"

"I couldn't do that, dear. I want people to like my house!"

"Just as I say—you're so immoral."

"No, I'm not. Nobody ever pays a bill for me except you."

"Enviable distinction! Pay! I think I do pay! Though why you can't keep within your pin money—"

"Pin money means money to buy pins. I did buy two diamond pins with it last year—eight hundred guineas each."

"You ought to buy clothes."

"Clothes! What an expression! I can't buy a child's frock even; it all goes in little things, and all my own money, too: wedding presents, christening presents, churches, orphanages, concerts; and it's all nonsense your grumbling about my bills to Worth, and Elise, and Virot; Boom read me a passage out of his Ovid last Easter, in which it describes the quantities of things that the Roman women had to wear and make them look pretty; a great deal more than any of us ever have, and their whole life was spent over their toilets, and then they had tortoise-shell steps to get down from their litters, and their dogs had jewelled collars, and liking to have things nice is nothing new, though you talk as if it were a crime, and we'd invented it!"

Usk laughs a little crossly as she comes to the end of her breathless sentence. "*Naso magister eris*," he remarks, "might certainly be inscribed over the chamber-doors of all your friends."

"I know you mean something odious. My friends are all charming people."

"I'll tell you what I do mean—that I don't like the house made a joke of in London; I'll shut it up and go abroad if the thing goes on. If a scandal's begun in town in the season it always comes down here to carry on; if there are two people fond of each other when they shouldn't be you always ask them down here and make pets of 'em. As you're taking to quoting Ovid, I may as well tell you that in his time the honest women didn't do this sort of thing; they left it to the light-o'-loves under the porticoes."

"I really don't know what I've done that I should be called an honest woman. One would think you were speaking to the house-maids. I wish you'd go and stay in somebody else's house; you always spoil things here."

"Very sorry. I like my own shooting. Three days here, three days there, three days t'other place, and expected to leave the game behind you and to say, 'thanks,' if your host gives you a few brace to take away with you—not for me if I know it, while there's a bird in the covers at my own places."

"I thought you were always bored at home?"

"Not when I'm shooting. I don't mind having the house full either, only I want you to get decenter people in it. Why, look at your list—they're all paired like animals in the ark. Here's Lady Arthur for Hugo Mountjoy, here's Iona and Madame de Caillac, here's Mrs.

Curzon for Lawrence, here's Dick Wootton and Mrs. Faversham, here's the Duke and Lady Dolgelly, here's old Beaumanoir and Olive Dawlish. I say it's absolutely indecent when you know how all these people are talked about."

"If one waited for somebody not talked about one would have an empty house or fill it with old fogies. My dear George, haven't you ever seen that advertisement about matches which only light on their own boxes? People in love are like those matches. If you ask the matches without the boxes, or the boxes without the matches, you won't get anything out of either."

"Ovid was born too early; he never knew this admirable illustration!"

"There's only one thing worse than inviting people without the people they care about; it is to invite them with the people they're tired of; I did that once last year. I asked Madame de Saumur and Gervase together, and then found that they had broken with each other two months before. That is the sort of blunder I do hate to make."

"Well, nothing happened?"

"Of course, nothing happened. Nobody ever shows anything. But it looks so stupid in me; one is always expected to know—"

"What an increase to the responsibilities of a hostess! She must know all the ins and outs of her acquaintances' unlawful affections as a Prussian officer knows the French by-roads. How simple an affair it used to be when the Victorian reign was young, and Lord and Lady So and So and Mr. and Mrs. Nobody all came to stay for a week in twos and twos as inevitably as we buy fancy pigeons in pairs."

"You pretend to regret those days, but you know you'd be horribly bored if you had always to go out with me."

"Politeness would require me to deny, but truthfulness would compel me to assent."

"Of course, it would. You don't want anybody with you who has heard all your best stories a thousand times, and knows what your doctor has told you not to eat; I don't want anybody who has seen how I look when I'm ill, and knows where my false hair is put on. It's quite natural. By the way, Boom says Ovid's ladies had perukes, too, as one of them put her wig on upside down before him, aad it chilled his feelings toward her; it would chill most people's. I wonder if they made them well in those days, and what they cost."

"I think you might have invited some of the husbands."

"Oh, dear, no. Why? They're all staying somewhere else."

"And your friends are never jealous, I suppose; at least, never about their husbands?"

"An agreeable woman is never jealous of anybody. She hasn't time to be. It is only the women who can't amuse themselves who make that sort of fuss."

"Are you an agreeable woman, my dear?"

"I have always been told so by everybody except yourself."

Lord Usk rose and laughed as he lighted a cigar.

"Well, I won't have any scandal in the house. Mind that."

"You'd better put that up on a placard as you have put, 'No fees to the servants,' up in the hall."

"I'm sure I would with pleasure if I thought anybody would attend to it. I don't like your set, Dolly—that's the truth. I wish you'd drop nine-tenths of 'em."

"My dear George, I wish you would mind your own business, to use a very vulgar expression. Do I ever say anything when you talk nonsense in the Lords and when you give your political picnics and shout yourself hoarse to the farmers who go away and vote against your man? Do I ever say anything when you shoot pheasants which cost you a sovereign a head for their corn and stalk stags which cost you eighty pounds each for their keep, and lose races with horses which cost you ten thousand a year for their breeding and training? Do I ever say anything when you think that people who are hungering for the whole of your land will be either grateful or delighted because you take ten per cent. off their rents? You know I don't. I think you ought to be allowed to ruin yourself and accelerate the revolution in any absurd way which may seem best to you. In return, pray let me manage my own house parties and choose my own acquaintances. It is not much to ask. What, are you going away? How exactly like a man to go away when he gets the worst of the argument."

Lord Usk has gone into the gardens in a towering rage. He is a gentleman; he will quarrel with his wife all day long, but he will always stop short of swearing at her, and he feels that if he stays in the room a moment longer he will swear—that allusion to the Scotch stags is too much for humanity (with a liver) to endure. When Achnalorrie is sold to that beastly American, to be twitted with what stags used to cost! Certainly they had cost a great deal, and the keepers had been bores, and the crofters had been nuisances, and there had always been some disease or other among the birds, and he had never cared as much as some men for deer-stalking, but still, as Achnalorrie is irrevocably gone, the thirty-mile drive over the bleak hills, and the ugly house on the stony straith-side, and the blinding rains and the driving snows and the swelling streams which the horses had to cross as best they could, all seem unspeakably lovely to him and the sole things worth living for; and then his wife has the heartlessness to twit him with the cost of each stag!

"Women have no feeling," he growls, as he walks about the gardens. "If they think they can make a point they'll make it, let it hurt you how it may."

He strolls down between two high yew-walls with his hands in his pockets and feels injured and aggrieved. He ought to be a very happy person; he is still rich despite the troubles of the times, he has fine estates, fair rents, handsome children and a life of continual change, and yet he is bored and doesn't like anything, and this peaceful, green garden with its innumerable memories and its delicious, dreamful solitudes says nothing at all to him. Is it his own fault or the fault of his world? He doesn't know. He supposes it is the fault of his liver. His father was always contented and jolly as a sand-boy; but then in his father's time there was no grouse disease, no row about rents, no wire-fencing to lame your horses, no ground game bill to corrupt your farmers, no leaseholder's bill hanging over your London houses, no corn imported from Arkansas and California, no Joe Chamberlain. When poor Boom's turn comes how will things be? Joe Chamberlain president, perhaps, and Surrenden cut up into allotment grounds.

He possesses two other very big places in adjacent counties, Orme Castle and Denton Abbey, but they are ponderous, vast, gorgeous, ceremonious, ugly; he detests both of them. Of Surrenden he is, on the contrary, as fond as he can be of anything except the lost Achnalorrie and a little cosy house that he has at Newmarket where the shadow of Lady Usk has never fallen.

He hears the noise of wheels on gravel. It comes from the other side of the house; it is his break and his omnibus going down the avenue on their way to the nearest railway station, four miles off, to meet some of his coming guests there. Well, there'll be nothing seen of them till two o'clock at luncheon. They are all people he hates, or thinks he hates, for that best of all possible reasons, that his wife likes them. Why can't Dulcia Waverly come before the twentieth? Lady Waverly always amuses him, and agrees with him. It is so pleasant to be agreed with, only when one's own people do so it makes one almost more angry than when one is contradicted. When his wife agrees with him it leaves him nothing to say. When Dulcia Waverly agrees with him it leaves him with a soothing sense of being sympathized with and appreciated. Dulcia Waverly always tells him that he might have been a great statesman if he had chosen; as he always thinks so himself, the echo of his thoughts is agreeable.

He sits down in one of the clipped yew-tree arbors to light a new cigar and smoke it peaceably. A peacock goes past him drawing its beautiful train over the smooth-shaven grass. A mavis is singing on a rose bough. The babble of a stream hidden under adjacent trees is pleasant in the morning silence. He doesn't notice any of it; he thinks it odiously hot, and what fools they were who clipped a yew-tree into the shape of a periwig, and what a beast of a row that trout stream makes. Why don't they turn it and send it further from the house? He's got no money to do anything, or he would have it done to-morrow.

A peacock begins to scream. The noise of a peacock cannot be said to be melodious or soothing at any time.

"Why don't you wring that bird's neck?" he says, savagely, to a gardener's boy who is gathering up fallen rose leaves.

The boy gapes and touches his hair,

his hat being already on the ground, in sign of respect. The peacocks have been at Surrenden ever since Warren Hastings sent the first pair as a present to the Lady Usk of that generation, and they are regarded with a superstitious admiration by all the good Hampshire people who walk in the gardens of Surrenden, or visit them on the public day. The Surrenden peacocks are as sacred to the neighborhood and the work-people as ever was the green ibis in old Egypt.

"How long will they touch their caps or pull their fore-locks to us?" thinks Lord Usk; "though I don't see why they can reasonably object to do it as long as we take off our hats to Wales and say 'sir' to him."

This political problem suggests the coming elections to his mind—the coming elections are a disagreeable subject for meditation; why wasn't he born in his grandfather's time, when there were pocket boroughs as handy and portable as snuff-boxes, and the county returned Lord Usk's nominee as a matter of course without question?

"Well, and what good men they got in those days," he thinks. "Fox, and Hervey, and Walpole, and Burke, and all the rest of 'em; fine orators, clever ministers, members that did the nation honor; every great noble sent up some fine fellow with breeding and brains; buncombe and bad logic and dropped aspirates had no kind of chance to get into the House in those days. Now, even when Boom's old enough to put up himself, I dare say there'll be some biscuit-baker or some pin-maker sent down by the Radical caucus or the English Land League, who'll make the poor devils believe that the millennium's coming in with them and leave Boom nowhere!"

The prospect was so shocking that he throws his cigar end at the peacocks and gets up out of the evergreen periwig.—*Chapter I. in A House Party.*

SOME SURMISES OF A FASHIONABLE LADY AS TO HEAVEN.

The Lady Hilda sighed. This dreadful age, which has produced communists, pétroleuses, and liberal thinkers, had communicated its vague restlessness even to her; although she belonged to that higher region where nobody ever thinks at all, and everybody is more or less devout, in seeming at any rate, because disbelief is vulgar, and religion is an *affaire des moeurs*, like decency, still the subtle philosophies and sad negations which have always been afloat in the air since Voltaire set them flying, had affected her slightly.

She was a true believer, just as she was a well-dressed woman, and had her creed just as she had her bath in the morning, as a matter of course.

Still, when she did come to think of it, she was not so very sure. There was another world, and saints and angels and eternity; yes, of course—but how on earth would all those baccarat people ever fit into it? Who could, by any stretch of imagination, conceive Madam Mila and Maurice des Gommeux in a spiritual existence around the throne of Deity?

And as for punishment and torment and all that other side of futurity, who could even think of the mildest purgatory as suitable to those poor flipperty-gibbet inanities who broke the seventh commandment as gaily as a child breaks his india-rubber ball, and were as incapable of passion and crime as they were incapable of heroism and virtue?

There might be paradise for virtue and hell for crime, but what in the name of the universe was to be done with creatures that were only all Folly? Perhaps they would be always flying about like the souls Virgil speaks of, *suspensæ ad ventos*, to purify themselves, as the sails of a ship spread out to dry. The Huron Indians pray to the souls of the fish they catch; well, why should they not? a fish has a soul if Modern Society has one; one could conceive a fish going softly through shining waters forever and forever in the ecstasy of motion; but who could conceive Modern Society in the spheres?—*In A Winter City.* OUIDA.

SEPARATION.

[**Farina** was born at Sorso, a small place in Sardinia. When he was thirteen, his father left the island to fill a legal post at Casale Monferrato. When the young Farina had ended his school studies he went to Paris and Turin to study law, and in 1868 took his degree. Immediately after he married. Strongly attracted to literature, he forthwith abandoned all idea

of a legal career, and settled at Milan, as the intellectual centre of Northern Italy. Soon after he issued his first novelettes. Farina, who is in the prime of life, lives at Milan, where he edits a musical and literary newspaper with taste and discrimination. His works have found great favor among his German neighbors, by whom they are translated as soon as they appear. Dutch and French versions also exist. Farina has thus already acquired a European fame. The little *genre* picture of Italian life which we translate has been pronounced by no less an authority than Signor de Gubernatis as one of Farina's most characteristic productions. It is certainly one of those that best lends itself for transformation into another mode of thought and speech.]

I.

My room in the *Via Bagutta* was really situated a little higher than was necessary. I said so to myself once a day, I had so often to climb the one hundred and twelve stairs that separated me from the world below; but whenever I reached the top, and gazed through the window over the splendid panorama of roofs and chimneys, I so much enjoyed the view that I remained living there. Four months later I had made the acquaintance of all my neighbors; among others I made the acquaintance of the most eccentric married couple that can be imagined. If I were to say the Signor Sulpicio and Signora Concetta were each the actual half corresponding to the other, the statement need hardly be metaphorically taken; for, in truth, both of them together owned only as much flesh and muscle as usually belong to one ordinary mortal. If their years were added together, their sum was considerably over that of a century and a half. And if I imagined to myself—a funny, but not improper notion—Signora Concetta standing on her husband's head, it seemed to me as if the worthy lady would just touch, or, perhaps, even project, a very little beyond the ceiling; and my room was only three and a half metres high.

After the establishment of these mathematical proportions, it will be easy for the reader to form a picture of this couple; and they will live in his memory as in mine, a pair of lank, haggard, thin forms, gray-headed, their faces furrowed with wrinkles, and their eyes sunk and sparkling.

For fifty-five years they had shared bed and board and all the vicissitudes of life with one another; they had so grown into one another, and had so lived themselves one into another; even their faces, with the exception of their noses, had grown so like one another, that they might easily have been taken for brother and sister. But those noses, those noses! They had obstinately retained their own original shape; and I must confess that never in my life did I see two more differently shaped noses. The man's was hooked—eagle-fashion—as though inquisitively to watch whatever entered the mouth; while the woman's was small and retreating, as though it stepped aside to leave the way to her mouth open for a good morsel. This simile was not made by me in the first instance, but had its origin with the couple.

It happened at dinner fifty-four years and eleven months ago, in an unfortunate moment of mutual anger about some sauce that tasted of smoke.

This was the first cloud that appeared on the fair sky of their conjugal happiness; but it was an ugly, dark cloud, and it mounted from the sauce into their noses, from their noses into their heads, from their heads into their minds. At last they discovered that never on this earth had a married pair more unwillingly borne the burden of the conjugal yoke than they. Concetta spoke of returning to her relatives, and Sulpicio wished her to go at once; but considering that they were on their wedding journey, and that Concetta's relatives lived two hundred miles away from the scene of this first matrimonial quarrel, the execution of this plan was, for the time being, deferred.

But "separation" was, and remained, the password between them. Next day it occurred to Sulpicio that his companion had been intrusted to him as a maiden treasure; he remembered a touching conversation which he had had with his father-in-law; he bethought him of his vow "to make her happy;" a whole host of good thoughts and wise resolves rose up in his soul, and at length brought him to the conviction that it was his place to persuade Concetta not to forsake the domestic hearth.

Concetta, too, on the whole a sensible woman, thought of her mother's advice; of the "yes" she had pronounced before the altar; of the envy of her friends who remained unmarried; of the secret joy and pretended pity of her youthful com-

panions. Then she considered that Sulpicio was not really a bad man, and that it was only the unfortunate smoky sauce that was at fault in the whole matter.

When Sulpicio approached her with his pleasantest smile, Concetta also met him with her pleasantest manner; they pressed each other's hands, embraced warmly, and peace was concluded.

But in their hearts there remained the consciousness that they had made trial of one another. This trial was followed by others no less stormy; and the fourth story in the *Via Bagutta*, and sometimes the whole neighborhood, were occasionally witnesses to sudden shrieking sounds.

"That is Concetta," the people would say. It was Concetta. After the unfortunate victim had vainly cast at her tyrant's head all the flattering terms she had collected during the last fifty-five years, without being able to trump his supply, she would finish by giving a terrible scream. At the end of such scenes old Sulpicio generally fled down-stairs, so that Concetta sent her last abusive words after him from one of the steps.

Then the good neighbors came to her assistance. They let her talk till the attack of rage was over; then they joined in her lamentation, and pitied her, and declared her fate to be undeserved, and her husband a brute. Suddenly she seemed quieted, and then she contradicted every one most passionately, and defended her Sulpicio with incredible warmth, whom she alone could understand, whose heart only she could read, and who was really better than any one else.

When the attack was over, and the landing cleared again, the old woman crept quietly and secretly back into their apartment, and buried her trembling head in a large black-silk hood; thereupon she descended two flights of stairs, and knocked at the door of Madame Nina, who lived with a weak-headed uncle, a friend of Sulpicio's. Concetta knew that her husband thought very highly of the young woman; yet she was so far from being jealous of her, that she even made use of her assistance in re-establishing peace.

Almost at the same moment the husband returned secretly to the house, came panting up the stairs, and burst into my room. As he knew that Concetta cherished almost motherly feelings towards me, and that a word from me would go a long way with her, he did me the troublesome honor of intrusting me with the restoration of his domestic peace.

II.

From me this office of peacemaker required no great sacrifice, nor from Nina either, I believe.

As soon as Concetta saw me she met me cordially, seized my hand in both hers, and by mutely nodding her head and casting up her eyes, she declared to me all her sorrow for what had occurred, her intention of returning to her conjugal duties, and her gratitude for my successful efforts. It was evident that neither could Concetta live without her Sulpicio, nor Sulpicio without his Concetta. They loved each other, as they had always loved each other; and in spite of being ever ready to quarrel, they loved as much as any two people can love.

As I had expected, as soon as Sulpicio appeared at the door after his conversion, hiding his emotion from me by assumed indifference, Concetta would have given him any atonement in her power, and in her confusion she sought through all her pockets for her thimble and needlecase.

Meantime I occupied myself with the lock of the door, or looked out of the window, or examined some book or picture. Then the two came a little nearer to one another; my backward glances revealed two trembling hands that pressed one another, two faces sparkling with glad smiles, and two tears rolling down along the furrows of the wrinkles. At last they fell into each other's arms. I then looked elsewhere, or I turned round as if accidentally, and said that it was beautiful weather—unless it happened to be pouring with rain; but I thought to myself that in those tears youth had come back to life, and that these smiles were well worthy the rosy cheeks and foreheads of spring.

But one day the storm raged so terribly that the diplomatic transactions lasted many hours, and had to be very skilfully managed before the two ships could be got to run into the calm matrimonial harbor. The word "Separation" was pronounced by both parties with the greatest decision, and neither would give way.

In order to avoid any diplomatic transactions, both parties had left the house and

gone in opposite directions. The servant, a half-silly little thing, whom the two old people had turned up somewhere and taken in, knew nothing except that her master and mistress had gone out one after another. I seated myself by the grate, stirred the fire, and awaited the events that might come. It was a beautiful winter's day, the sun shone brightly, and the fire crackled merrily on the hearth.

My thoughts, too, were cheerful. I tried to guess which of the two would be the first to return to the domestic hearth. Who? Doubtless Concetta. Suddenly I heard a dress rustling! I rose, turned round, and saw before me—Signora Nina, the young widow from the third story.

The lady seemed surprised to find me. She was the more embarrassed as she had entered with her usual easy familiarity; and to avoid the appearance of having committed an indiscretion, she acted as though she had not observed my presence, and thus made me understand that in so entering she had only made use of an old privilege. All the more I felt it to be my place to salute and address her; but she anticipated me.

"Is Signora Concetta not at home?" she asked.

"Neither she nor Signor Sulpicio. I am waiting for both."

"And I wanted to speak to one of them. I will come again."

The information that both husband and wife had left the house seemed to make her anxious; still she remained.

"I really meant to wait, but I will come again."

"Thank you. Probably you come for—"

"For the same reason."

With these words I stepped a little aside, as though to invite her to remain. The next minute she was seated at my former place, near the fire, and I—did not go.

Signora Nina did not know me, but I knew her well. From my window, which was over hers, I had often examined the color of her hair, and vainly hoped some time to be able to behold that of her eyes. Once I had sent her away by coughing; since then I had never coughed at the window. Now those little white hands, that I had once seen playing the scales, were resting on the mantelpiece, and I might openly look into that face which had hitherto been to me a veiled picture.

Yes, Nina was beautiful; at least she seemed so to me.

As I was still standing before her, she invited me, by a polite movement of her hand, to seat myself. I did so. One moment of silent expectation followed. No one came.

The silence began to become uncomfortable. She broke it by speaking of Sulpicio. I spoke of Concetta.

When I told her of the office whose duties I had faithfully fulfilled ever since I had the good fortune to be the neighbor of this couple she smiled. What a beautiful smile! What splendid teeth!

"What a misfortune!" said she, after a short pause. "To live with one another fifty-five years without being able to understand each other!"

"An eternal fight and squabble! I have been a witness to it. But in reality they are fond of one another."

The widow's face showed a curious smile, but she did not answer.

"Such contradictions are like contrary winds," continued I, "which stir up wave after wave, and toss them up to the sky; then, when the storm is over, the sea becomes calm again, and once more shows the smooth surface of its clear waters. I scarcely think that two people could live with one another for any length of time without quarrelling."

Still the widow did not answer. She shook her head, and stirred impatiently among the ashes in the grate.

I was silent.

"What time is it?" asked she, as though she thought her silence offended me.

"Four o'clock."

"It is late. I must go. I will come again."

"By the right time it is still thirteen minutes to four."

Nina smiled, and did—not go.

I did not know why, but in my heart there was a sound as of joy-bells.

Suddenly we saw Sulpicio and Concetta coming along hand-in-hand.

"Is peace restored?" both Nina and I inquired with our eyes.

"It is," answered husband and wife, in the same language.

"I had come to offer my congratulations on the peace," said the widow. "Now it is late, and I must go."

Concetta was in good spirits; her wrinkles revealed a kindly smile, and her eyes sparkled.

"It was not a bad thing that Signor Carlo kept you company," said she to the young widow.

Nina blushed, and I felt my heart beat faster.

She went, and soon after I took my leave.

The whole day long I only thought of Signora Nina, and only dreamt of her all night. All next morning I stood at the window to see her. I was fortunate enough to be observed by her, and to be allowed to bow to her. For a whole month I stood regularly at the window at the same time, and rejoiced in the same good fortune; now I smiled at her, now she at me. Seven months and eight days after I was permitted to press Signora Nina to my heart. She was no longer a widow.

III.

We were happy. We inhabited a little house far removed from the noisy bustle of the town. Our windows did not open on to the dwellings of troublesome neighbors. We had the sun every day from morning to noon, and our new furniture shone in festive light.

She said her old uncle would on no consideration remain alone with his infirmities, and had gone to live with a sister in the town.

We were alone with our dreams, our plans, and thoughts; and that was sufficient for us. Any other society would only have been wearisome.

Our room was rose-colored, like the happy spirits that presided over it. The future appeared to us as a beautiful dream. Nina was as graceful as she was dignified. She could smile so sweetly; her glance was as bright and as clear as the moon's beam; her voice was gentle and harmonious; and then she had such a bewitching way of approaching me, laying her hands on my shoulders, and, without one spoken word, saying to me, "I love you!" that I could have gazed on her for hours, and devoured her with my eyes.

She had only one fault: she could not go from one room into another without banging the door behind her. Often, when I was startled from my thoughts and dreams by the slamming of a door, I was on the point of giving expression to the unpleasant sensation; but then I saw her rosy face, and was silent. None the less did it constantly irritate me, and I tried in vain to endure it more calmly.

I must testify to myself that I was an almost perfect husband to Nina. I left her alone as seldom as possible, and then only for a short time. I never contradicted her. I tried to anticipate all her wishes, always spoke kindly to her, and committed a thousand little absurdities to keep her in good humor. But I, too, had one little fault: I was terribly absent. Sometimes, when I was absorbed in some stupid thought, I did not notice that she, herself smiling, demanded a smile from me; and then I would answer some joking fancy by a serious shake of my head.

Certainly Fate, when it mated together two such serious faults, could not have intended to produce an image of conjugal peace.

One day I was even more absent, and she slammed the doors even more violently than usual; a loud "O!" escaped from me. She had heard it and I repented it. In vain. Next time Nina did not disturb me in my contemplation; she walked softly on tiptoe, and when she closed the door she did it with the greatest care, to avoid making the least sound.

The roar of Vulcan's smithy would not have made me spring up faster from my chair. I rushed towards her, embraced and kissed her, and we laughed together in the fulness of our hearts.

But the ice was broken; a thought had come to open expression between us: we were not perfect. In spite of all her exertions, Nina did not succeed in curing herself of her fault; only as soon as she had committed it she assumed a half sorry, half teazing manner, which made her seem even more beautiful.

As for me, as often as my thoughts carried me away, I continued to shake my head and open my eyes wide; and so everything remained as before.

Our honeymoon lasted several months without the faintest shadow of a cloud resting on the brows of the lovers.

One day—it was one of those sultry July days on which the cruel hot sun mocks us—she swears to this day that she first said to me, "I should like to know in what you are always so deeply absorbed.

I really should like to know!" And would you believe it, honored reader, I am said first to have offended her by a slight imprecation, which I did not notice myself until it was more than half out of my lips? Yet, however that may be, one of us replied with a rude speech, the other with a somewhat ruder one, then now and then was added a touch of scorn and bitterness; and at last Nina's eyes were as full of tears as my heart of wounded pride.

Another time, the same beginning, the same end; and that was repeated again and again.

"This life is becoming unendurable," said she.

"So I think too," answered I.

"Indeed! Do you think so too? But I for my part am thoroughly tired of it. And we have borne these chains now for nearly a year!"

"Ten months," I answered.

"To you it may seem ten years, to me it does not yet seem quite so long. But I suppose our happiness has already lasted too long! O, how unhappy I am! I can see it already; you will come to hate me, if indeed you do not hate me already. But I, too, shall at last hate you."

I longed to take her in my arms, and to carry her with her wrath through all the rooms, until at last she should laughingly exclaim, "Now it is enough." Best of all, I should have liked to kneel before her, to confess my conjugal sins, and beg for absolution, or to fall upon her neck and kiss it until it was so red with my embraces that fright would have brought her back to her senses; in short, all the good thoughts that can only occur to the best sort of husband rose up in me. I give her a side-long glance; she sees my look, and shrugs her shoulders. I make a step towards her, she leaves the room, and I—do the same; but in the opposite direction, down the stairs, deeply hurt, yet full of conscience-pricks before even I began to carry out my terrible plans of vengeance.

For a long time I continued walking round and round in a circle. I could not leave the spot, and involuntarily my looks always rested on the house in which dwelt my happiness.

Then all at once I remembered Concetta and Sulpicio, our good friends of former times; and I thought that I had no one to undertake the office of peace-maker with Nina for me, and besides that I would never intrust such an office to any one, or ever permit it.

I said to myself, "It is the first time; but who knows whether it is the last time? You must return to her, shorten her punishment as much as possible; you must speak kindly to her, and say that we will not quarrel any more. But what if she, instead of listening kindly to me, should prove refractory? O, what nonsense! She will certainly answer my first kind word with a hearty kiss. Then we shall no longer talk or complain, but only laugh together."

Two or three times these conversations had brought me as far as the threshold of my house, and just as often I had gone away again. At length I ventured to cross the Rubicon, ran quickly through the doorway, sprang up the stairs, three or four steps at a time, and a moment after I stood before her, who had already come weeping to meet me on the landing.

She covered her face with her hands, and did not speak a word. I put my arm round her and drew her into the room; then I took her on my lap, gently forced her hands away from her eyes, laid my face next hers, and begged her forgiveness. But instead of forgiving me she broke out into fresh sobs, threw her arms round my neck, and laid her head on my shoulder. My heart was beating violently. Nina's behavior seemed to me to tell of some misfortune. What could have happened during my absence? New caresses in kiss and word. When at length I ventured to address her with an anxious inquiry, she burst out afresh into more violent sobs.

"She is dead!"

"Who?"

"Concetta, poor Concetta!"

I was silent. To tell the truth, the matter did not affect me very deeply; the worthy lady was a good deal past seventy, and her place in heaven had long been reserved for her. Still I felt it my duty to pay some regard to Nina's sincere distress. When she had finished crying she said, in a voice of deep emotion,

"Now they are separated!"

"And who brought you the news?"

"A friend who visited me. Poor Concetta died quite suddenly the day before yesterday."

"And Sulpicio?"

"Is in despair. He does not speak a word, and seems quite stunned."

"I must go and see him."

"Yes, do, my friend; go at once."

I went. When I arrived—Alas, the poor old heart had not been able to endure the grief of desolation! In that same night, a few hours after they had carried out his life's companion, he lay down in his widowed bed in the certain conviction that he should not see the next morning.

The dead man's smiling face seemed to say to me, "Even death has not been able to separate us."

With my heart full of sadness, but of mild beneficent sadness, I returned home. We were alone. I said not a word to Nina. She fell sadly round my neck and pressed me to her heart.

"Carlo!"

"Nina!"

She cast up her eyes, as though she wished to read my thoughts in mine; then she whispered:

"We too! Is it not true?"

THEOPHILUS PISARENKO· OR, THE NEW JOB.

[**Von Sacher-Masoch** was born in Lemberg, Galicia, January 27th, 1836; now living in Gratz. Author of *Galician Tales*, *Count Donski*, *The Emissary*, *The Legacy of Cain*, and other striking books. *The Emissary* deals with the abortive revolution of 1848, and introduces us into the midst of the Polish nobles. We thus learn how conspiracies are for them merely diversions, undertaken upon the smallest provocation to break the monotony of their daily lives, justifying the proverb of the peasants concerning them—"The Fatherland upon their tongues, and deceit in their hearts." Not the least remarkable is the author's latest work, which well merits the honor of translation into English. It is called *The New Job* (*Der Neue Hiob*), and is the life-story of a Galician peasant, thus nicknamed because, like his biblical prototype, he patiently endured much misfortune until his latter end, when he was blessed beyond the beginning.]

Theophilus Pisarenko was born in 1794, in a winter even harder than is common in Galicia. Yet, nevertheless, his father baptized him a few hours after his birth in the brook that ran beside the house, after having first hacked open a hole in the ice. "He has been born to suffer," said the man, in answer to his wife's pleading for the infant; "and he must be hardened betimes." The little boy grew up sturdy and strong, and did honor to his stern initiation. Winter and summer he ran about bareheaded and barefooted; when he was six he already drove the cow and horse out to grass, imbibed such knowledge as his mother could impart to him from the Bible, refused staunchly to believe in superstitions and fairy tales, and pricked up his ears with interest whenever the name of General Bonaparte was mentioned. For rumors of Napoleon and his wars had reached even this remote village; and it was told how he had subdued kings, and said that there should be no more noblemen. The boy learnt full soon to regard aristocrats as the embodiment of all that was evil, the cause of all suffering; for did he not see his father forced to do menial services for their village lord, or worse still, for his bailiff, who was a far more cruel despot than even his master dared to be? When Pisarenko was only ten he was forced to join in one of the abortive attempts made by the nobles to reconstitute the kingdom of Poland; for even distant Galicia suffered from the after-waves of the French revolution that shook all Europe. The attempt ended in hardship, hunger, and thirst for the peasants, in disappointment for the nobles. At the age of twenty, Theophilus was impressed as a soldier. He bore his hard lot, which carried him away from his native land, its woods, and vast steppes, into the close imprisonment of a Viennese barrack, with the resignation of a true Slav. It was the time of the Great Congress, and the city on the Danube wore a festive dress. Pisarenko kept his eyes and ears well open; he drank in all he heard, he tried to comprehend all he saw; he learnt to understand the benefits of education, though such as was accorded to him was flogged into him in the most barbarous mode. But at last the fierce, devouring nostalgia of the Slav took hold of him; he could bear it no longer, and fled away to his home in the vast, endless, monotonous plains. He did not know he was doing wrong; he meant to come back, only he must breathe native air again, hear native sounds. Day and night he walked, till, exhausted and spent, he sank down upon his father's threshold, too weary even to open the door he had so longed to pass again. All too soon he was put into irons as a deserter, and con-

demned first to death, and then, in acknowledgment of his otherwise good conduct, to run the gauntlet. He would not sue for mercy, and was forced to run till he dropped with exhaustion. Then the hospital had to receive him; even when dismissed his strength was gone; and at last he was discharged from the army as no longer of use. He came home to find his mother dead, his father dying.

By and by the open-air exercise of tilling the parental acres restored Pisarenko to health. He married an old playmate, Xenia; and they were happy in their few possessions. Five years of peace and prosperity, and three blooming children were theirs. Then followed quickly, one upon another, heavy blows of fate. A dark, strange cloud appeared one evening upon the horizon, drifting rapidly forwards, though there was no wind to impel it. It proved to be a cloud of locusts. Before morning the land was a desert; and when harvest came round, barns and granaries were empty. Dearth followed of necessity, and famine trod upon its footsteps. The nobles would do nothing to help their serfs. Many fled into the forests, and became brigands; but Pisarenko would not yield to such invitations. A hard winter succeeded, famine and wolves dominated and desolated the land. Pisarenko's wife, seeing her babe die at her breast, in her despair kneeled before the wife of the proprietor, and implored her aid. She was answered with taunts. "Are we to help you idlers and good-for-nothings?" was the heartless reply. "If you have not enough wherewith to feed your children, why did you marry?" Pisarenko bore all with fortitude and patience, encouraging others, and selling the last rag which covered him for food for his babes. Then at last the Emperor of Austria sent aid to his starving subjects, but not before hundreds of them had perished. Scarcely was this trouble a little allayed than in May came the first European invasion of the cholera, to add to the miseries of this sorely-tried land, and Pisarenko was one of the first to suffer from its scourge; his wife and all his children were taken from him. "The Lord hath given, the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord!" spoke the deeply-bowed Pisarenko, in the words of Job.

For months he continued to do his daily work bravely, sadly, until a summons reached him that he was to take domestic service in the castle, an unwelcome post, which soon proved to be a temptation of Joseph. The stately peasant had found favor in the eyes of a fair lady, and soon Joseph's fate, too, was his; he was dismissed with blows and contumely. Again he went on his way patiently. Soon after, his horses were ill; and when he was required to labor for his master, he could not bring them. The master, who chose to believe that this illness was a subterfuge, insisted that the horses should be brought out. He then whipped the one till it dropped down dead, the other till he had lamed it, and then tethered Pisarenko himself to the plough; and for five days the man had to draw it beneath a scorching sun. At last justice threatened to interfere; but the landlord fed the commission of inquiry upon dainties and champagne, and the end was that the nobleman was politely admonished to be a little less hasty in future, and six zwanziger (about one shilling) were given to Pisarenko as compensation. Not long after, the landlord gave a picnic in the woods; the ladies objected to sit upon the ground because of the ants, and Pisarenko and another peasant were simply commanded to go down upon all fours and furnish a seat for the ladies. In this attitude they had to remain a long time, while the party chatted on about frivolous themes, regardless of their living seats. Could degradation be carried further?

At last a brigand, the champion of the oppressed, could bear no longer to see Pisarenko and his friends thus put upon. He complained to the governor of the province; the landlord was severely censured, and Pisarenko received, to his amazement, 2000 gulden damages for his horses and his pains. Not knowing what to do with such a sum, he took it to the priest, and begged him to do with it what he thought best, and then continued to do his daily work in resignation and faith in God.

So years passed; and though not spared by his landlord, this worthy was careful not to impose too much upon his servant, though his mercies would be called by us atrocities. Then came the insurrections of 1846 and 1848. When the peasants turned upon their masters, Pisarenko, with true Christian charity, saved from their fury the lady who had so cruelly misused

him, and to whom his wife had once kneeled in vain. The deed was misconstrued by his fellows, gave rise to murmurs, and for a time they shunned him. Only one young girl, who had long secretly admired him, sought him out, and worked for him, and her he soon after married. A son had not long been born to them before the Austrians were forced to repeal the *robot*, *i. e.*, the necessity that the peasants should labor unpaid for their lords; and from that moment the fortunes of the land-folk mended. But Pisarenko had still to suffer much. A hailstorm utterly destroyed one harvest, his old house was burnt to the ground, the new one swept away by a flood, so that it was as though he should never advance, but must begin life over and over again. Illness of a peculiar and painful kind also afflicted him; he could not work, eat, or sleep. It was then he received his sad nickname. "For is there a misfortune in the world that has not pursued this man?" said the peasants; and his friends came and comforted him, after the manner of Job's. But he recovered, contrary to all expectations, and suddenly found himself rich, too—in his eyes, as rich as Rothschild. For the priest brought him the money he had quite forgotten, and which had borne interest in all these years. Forthwith Pisarenko set about to carry out a darling wish—that of introducing improved agricultural implements into his village. At first mistrust and scoffs greeted his endeavors, but after a while others followed his example, and soon the whole country around improved. Further, Pisarenko sent his children to Vienna to school, that they might learn the best of everything, and at last he was forced to go to the capital himself, for the peasants pressed upon him that he must represent their province in Parliament. But the money received by the deputies to cover their expenses was not spent by this man upon himself. He lived at Vienna in frugality, almost in squalor, so that when he returned it was a goodly sum that he had collected; and this sum he spent upon schools for his village and local improvements, and Sacher-Masoch avers that when he saw him last, in 1878, he was a hale man of eighty-four, happy and revered.

[The story, of which this is a mere outline, is full of graphic power, while the character of the hero is a masterpiece of delineation. A rude, unlettered peasant, of a stern simplicity of character, Pisarenko supplied by mother wit what he lacked in education, and thus elevated his own condition, and that of his fellows, by peaceful, in lieu of violent means. Both as a romance and an ethnographical study this book is remarkable. It also throws some side-lights upon the vexed Eastern question, as well as, like all Sacher-Masoch's novels, upon the character of the Slavs. And no less ably than he depicts character does this author depict scenery. The gloomy grandeur of the Carpathians, the endless ocean-like plains, stand forth in his pages; and so also do the burning summers, the stern, terrible winters, that are peculiar to Eastern Europe. We have only room to quote one of the word-pictures with which these pages abound. It is an account of a sledge-drive across the wintry plain, which we translate.]

THE SLEDGE-RIDE.

He who has glided over the peaceful ocean in a light bark, and let the element play with him and the shadowy coast-lines of continent and island sink behind him, while he gazed into that second ocean of air with its heaving clouds, will easily understand me when I tell of the Galician plain, the wintry snow-ocean, the ride in the fleeting sledge. These two, the ocean and the plain, alike attract the soul of man with melancholy longing. But the flight in the sledge is swifter, more eagle-like, while the boat rolls in the water like a duck in the air—only the color of the endless plain and its melody are graver, gloomier, more threatening. We see Nature in her nakedness; we feel the struggle for existence; we feel Death nearer; we perceive his atmosphere; we hear his voice.

The clear winter afternoon had enticed me out.

The day was glorious; the air seemed to stand still; even the light, the golden sun-waves, did not tremble in the gentle mist that rose from the ground. Air and light were one element. In the village, too, all was still; not a sound betrayed the inhabitants of the silent thatched cottages; only the sparrows flew in flocks on to the hedges and twittered.

Further on stood a little sledge, to which a lame horse, no higher than a foal, was harnessed, and on it a peasant was bringing wood from the forest. His daughter, a girl not yet fully grown, called to him, and waded, with bare feet, through a

yard's depth of snow, to pick up a little fagot that he had lost.

As we flew down the bare mountain-side, with clear-sounding bells, there lay before us the plain—immeasurable, incomprehensible, endless. The wintry ermine lent it the highest majesty. It was enveloped by it; only the bare stems of the stunted willows, further off single long-armed draw-wells, in the distance a few forlorn, sooty huts, stood out black against the white snow-fur.

We flew along over the hard road.

Opposite lay a farmhouse; behind it a little village. The snow had silvered over everything; had covered with silver the wretched overhanging roofs, had adorned the little panes with silver flowers; and from every gutter, every pump, every crippled fruit-tree, hung silver tassels. High walls of snow surrounded every dwelling; there man has been forced to scoop out for himself passages, like the badger or the fox. The light smoke that rises from the roof seems to freeze in the air. Tall silver poplars surround the farm. Here and there little grains of frost flutter into the air, and float through it like swarms of diamond gnats—a miniature thunder-storm, scattering a thousand little lightning-flashes.

At the end of the hamlet peasant boys, with white heads and rosy cheeks, are tumbling about, half-naked, in the snow. They are forming a man out of it, and they put a long pipe into his broad mouth, such as nobiemen smoke. There sits a young peasant on a hand-sledge, and some pretty girls, with long brown plats and full white bodices, are drawing him along pell-mell. The shouts of their buoyant spirits rise above them like a carolling lark. How they laugh! And he laughs even more wildly, and has lost his cap.

We flew past the wood.

Where is now its melody? The fox barks hoarsely and the daw shrieks. The bright-red foliage is swathed in one monotony of snow. A roseate, watery atmosphere pervades wood and sky. Before us lie only snowy hills, like the frozen waves of a white sea. Where the white heavens dip into it there rests a lustre. Only that eye can behold it that can gaze into the sun. Behind us the village, the red wood, disappear; the last summits of the bare mountains give forth one more ray of light; then they also disappear like the hills and the solitary trees. The limitless plain has received us. Before us naught but snow; behind us snow; above us the white sky like snow; around us the most intense solitude—death, silence.

We glided on as in a dream. The horses swam in the snow, the sledge followed noiselessly. Across the snow-field ran a little gray mouse. Far and wide not a chimney, not a hollow stem, not a mole-hill was in sight: and so it ran on with cautious earnestness. Whither? Now it was only a little dark spot; then again all around us was solitude. It was as though we made no progress. Nothing changed before us, nothing behind us; not even the sky. It stands stiff, cloudless, colorless, as though newly washed with lime; it does not move; it does not even glimmer. Only the air becomes more evening-like and sharper; it cuts like glass.

Surely our sledge must be standing still like a vessel in the enchanted sea, that moves without leaving the spot. We only *believe* that we are driving—nothing before us, nothing behind us—just as we believe we live. For do we live? Does not to live mean to be? and to be no more, never to have been?

There flies a raven; he pushes on powerfully, with his dusky wings in silence, with open bill.

As the sun sets, it gradually becomes visible down below as a shining ball of mist. It does not set; it sinks into the snow. It dissolves like molten gold; golden waves play across to us; wondrous colors run over the snow, which is sprinkled with liquid silver. Now it expires. The thousand lights which it has thrown out run together, become pale; a light-red whiff yet floats in the air; then it too dissolves; and once more everything is colorless, cold, and motionless.

Only for a moment.

Then we meet a sudden icy gust from the east.

In the distance floated a sledge; the fleeting waves of air carried the wailing sound of its bells across to us; then it was consumed by the ashy fog, which, quickly rising on the horizon, gathered into a compact mass, and began to surge towards us. It became rapidly dark; formless white-gray clouds spanned the sky: a terrible armada, sail upon sail. Now the

wind strikes them and swells them; they swim nearer, they approach us, and we drive into them. Evening mists spring up and dissolve into light shadows.

On we flew. The torn mists whirled around us like birds with large tired wings.

Already the wind is striking us in the neck with both fists; it howls with horrible, lamentable, mad voices; it leaps down from the height into the snow, tears it up, bursts the great clouds, scatters them to earth in flaky masses, and threatens to bury us under them. The horses drop their heads between their legs, and pant. The storm whirls up white clouds to the heavens, sweeps the plain with white broom, and forms immense heaps, in which it buries men, beasts, whole villages.

The air burns as though it were glowing hot; it has become firm; broken by the storm, it flies about in pieces, and penetrates like glass-splinters into the lungs when we take breath.

The horses can advance but slowly; they dig their way through snow, air, and wind.

The snow has become an element in which we swim with all our might, so as not to be drowned; we breathe it; it threatens to burn us. In the most terrible commotion, Nature becomes fixed and icy. We ourselves are but part of the universal rigid cold. We can now conceive how the ice holds a world entombed, how we may cease to live without death, without decay.

Thoughts are suspended in our brains like icicles; the soul is wrapt in ice; the blood falls like quicksilver. We no longer think our own thoughts, no longer feel as human beings feel.

Here is the struggle for existence; but we fight, as the elements do, patiently, silently, resigned—almost indifferent. The life that we love so much is frozen; we are a stone, a piece of ice—one more rigid bubble in the battle of the elements.

A white curtain separates us from our horses; the sledge carries us through the storm like a boat without oar, without sail—it almost stands still.

The hurricane howls on monotonously, the air burns, the snow whirls, space and time vanish. Are we advancing? Are we standing still? Is it night—is it day?

Slowly the clouds move towards the west. Slowly the horses pant again; now they rise up, their backs covered with snow—thick flakes fall; they lie piled on the earth a yard's height, but we can see again, and advance. The storm only gasps now, and, whining, rolls in the snow. The mists lie on the ground like gray ashes. Where are we?

Round about everything has disappeared; no road—not a rubbish-heap, not a wooden cross, to mark it. The horses wade up to their breasts; only in the distance a few solitary sounds of the storm. We stand, move, on our way again.

The horses shake themselves and go more quickly. Only light watery flakes fall now. But in the distance everything is still veiled. Again we halt and take counsel.

Night draws on; dull cloudy twilight spreads over us, and enwraps us more and more.

A glowing-red streak is on the horizon. We turn towards it. It was as though the red moon had fallen on to the earth, and were being extinguished in the snow; it flickered up, and illumined strong dark shadows.

"It is the peasant-watch near the birch-wood," said the Jew; "and behind the wood lies Tulawa."

THE STORM.

[**Friedrich Spielhagen,** an eminent German novelist, born at Magdeburg in 1829, and educated at Bonn, Leipzig, and Berlin, where he studied philology and philosophy, afterwards devoting himself to literature, in which he has achieved distinguished success. Among his notable works are: *Clara Vere* (1859); *Problematische Naturen* (1860); *Durch Nacht zum Licht* (1861); *Die von Hohenstein* (1863); *Hammer und Amboss* (1869); *Was die Schwalbe sang* (1873); and *Quisisana* (1880). Spielhagen is regarded by some as the ablest of German novelists of this generation. One of the best scenes ever written by Spielhagen is his account of a storm in the Baltic, that occurs in *Hammer und Amboss*. Here his power of bringing natural phenomena into connection with the moods and acts of his characters is admirably displayed. We have not space to quote the scene in the House of Correction, where the director, by his quiet decision, his humanitarian sympathy, quells the disturbance created by the storm that has roused the fears of the inmates. He appeals to their better instincts, and not in vain.]

And in truth there came a storm, such

as had never before raged over these shores within the memory of man, although many a bold northeast wind blows over this low sandy chalky coast all through the year.

It was about midnight when I was awakened by a thundering crash that made the old house shake to its foundations, followed by a clatter and smash of falling tiles, slamming doors and shutters, which sounded like the report and clatter of the smaller artillery while a battery of thirty-five-pounders is being fired. This was the storm that had been so long predicted by Nature and by my own feelings.

It was two o'clock when we returned to the house. At the first stroke of the bell Paula appeared in the hall, but the director only smiled kindly, patted her cheeks, and stepped on quietly to his own room, whither I followed him. He had not spoken to his daughter, because he could not speak. His face was ashy pale, while dark-red spots glowed on his sunken cheeks. By a movement of his hand he asked me to help him retire to rest, then he gave me a look of thanks and closed his eyes in deathlike exhaustion.

I had seated myself at his bedside, and never turned my eyes from that pale noble countenance. It was overspread by solemn peace; gradually the red spots disappeared from his cheeks, not a movement revealed that a soul yet dwelt under this lofty forehead. I felt as though I were watching by a corpse.

Thus slowly and solemnly the hours passed by. In my whole life I never felt any stronger contrast than the calm noble face of the sleeping man formed to the wild fury of the storm which raged on outside with undiminished violence. Well might he sleep! The blessed heights among which his spirit hovered could not be reached by the mightiest pinions of any earthly storm.

I must also have slept some time, for when I again raised my head the gray dawn was peeping through the closed curtains. The director still lay there, as he had lain in the night, his eyes closed, his white hands folded across his breast. I got up quietly and left the room. I needed air. I must try to shake off the burden that lay on my heart.

When I stepped across the silent hall I was surprised to see that the hand of the great clock at the foot of the stairs pointed to eight. From the scanty light I should have guessed it to be about five or six. But when I stepped out I soon saw why it could not be lighter. The black coffin-like mantle that had covered the earth in the night had now changed to gray—a pale dawn that was neither night nor day; and the violence of the storm was undiminished. When I left the sheltering gable of the house behind me, I was obliged to plant myself firmly on my feet, so as not to be thrown down. Bending forward, I traversed the garden, usually so lovely, now a desolate scene of ruin. There lay little trees torn up by the roots, and larger ones broken off a few feet above the roots. The path was strewn with branches and twigs; the air was literally filled with whirling leaves. Only the old plane-trees on the terrace seemed as though they would resist the rage of the storm, although their majestic summits were beaten hither and thither in wild waves. I worked my way to the terrace, the only spot from which there was an outlook, even though limited, towards the weather-side.

Terrible, indeed, it was. The sky and the sea a leaden gray; and between the sky and the sea white spots like snow-flakes that a November wind whirls round. These white spots were seagulls, and their mournful cry resounded now and then over to us. On the lofty bastion opposite the storm had pressed down the tall grass, that usually played so merrily in the wind, till it was almost flat, as though heavy rollers had passed across it; and above the long low dam on the right there rose from time to time shining lines, for which I could at first not account. Could these be the crests of waves? It seemed impossible. The dam was twelve feet high, or more, and behind it was a broad sandy beach, on which was a much-frequented bathing establishment. Hitherto I had only seen the sea across the dam in the perspective of distance; but these shining lines, if they were waves, were not dancing out at sea; I could plainly see how they rose and fell and tumbled over each other, and torn off, lashed into dust and foam, were driven on across the dam. It was the surge that had risen up to the edge of the dam.

Sadder than I had ever felt before, I was seated an hour afterwards in my office.

Suddenly, through the roar of the storm, penetrated a whining sound that seemed to come from the clouds, followed by other similar single tones; at the same moment the door of the hall was torn open, and in rushed the doctor breathlessly:

"It is as we thought," he panted, hurrying past me into the director's room, whither I followed him, with an emotion that was something better than curiosity.

"It is as we thought," repeated the doctor, taking off his spectacles, and wiping from his face the wet sand and the dust with which he was covered from head to foot. "In an hour, at most two hours, the water will have mounted above the dam, unless it should make a breach before, which is to be feared, in one or two places."

"And what precautions are being taken?"

"Every one is folding his hands calmly. I ran on the spot to the Director of Police and the President to tell them to send every man, who was capable of moving his arms, to the dam; and to summon back the battalion. And—can you believe in such madness?—because no counter-order had come, they marched off an hour ago to the manœuvres, and are now working their way along the high-road, unless the storm has already thrown them all right and left into the ditch, which appears to me more probable. In any case they cannot yet be far; they can be back in an hour or an hour and a half at most, if some messengers are sent to them on horseback. They are more wanted here than in the ditches along the high-road. I represented all this to those gentlemen. What do you suppose the police-director answered? he had been a soldier himself, he said, and knew that an officer must obey orders. He could not for one moment imagine that the battalion could turn back at his command."

The director paced the room slowly with his eyes fixed on the floor.

"What is the matter?" he asked of a turnkey, who entered the room with an expression of alarm.

"There are a number of people here, sir."

"Where?"

"At the gate, sir."

"What sort of people?"

"Most of them are from the street by the bridge, sir. They say they will all be drowned, sir. And because the institution lies so much higher—"

Without answering a word, the director left the room and the house. We followed him across the courtyard. He had gone out just as he was, in his short silk coat, with neither hat nor cap.

So he walked on before us, and the storm that raged in the courtyard tossed his hair and lashed the ends of his long mustache like the ends of a flag.

We came to the gate, which the surly gatekeeper was obliged to unlock. Last night, when one of the prison-doors had been opened, I had seen a horrible sight; here I was to behold a touching, mournful spectacle that has remained no less clear in my remembrance.

There might have been about fifty people, mostly women, but also some men, old and young, and children, some still in their mothers' arms. Almost all carried some possessions in their hands, or had set them down on the ground before them, the first, and not always the best, that they could lay hands on in their hurry and fright. I saw a woman holding a large water-jug on her shoulder, which she grasped with difficulty, as though it would break if she put it down to the ground. I saw a man carrying an empty birdcage that the wind tossed backwards and forwards. Scarcely was the gate opened than all rushed into the yard, as though driven by furies. The porter wanted to hold them back, but the director seized his arm.

"Not so," said he.

We had stepped aside to let the wild stream rush past us. Now it spread out over the courtyard, while some hastened towards the building.

"Stop!" cried the director.

The people stood.

"Let in the women and children," said he to his people, "and the old and sick. You men may go in for a moment to warm yourselves; in ten minutes I expect you here again. This is no time for men to sit over the fire."

Fresh fugitives were already coming through the open gate.

"Let them in—let them all in!" said the director.

"Good people," exclaimed I, "comfort yourselves; he will help you, if any human being can help!"

They pressed towards me. They told me of their great trouble: how the water had been rising ever since midnight almost a foot an hour—that was twelve hours ago now; and in the highest places the dam was only thirteen or fourteen feet high. The Bridge-street and the next one to it, the Swede-street, were situate very little above the level of the sea; and if the dam broke they would all perish. Walter, the commander of the pilots, who understood all about such matters, had always said that something ought to be done about it; but there was never any money for that sort of thing—that was needed for the bastions and casemates on the land side.

"And they have stuck my two boys into uniform," said an old man. "Now they are lying on the high-road; and there they certainly cannot help us."

"But he will help you," I said.

The old man gave me an incredulous glance.

"He is a good gentleman," said he, "every child knows that; but what can he do?"

Just then the director came back from the house, and at the same moment, from three different doors, which led to the different wings of the principal buildings, the people from the House of Correction poured forth. There were about four hundred of them, all more or less vigorous men, in their gray workhouse jackets. Most of them were already provided with spades, hoes, axes, and ropes, and whatever other tools and serviceable implements could be taken from the stores of the institution. The men were led by their overseers.

Thus they came on with military step.

"Halt! Face!" commanded the overseers; and the men stood drawn up in three ranks, firm and straight, like a company under arms.

"Come here, you men!" cried the director, in a resounding voice. The people stepped forward. All eyes were fixed firmly on him, while he stood meditating, his head bent down. Suddenly he looked up, swept his gaze over the group, and, in a voice of which no one could have thought his weak chest capable, he spoke:

"My men, every one of us has had an hour in his life that he would give much to be able to buy back. Now to-day great happiness is granted you. Each of you, whoever he may be, whatever he may have done—each of you will be able to buy back that hour, and be again what he was before, in the eyes of God, of himself, and of all good men! You have been told of the matter in hand. It is to risk your own lives for the lives of others—of women and children! I do not make any vain promises. I do not say, 'What you are going to do will set you free.' On the contrary, I say to you, you will return to this place as you left it—no reward, no freedom, nothing awaits you when your labor is achieved this evening, and that door closes behind you again—nothing but the thanks of your director, a glass of stiff grog, and a soft bed, such as an honest fellow deserves. Will you stand by your director on these terms? Whoever is willing, let him lift up his right hand and exclaim, 'Yes!' at the top of his voice."

And up flew four hundred arms, and from four hundred throats came a thundering "Yes!" that sounded above the storm. In an instant, at the director's command, and under his direction, the troop, joined by those men who had before taken shelter in the institution, was divided into three bands. One of these was led by Süssmilch, the second by me, and the third by a prisoner named Mathes, who had formerly been a shipwright, and was a very intelligent, active man. The overseers were drawn up in the ranks.

"To-day, my children, we are all alike; and every one is his own overseer," said the director. So we marched out to the gate.

The way along the narrow street into which the chief gate led was not long, and we quickly passed through it; but at the old and rather narrow gateway at the other end of the street we found a strange unexpected obstacle, which convinced me more than anything that had occurred before of the strength of the storm. The old gateway was really nothing but a wide open archway; yet it took us longer to pass through than if we had been obliged to burst open the heaviest gates of oak and ironwork, with such violence did the wind press through the opening. Like a hundred-armed giant, he stood outside, and threw back each individual who ventured towards him, as though he were a powerless infant. Only

by our combined efforts, taking each other's hands and holding fast on to the inner rough surface of the gateway, did we succeed in forcing our way through the pass. Then we pressed quickly on along the ramparts, between the tall bastion on one side and the buildings of the institution on the other, till we reached the spot where our help was needed.

It was the long low dam that touched the bastion, and across which I had often cast longing glances from the terrace on to the sea and the island. It was about five hundred paces in length. Then came the harbor, with its stone moles built out far into the sea. Why this spot was in such imminent danger during a storm was evident at my first glance. The water driven in from the open sea by the violence of the storm was caught, as it were, in a *cul-de-sac* between the tall bastion that rested on mighty retaining walls and the long harbor-dam. Since it could neither escape to the right nor to the left, it must seek to break through the hindrance that here opposed it. But if the dam gave way, the whole lower part of the town was lost. That must be evident to any one who, looking towards the town from the dam, saw the narrow little alleys of the harbor. Most of the roofs were not even so high as the dam, so that it was possible to see right over them into the inner harbor, which lay on the side of the harbor-suburb opposite to us, and where we could now see the masts of the ships rocking to and fro like reeds.

I do not think it took me more than a quarter of a minute completely to grasp the situation as I have here represented it; and I am hardly likely to have had more time granted me. My mind and nerves were too much overcome by the sight of the danger we had come to combat. I, who had passed my whole life on the seacoast; who had spent whole days tossed about in little or big vessels; who had watched many a storm—at any rate from the shore—and with unwearied attention and sympathetic shuddering—I thought I knew the sea. Now I found that I knew it no better than any one can know a bomb who has never seen one explode, scattering death and destruction around it. Not even in imagination had I come near the reality. This was no longer the sea, consisting of water which forms greater or lesser waves, which waves strike the shore with greater or lesser violence—this was a monster, a world of monsters, who, with wide-open foaming jaws, came roaring, howling, snapping along. No longer was it any definite thing; all shape, even all color, had disappeared: it was chaos that had come to swallow up the world of men.

I do not think there was one among the whole troop on whom this sight had not a powerful effect. I see them still, those four hundred men, standing where they had stormed on to the dam, with pale faces, their eyes now fixed on the howling chaos, now on their neighbors, and then on the man who had led them hither, and who alone was able to say what ought to be done here and what could be done.

Never yet had a helpless troop a better leader. The splendid man! I see him with the faithful eyes of love, that look back into the past, so often, in so many situations, and always he appears to me great and beautiful, but never greater and more beautiful than in this moment, as he stood on the highest point of the dam, holding on by a flagstaff that he had caused to be set up there.

His bearing was heroic, and his glance was heroic, as in one moment it grasped danger and deliverance; and there was heroism in his voice, when, in unwearied sharp clear tones, in a few determined words, he gave the necessary orders. Some were to go down into the alleys of the harbor, and bring whatever empty casks, chests, and boxes they could lay hands on; some to go up to the bastion, where there was earth in plenty, with spades, shovels, barrows, and baskets. Some were to descend with saws, axes, and ropes into the neighboring glacis, to fell the young trees that had for years been awaiting an enemy who was there today; others were to go to the neighboring wharf to invite the ships' carpenters to come and help, and to obtain a few dozen large planks that we absolutely needed either by good words or by force.

Not half an hour had gone by, and the work, planned with true genius, was in full swing. Here baskets of earth were being lowered into the breaches that the sea had torn in the dam; there stakes were driven in, and a network of branches made between them; elsewhere a wall of planks was being constructed. And all came hurrying and hastening, and digging and

shovelling, and hammering and carting, and dragging hundred-weights, with such zeal, such strength, such strong self-sacrificing courage, that the tears still come into my eyes if I only think of it. Then I remember that these were those same men whom society had cast out; those same men who had become thieves, perhaps, for the sake of a few morsels or for some childish desire; the same men I had so often seen creeping sadly through the yards of the institution to their work; the same men whom the storm, striking against the walls of their prison, had last evening roused to frantic terror. There lay the town below them; they could rush in and rob, burn, and murder to their hearts' content—who could prevent them? There lay the wide world open before them; they need only run in, and away—who could keep them back? Here was a labor more difficult, troublesome, and dangerous than any they had yet done—who could force them to it? There was the storm, at which they trembled yesterday, raging in most terrible form; why did they not tremble to-day? Why did they go joking and laughing into actual danger of death, when they were to fetch in the great ship's mast, driven hither from the harbor, and now cast against the dam like a battering-ram by the waves? Why, indeed? I think if all men would answer this "why" as I do, there would be no more masters and servants; then we should no longer hear the old sad song of the hammer that does not want to be an anvil; then—but why answer a question that only the world's history can answer? Why expose the presentiments that we feel in our hearts to a world that passes indifferently by, or perhaps only stops to look, to mock at them?

Whoever saw this labor, whoever saw these men tearing skin from flesh and flesh from bone in their tremendous, dreadful exertions, did not laugh; and those who saw it were the poor inhabitants of the harbor-alleys, mostly women and children, for the men had to share in the work. They came and stood below in the shelter of the wall, and looked up with anxious, astonished looks at the gray jackets there, whom they had hitherto only regarded with shy, suspicious glances, when they were led through the streets, coming in little troops from some external labor. To-day they had no fear of the gray jackets; to-day they prayed that the food and drink might be blessed which they themselves brought of their own free will. They had no fear of the four hundred gray jackets; rather they wished that their number could be doubled or trebled.

But there were people who lived far out of reach of danger, whose property and lives were not in question at the present moment, and who were therefore in a situation bitterly to resent the improper and unlawful proceedings carried on here.

I remember that, one after another, the Police-Director von Raharb; the President von Krossow; the lieutenant-general and commander of the fortress, his Excellency Count Dankelheim, came, and endeavored, by prayers, commands, and threats, to persuade our leader to bring his dreaded brigade once more under bolt and bar. Yes, I remember that towards evening they all came together to attempt a combined storm; and I can still smile when I remember the cheerful calm with which that good, brave man drove back their assault.

"What would you have, gentlemen?" said he. "Would you really prefer that hundreds should lose their lives, and the property of thousands be destroyed, rather than that a dozen, or even a few dozen, of these poor rogues should seek their liberty in flight, which, to tell the truth, they have honestly earned to-day? Besides, when the danger is over, I shall lead them back. Till then no one shall drive me from here, unless he can do so by force; and fortunately not one of you, gentlemen, is able to do that. And now, gentlemen, this discussion must come to an end, for night is coming on; at most we have only another half-hour to make our preparations for the night. I wish you a good-evening, gentlemen."

And with these words he waived his hand towards the dignitaries (who retreated with crestfallen looks), and turned to the spot where his presence was needed.

More so than ever at this moment; for now, just before the beginning of the night, it seemed as though the storm were gathering all its strength for one last decisive attack. I feared we must be defeated—that the desperate six hours' labor had been in vain. The gigantic waves no longer retreated; their crests were torn off and tossed across the dam far away

into the streets. The crowd assembled below rushed asunder with cries of alarm. Scarcely a single one of us laborers could stand now. I saw daring fellows who had hitherto played with danger turn pale, and heard them say: "It is impossible; it can no longer be done."

And now came the most horrible act in this dreadful drama.

A little Dutch ship, that had laid outside on the roadstead, had been torn away from its anchors, and was tossed hither and thither like a nutshell by those dreadful breakers, from the depth to the height, from the height to the depth, and with each wave nearer to the dam that we were defending. We could see the despairing gesture of the unfortunate men who clung to the yards; we could imagine that we heard their cries of alarm.

"Can we do nothing," exclaimed I—"nothing?" turning to the director with tears of despair in my eyes.

He shook his head sadly.

"One thing, perhaps," said he. "If the ship is thrown right up here, we may attempt to hold it firm, so that it is not washed back by the breakers. If we do not succeed, they are lost, and we too; for their vessel, tossed to and fro, would make a breach in the dam that we could not possibly repair. Have some strong stakes struck in, George, and let an end of one of our thickest ropes be fastened to them. There is still the barest possibility, but still it is a possibility. Come!"

We hastened to the spot where the vessel must probably strand, and from which it was now only a few hundred yards distant. The men had retreated from the dam, and had sought shelter from the boundless fury of the storm wherever they could; but now, when they saw their leader himself seize an axe, they all came back and worked with a sort of madness, compared with which all that they had till now achieved was but child's play.

The stakes were driven in, the ropes attached to them. I and three other men, who were considered the strongest, stood on the rampart, awaiting the right moment—terrible moments, that froze the blood in the veins of even the boldest; that might have bleached the brown hair of a youth.

And what we had hardly deemed possible succeeded. An enormous breaker comes rushing on, bearing the boat on its crest. It breaks—it pours forth a deluge that flows over us—but we stand firm. With our nails we hold on to the stakes; and when we are once more able to look round, the ship is lying, like a dead whale, high up on the dam. We rush forward: a hundred hands are at once occupied in throwing ropes round the masts, a hundred others in loosing the pale men—five in number—from the yards, to which they had tied themselves. It is done before the next wave comes in. Will it tear our beauty from us? It comes on, and one more, and another; but the ropes hold. Each wave is weaker than its predecessor; the fourth does not even reach the top—the fifth remains far below it. Suddenly there is a pause in the terrible, ceaseless thunder that has deafened us for so many hours to-day; the flags on the trembling masts in the inner harbor, that had been lashed eastwards all at once, hang straight down, and then flutter towards the west. The violence of the storm is broken, the wind has changed—the victory is ours!

The victory is ours. Every one knows it at the same moment. An endless shout of hurrah bursts from the throats of these rough men. They shake each other's hands, they fall into each other's arms. Hurrah! hurrah! and once more, hurrah!

The victory is ours; it has been dearly bought.

When my eyes seek him whom we all have to thank for everything, they no longer find him at the spot where I had last seen him.

But I see men running to the spot, and I run with them. I run faster than they do, driven by anxiety that lends me wings. I push my way through a few dozen of them closely grouped together, and all are bent over one man, who lies on the ground on the knees of the old sergeant. And the man is deathly pale, and his lips are covered with bloody foam, and round about him the ground is colored with blood, freshly shed—with his blood, the heart's blood of the noblest of men.

"Is he dead?" I hear one of the men asking. But this hero must not die yet; he has still one more duty to fulfil. He beckons to me with his eyes as I bend over him, and moves his lips, which give forth no sound; but I have understood him. I put both my arms round him and raise him up. Now his tall, thin, royal

form stands upright, leaning on me. All the men can see him—the men he has led hither, and whom he now means to lead back. And now he beckons again with his eyes to his hand, and I take it, as it hangs down limp and wax-like, and it points in the direction of the road along which we came at midday. There was not one man present who durst disobey that dumb, silent command. They collect together, they fall into their ranks; the sergeant and I bear the dying leader. So we go back, in a long, slow, solemn procession.

Night has come on; only a few solitary gusts of wind blow past us, and remind us of the terrible day we have all passed through. The prisoners, who have worked outside the house to-day, are sleeping on the bed of a good conscience, which their director had promised them that night. Their director sleeps too, and his pillow is as soft as death for a great and good cause can make it.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

A Tale of Forests and Enchantments Drear.—
Il Penseroso.

Sister, 'tis the noon of night:
Let us in the web of thought
Weave the threads of ancient song,
From the realms of fairies brought.

Thou shalt stain the dusky warp
In nightshade wet with twilight dew;
I with streaks of morning gold
Will strike the fabric through and through.[1]

Where a lone castle by the sea
Upreared its dark and mouldering pile,
Far seen with all its frowning towers
For many and many a weary mile;
The wild waves beat the castle walls,
And bathed the rock with ceaseless showers,
The winds roared fiercely round the pile,
And moaned along its mouldering towers.
Within those wide and echoing halls,
To guard her from a fatal spell,
A maid of noble lineage born
Was doomed in solitude to dwell.

Five fairies graced the infant's birth
With fame and beauty, wealth and power;
The sixth by one fell stroke reversed
The lavish splendors of her dower:
Whene'er the orphan's lily hand
A spindle's shining point should pierce,
She swore upon her magic wand
The maid should sleep a hundred years.
The wild waves beat the castle wall,
And bathed the rock with ceaseless showers,
Dark, heaving billows plunged and fell
In whitening foam beneath the towers.
There, rocked by winds and lulled by waves,
In youthful grace the maiden grew,
And from her solitary dreams
A sweet and pensive pleasure drew.
Yet often from her lattice high
She gazed athwart the gathering night,
To mark the sea-gulls wheeling by,
And longed to follow in their flight.
One winter night beside the hearth
She sat and watched the smouldering fire,
While now the tempests seemed to lull,
And now the winds rose high and higher;
Strange sounds are heard along the wall,
Dim faces glimmer through the gloom,
And still, mysterious voices call,
And shadows flit from room to room;
Till, bending o'er the dying brands,
She chanced a sudden gleam to see:
She turned the sparkling embers o'er,
And lo! she finds a golden key.
Lured on as by an unseen hand,
She roamed the castle o'er and o'er,
Through many a darkling chamber sped,
And many a dusky corridor;
And still through unknown, winding ways
She wandered on for many an hour,
For gallery still to gallery leads,
And tower succeeds to tower.
Oft, wearied with the steep ascent,
She lingered on her lonely way,
And paused beside the pictured walls,
Their countless wonders to survey.
At length upon a narrow stair
That wound within a turret high,
She saw a little low-browed door,
And turned her golden key to try;
Slowly beneath her trembling hand
The bolts recede, and backward flung,
With harsh recoil and sullen clang
The door upon its hinges swung.

[1] This is a joint production of Mrs. Whitman and her sister, Miss Power.

There in a little moonlit room
She sees a weird and withered crone,
Who sat and spun amid the gloom,
And turned her wheel with drowsy drone.
With mute amaze and wondering awe
A passing moment stood the maid,
Then entering at the narrow door,
More near the mystic task surveyed.
She saw her twine the flaxen fleece,
She saw her draw the flaxen thread,
She viewed the spindle's shining point,
And pleased the novel task surveyed.
A sudden longing seized her breast
To twine the fleece, to turn the wheel:
She stretched her lily hand and pierced
Her finger with the shining steel.
Slowly her heavy eyelids close,
She feels a drowsy torpor creep
From limb to limb, till every sense
Is locked in an enchanted sleep.
A dreamless slumber deep as night
In deathly trance her senses locked:
At once through all its massive vaults
And gloomy towers the castle rocked;
The beldame roused her from her lair,
And raised on high a mournful wail,
A shrilly scream that seemed to float
A requiem on the dying gale.
"A hundred years shall pass," she said,
"Ere those blue eyes behold the morn,
Ere these deserted halls and towers
Shall echo to a bugle-horn;
A hundred Norland winters pass,
While drenching rains and drifting snows
Shall beat against the castle walls,
Nor wake thee from thy long repose;
A hundred times the golden grain
Shall wave beneath the harvest moon,
Twelve hundred moons shall wax and wane
Ere yet thine eyes behold the sun."
She ceased, but still the mystic rhyme
The long-resounding aisles prolong
And all the castle's echoes chime
In answering cadence to her song.
She bore the maiden to her bower,
An ancient chamber wide and low,
Where golden sconces from the wall
A faint and trembling lustre throw;
A silent chamber far apart,
Where strange and antique arras hung,
That waved along the mouldering walls,
And in the gusty night-wind swung.
She laid her on her ivory bed,
And gently smoothed each snowy limb,
Then drew the curtain's dusky fold
To make the entering daylight dim.

PART II.

And all around, on every side,
Throughout the castle's precincts wide,
In every bower and hall,
All slept—the warder in the court,
The figures on the arras wrought,
The steed within his stall.
No more the watch-dog bayed the moon,
The owlet ceased her boding tune,
The raven on his tower—
All, hushed in slumber still and deep,
Enthralled in an enchanted sleep,
Await the appointed hour.
A pathless forest wild and wide
Engirt the castle's inland side,
And stretched for many a mile;
So thick its deep, impervious screen
The castle towers were dimly seen
Above the mouldering pile.
So high the ancient cedars sprung,
So far aloft their branches flung,
So close the covert grew,
No foot its silence could invade,
No eye could pierce its depths of shade,
Or see the welkin through.
Yet oft, as from some distant mound
The traveller cast his eyes around
O'er wold and woodland gray,
He saw, athwart the glimmering light
Of moonbeams on a misty night,
A castle far away.

A hundred Norland winters passed,
While drenching rains and drifting snows
Beat loud against the castle walls,
Nor broke the maiden's long repose.
A hundred times on vale and hill
The reapers bound the golden corn,
And now the ancient halls and towers
Re-echo to a bugle-horn.

A warrior from a distant land
With helm and hauberk, spear and brand,
And high, untarnished crest,
By visions of enchantment led,
Hath vowed before the morning's red
To break her charmèd rest.
From torrid clime beyond the main
He comes, the costly prize to gain,

O'er deserts waste and wide;
No dangers daunt, no toils can tire;
With throbbing heart and soul on fire
He seeks his sleeping bride.
He gains the old, enchanted wood
Where never mortal footsteps trod,
He pierced its tangled gloom;
A chillness loads the lurid air,
Where baleful swamp-fires gleam and glare,
His pathway to illume.
Well might the warrior's courage fail,
Well might his lofty spirit quail,
On that enchanted ground;
No open foeman meets him there,
But, borne upon the murky air,
Strange horror broods around.
At every turn his footsteps sank
'Mid tangled boughs and mosses dank,
For long and weary hours;
Till, issuing from the dangerous wood,
The castle full before him stood
With all its flanking towers.
The moon a paly lustre sheds;
Resolved, the grass-grown courts he treads,
The gloomy portal gained;
He crossed the threshold's magic bound,
He paced the hall where all around
A deathly silence reigned.
No fears his venturous course could stay;
Darkling he groped his dreary way,
Up the wide staircase sprang;
It echoed to his mailèd heel;
With clang of arms and clash of steel
The silent chambers rang.
He sees a glimmering taper gleam,
Far off with faint and trembling beam,
Athwart the midnight gloom;
Then first he felt the touch of fear,
As with slow footsteps drawing near
He gained the lighted room.
And now the waning moon was low,
The perfumed tapers faintly glow,
And by their dying gleam
He raised the curtain's dusky fold
And lo! his charmèd eyes behold
The lady of his dream.
As violets peep from wintry snows
Slowly her heavy lids unclose,
And gently heaves her breast;
But all unconscious was her gaze,
Her eye with listless languor strays
From brand to plumy crest.
A rising blush begins to dawn
Like that which steals at early morn
Across the eastern sky;
And slowly as the morning broke
The maiden from her trance awoke
Beneath his ardent eye.
As the first kindling sunbeams threw
Their level light athwart the dew,
And tipped the hills with flame,
The silent forest-boughs were stirred
With music, as from bee and bird
A mingling murmur came.
From out its depths of tangled gloom
There came a breath of dewy bloom,
And from the valleys dim
A cloud of fragrant incense stole,
As if each violet breathed its soul
Into that floral hymn.
Loud neighed the steed within his stall,
The cock crowed on the castle wall,
The warder wound his horn;
The linnet sang in leafy bower,
The swallows twittering from the tower,
Salute the rosy morn.
But fresher than the rosy morn,
And blither than the bugle-horn,
The maiden's heart doth prove,
Who, as her beaming eyes awake,
Beholds a double morning break,
The dawn of light and love.

TO SHAKESPEARE.

Oft when my lips I open to rehearse
Thy wondrous spells of wisdom and of power,
And that my voice and thy immortal verse
On listening ears and hearts I mingled pour,
I shrink dismayed, and awful doth appear
The vain presumption of my own weak deed.
Thy glorious spirit seems to mine so near,
That suddenly I tremble as I read;
Thee an invisible auditor I fear.
Oh, if it might be so, my master dear!
With what beseeching would I pray to thee
To make me equal to my noble task;
Succor from thee how humbly would I ask,
Thy worthiest words to utter worthily!

FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE.

THE INJUSTICE OF PRIVATE PROPERTY IN LAND.

[**Henry George**, an American author and publicist, born in Philadelphia, Sept. 2, 1829. He emigrated to California in 1858, where he served as a journeyman printer till 1866, becoming a journalist shortly after in San Francisco. Entertaining radical views on property and labor, his principal writings are devoted to the discussion of these questions, which have so largely come to the front in nearly all civilized nations. Mr. George bases his reform system upon the postulate that it is not capital but the rent of land which keeps down the wages of labor, and that the remedy is the appropriation of rent by the community or the State. This, he claims, will abolish poverty, while it gives to the occupants of the land secure possession, the usufruct (or rent of the land) becoming virtually common property. Mr. George removed to New York in 1880, and has three times visited England and Scotland, where he lectured effectively in behalf of land reform. Nominated for Mayor of New York in 1886 by the Labor party, he received 68,000 votes against 90,000 for the Democratic and 60,000 for the Republican candidate. He founded, in 1886, *The Standard*, a weekly paper, devoted to the propagation of his theories, and his principal writings are *Progress and Poverty* (1879), *Social Problems* (1884), and *Protection or Free Trade* (1886).]

When it is proposed to abolish private property in land the first question that will arise is that of justice. Though often warped by habit, superstition, and selfishness into the most distorted forms the sentiment of justice is yet fundamental to the human mind, and whatever dispute arouses the passions of men, the conflict is sure to rage, not so much as to the question "Is it wise?" as to the question "Is it right?"

This tendency of popular discussions to take an ethical form has a cause. It springs from a law of the human mind; it rests upon a vague and instinctive recognition of what is probably the deepest truth we can grasp. That alone is wise which is just; that alone is enduring which is right. In the narrow scale of individual actions and individual life this truth may be often obscured, but in the wider field of national life it everywhere stands out.

I bow to this arbitrament, and accept this test. If our inquiry into the cause which makes low wages and pauperism the accompaniments of material progress has led us to a correct conclusion, it will bear translation from terms of political economy into terms of ethics, and as the source of social evils show a wrong. If it will not do this, it is disproved. If it will do this, it is proved by the final decision. If private property in land be just, then is the remedy I propose a false one; if, on the contrary, private property in land be unjust, then is this remedy the true one.

What constitutes the rightful basis of property? What is it that enables a man to justly say of a thing, "It is mine!" From what springs the sentiment which acknowledges his exclusive right as against all the world? Is is not, primarily, the right of a man to himself, to the use of his own powers, to the enjoyment of the fruits of his own exertions? Is it not this individual right, which springs from and is testified to by the natural facts of individual organization—the fact that each particular pair of hands obeys a particular brain and are related to a particular stomach; the fact that each man is a definite, coherent, independent whole—which alone justifies individual ownership? As a man belongs to himself, so his labor when put in concrete form belongs to him.

And for this reason, that which a man makes or produces is his own, as against all the world—to enjoy or destroy, to use, to exchange, or to give. No one else can rightfully claim it, and his exclusive right to it involves no wrong to any one else. Thus there is to everything produced by human exertion a clear and indisputable title to exclusive possession and enjoyment, which is perfectly consistent with justice, as it descends from the original producer, in whom it vested by natural law. The pen with which I am writing is justly mine. No other human being can rightfully lay claim to it, for in me is the title of the producers who made it. It has become mine, because transferred to me by the stationer, to whom it was transferred by the importer, who obtained the exclusive right to it by transfer from the manufacturer, in whom, by the same process of purchase, vested the rights of those who dug the material from the ground and shaped it into a pen. Thus, my exclusive right of ownership in the pen springs from the natural right of the individual to the use of his own faculties.

Now, this is not only the original source from which all ideas of exclusive ownership arise—as is evident from the natural tendency of the mind to revert to it when the idea of exclusive ownership is ques-

tioned, and the manner in which social relations develop—but it is necessarily the only source. There can be to the ownership of anything no rightful title which is not derived from the title of the producer and does not rest upon the natural right of the man to himself. There can be no other rightful title, because (1st) there is no other natural right from which any other title can be derived, and (2d) because the recognition of any other title is inconsistent with and destructive of this.

For (1st) what other right exists from which the right to the exclusive possession of anything can be derived, save the right of a man to himself? With what other power is man by nature clothed save the power of exerting his own faculties? How can he in any other way act upon or affect material things or other men? Paralyze the motor nerves, and your man has no more external influence or power than a log or stone. From what else, then, can the right of possessing and controlling things be derived? If it spring not from man himself, from what can it spring? Nature acknowledges no ownership or control in man save as the result of exertion. In no other way can her treasures be drawn forth, her powers directed, or her forces utilized or controlled. She makes no discriminations among men, but is to all absolutely impartial. She knows no distinction between master and slave, king and subject, saint and sinner. All men to her stand upon an equal footing and have equal rights. She recognizes no claim but that of labor, and recognizes that without respect to the claimant. If a pirate spread his sails, the wind will fill them as well as it will fill those of a peaceful merchantman or missionary bark; if a king and a common man be thrown overboard, neither can keep his head above the water except by swimming; birds will not come to be shot by the proprietor of the soil any quicker than they will come to be shot by the poacher; fish will bite or will not bite at a hook in utter disregard as to whether it is offered them by a good little boy who goes to Sunday-school, or a bad little boy who plays truant; grain will grow only as the ground is prepared and the seed is sown; it is only at the call of labor that ore can be raised from the mine; the sun shines and the rain falls, alike upon just and unjust. The laws of nature are the decrees of the Creator. There is written in them no recognition of any right save that of labor; and in them is written broadly and clearly the equal right of all men to the use and enjoyment of nature; to apply to her by their exertions, and to receive and possess her reward. Hence, as nature gives only to labor, the exertion of labor in production is the only title to exclusive possession.

2d. This right of ownership that springs from labor excludes the possibility of any other right of ownership. If a man be rightfully entitled to the produce of his labor, then no one can be rightfully entitled to the ownership of anything which is not the produce of his labor, or the labor of some one else from whom the right has passed to him. If production give to the producer the right to exclusive possession and enjoyment, there can rightfully be no exclusive possession and enjoyment of anything not the production of labor, and the recognition of private property in land is wrong. For the right to the produce of labor cannot be enjoyed without the right to the free use of the opportunities offered by nature, and to admit the right of property in these is to deny the right of property in the produce of labor. When nonproducers can claim as rent a portion of the wealth created by producers, the right of the producers to the fruits of their labor is to that extent denied.

There is no escape from this position. To affirm that a man can rightfully claim exclusive ownership in his own labor, when embodied in material things, is to deny that any one can rightfully claim exclusive ownership in land. To affirm the rightfulness of property in land is to affirm a claim which has no warrant in nature, as against a claim founded in the organization of man and the laws of the material universe.

What most prevents the realization of the injustice of private property in land is the habit of including all the things that are made the subject of ownership in one category, as property, or, if any distinction is made, drawing the line, according to the unphilosophical distinction of the lawyers, between personal property and real estate, or things movable and things immovable. The real and natural distinction is between things which are the produce of labor and things which are the gratuitous offerings of nature; or, to adopt

the terms of political economy, between wealth and land.

These two classes of things are in essence and relations widely different, and to class them together as property is to confuse all thought when we come to consider the justice or the injustice, the right or the wrong of property.

A house and the lot on which it stands are alike property, as being the subject of ownership, and are alike classed by the lawyers as real estate. Yet in nature and relations they differ widely. The one is produced by human labor, and belongs to the class in political economy styled wealth. The other is a part of nature, and belongs to the class in political economy styled land.

The essential character of the one class of things is that they embody labor, are brought into being by human exertion, their existence or non-existence, their increase or diminution depending on man. The essential character of the other class of things is that they do not embody labor, and exist irrespective of human exertion and irrespective of man; they are the field or environment in which man finds himself; the store-house from which his needs must be supplied, the raw material upon which, and the forces with which, his labor alone can act.

The moment this distinction is realized, that moment is it seen that the sanction which natural justice gives to one species of property is denied to the other; that the rightfulness which attaches to individual property in the produce of labor implies the wrongfulness of individual property in land; that, whereas the recognition of the one places all men upon equal terms, securing to each the due reward of his labor, the recognition of the other is the denial of the equal rights of men, permitting those who do not labor to take the natural reward of those who do.

Whatever may be said for the institution of private property in land, it is therefore plain that it cannot be defended on the score of justice.

The equal right of all men to the use of land is as clear as their equal right to breathe the air—it is a right proclaimed by the fact of their existence. For we cannot suppose that some men have a right to be in this world and others no right.

If we are all here by the equal permission of the Creator, we are all here with an equal title to the enjoyment of His bounty—with an equal right to the use of all that nature so impartially offers.[1] This is a right which is natural and inalienable; it is a right which vests in every human being as he enters the world, and which during his continuance in the world can be limited only by the equal rights of others. There is in nature no such thing as a fee simple in land. There is on earth no power which can rightfully make a grant of exclusive ownership in land. If all existing men were to unite to grant away their equal rights, they could not grant away the right of those who follow them. For what are we but tenants for a day? Have we made the earth, that we should determine the rights of those who after us shall tenant it in their turn? The Almighty, who created the earth for man and man for the earth, has entailed it upon all the generations of the children of men by a decree written upon the constitution of all things—a decree which no human action can bar and no prescription determine. Let the parchments be ever so many, or possession ever so long, natural justice can recognize no right in one man to the possession and enjoyment of land that is not equally the right of all his

[1] In saying that private property in land can, in the ultimate analysis, only be justified on the theory that some men have a better right to existence than others, I am only stating what the advocates of the existing system have themselves perceived. What gave to Malthus his popularity among the ruling classes—what caused his illogical book to be received as a new revelation, induced sovereigns to send him decorations, and the meanest rich man in England to propose to give him a living, was the fact that he furnished a plausible reason for the assumption that some have a better right to existence than others—an assumption which is necessary for the justification of private property in land, and which Malthus clearly states in the declaration that the tendency of population is constantly to bring into the world human beings for whom nature refuses to provide, and who consequently "have not the slightest right to any share in the existing store of the necessaries of life;" whom she tells as interlopers to begone, "and does not hesitate to extort by force obedience to her mandates;" employing for her purpose "hunger and pestilence, war and crime, mortality and neglect of infantine life, prostitution and syphilis." And to-day this Malthusian doctrine is the ultimate defense upon which those who justify private property in land fall back. In no other way can it be logically defended.

fellows. Though his titles have been acquiesced in by generation after generation, to the landed estates of the Duke of Westminster the poorest child that is born in London to-day has as much right as his eldest son.[1] Though the sovereign people of the State of New York consent to the landed possessions of the Astors, the puniest infant that comes wailing into the world in the squalidest room of the most miserable tenement house, becomes at that moment seized of an equal right with the millionaires. And it is robbed if the right is denied.

Our previous conclusions, irresistible in themselves, thus stand approved by the highest and final test. Translated from terms of political economy into terms of ethics they show a wrong as the source of the evils which increase as material progress goes on.

The masses of men, who in the midst of abundance suffer want; who, clothed with political freedom, are condemned to the wages of slavery; to whose toil labor-saving inventions bring no relief, but rather seem to rob them of a privilege, instinctively feel that "there is something wrong." And they are right.

The wide-spreading social evils which everywhere oppress men amid an advancing civilization, spring from a great primary wrong—the appropriation, as the exclusive property of some men, of the land on which and from which all must live. From this fundamental injustice flow all the injustices which distort and endanger modern development, which condemn the producer of wealth to poverty and pamper the non-producer in luxury, which rear the tenement house with the palace, plant the brothel behind the church and compel us to build prisons as we open new schools.

[1] This natural and inalienable right to the equal use and enjoyment of land is so apparent that it has been recognized by men wherever force or habit has not blunted first perceptions. To give but one instance: The white settlers of New Zealand found themselves unable to get from the Maoris what the latter considered a complete title to land, because, although a whole tribe might have consented to a sale, they would still claim with every new child born among them an additional payment on the ground that they had only parted with their own rights, and could not sell those of the unborn. The government was obliged to step in and settle the matter by buying land for a tribal annuity, in which every child that is born acquires a share.

There is nothing strange or inexplicable in the phenomena that are now perplexing the world. It is not that material progress is not in itself a good; it is not that nature has called into being children for whom she has failed to provide; it is not that the Creator has left on natural laws a taint of injustice at which even the human mind revolts, that material progress brings such bitter fruits. That amid our highest civilization men faint and die with want, is not due to the niggardliness of nature, but to the injustice of man. Vice and misery, poverty and pauperism, are not the legitimate results of increase of population and industrial development; they only follow increase of population and industrial development because land is treated as private property—they are the direct and necessary results of the violation of the supreme law of justice involved in giving to some men the exclusive possession of that which nature provides for all men.

The recognition of individual proprietorship of land is the denial of the natural rights of other individuals—it is a wrong which *must* show itself in the inequitable division of wealth. For as labor cannot produce without the use of land, the denial of the equal right to the use of land is necessarily the denial of the right of labor to its own produce. If one man can command the land upon which others must labor, he can appropriate the produce of their labor as the price of his permission to labor. The fundamental law of nature, that her enjoyment by man shall be consequent upon his exertion, is thus violated. The one receives without producing; the others produce without receiving. The one is unjustly enriched; the others are robbed. To this fundamental wrong we have traced the unjust distribution of wealth, which is separating modern society into the very rich and the very poor. It is the continuous increase of rent—the price that labor is compelled to pay for the use of land, which strips the many of the wealth they justly earn, to pile it up in the hands of the few, who do nothing to earn it.

Why should they who suffer from this injustice hesitate for one moment to sweep it away? Who are the land holders, that they should thus be permitted to reap where they have not sown?

Consider for a moment the utter absurd-

ity of the titles by which we permit to be gravely passed from John Doe to Richard Roe the right to exclusively possess the earth, giving absolute dominion as against all others. In California our land titles go back to the supreme government of Mexico, who took from the Spanish king, who took from the Pope, when he by a stroke of the pen divided lands yet to be discovered between the Spanish or Portuguese—or, if you please, they rest upon conquest. In the Eastern States they go back to treaties with Indians and grants from English kings; in Louisiana to the government of France; in Florida to the government of Spain; while in England they go back to the Norman conquerors. Everywhere, not to a right which obliges, but to a force which compels. And when a title rests but on force, no complaint can be made when force annuls it. Whenever the people, having the power, choose to annul those titles, no objection can be made in the name of justice. There have existed men who had the power to hold or to give exclusive possession of portions of the earth's surface, but when and where did there exist the human being who had the right?

The right to exclusive ownership of anything of human production is clear. No matter how many the hands through which it has passed, there was at the beginning of the line human labor—some one who, having procured or produced it by his exertions, had to it a clear title as against all the rest of mankind, and which could justly pass from one to another by sale or gift. But at the end of what string of conveyances or grants can be shown or supposed a like title to any part of the material universe? To improvements such an original title can be shown; but it is a title only to the improvements, and not to the land itself. If I clear a forest, drain a swamp, or fill a morass, all I can justly claim is the value given by these exertions. They give me no right to the land itself, no claim other than to my equal share with every other member of the community in the value which is added to it by the growth of the community.

But it will be said: There are improvements which in time become indistinguishable from the land itself! Very well; then the title to the improvements becomes blended with the title to the land; the individual right is lost in the common right. It is the greater that swallows up the less, not the less that swallows up the greater. Nature does not proceed from man, but man from nature, and it is into the bosom of nature that he and all his works must return again.

Yet, it will be said: As every man has a right to the use and enjoyment of nature, the man who is using land must be permitted the exclusive right to its use in order that he may get the full benefit of his labor. But there is no difficulty in determining where the individual right ends and the common right begins. A delicate and exact test is supplied by value, and with its aid there is no difficulty, no matter how dense population may become, in determining and securing the exact rights of each, the equal rights of all. The value of land, as we have seen, is the price of monopoly. It is not the absolute, but the relative capability of land that determines its value. No matter what may be its intrinsic qualities, land that is no better than other land which may be had for the using, can have no value. And the value of land always measures the difference between it and the best land that may be had for the using. Thus, the value of land expresses in exact and tangible form the right of the community in land held by an individual; and rent expresses the exact amount which the individual should pay to the community to satisfy the equal rights of all other members of the community. Thus, if we concede to priority of possession the undisturbed use of land, confiscating rent for the benefit of the community, we reconcile the fixity of tenure which is necessary for improvement with a full and complete recognition of the equal rights of all to the use of land.

As for the deduction of a complete and exclusive individual right to land from priority of occupation, that is, if possible, the most absurd ground on which land ownership can be defended. Priority of occupation give exclusive and perpetual title to the surface of a globe on which, in the order of nature, countless generations succeed each other! Had the men of the last generation any better right to the use of this world than we of this? or the men of a hundred years ago? or of a thousand years ago? Had the mound-builders, or the cave-dwellers, the contemporaries of

the mastodon and the three-toed horse, or the generations still further back, who, in dim æons that we can only think of as geologic periods, followed each other on the earth we now tenant for our little day?

Has the first comer at a banquet the right to turn back all the chairs, and claim that none of the other guests shall partake of the food provided, except as they make terms with him? Does the first man who presents a ticket at the door of a theatre and passes in, acquire by his priority the right to shut the doors and have the performance go on for him alone? Does the first passenger who enters a railroad car obtain the right to scatter his baggage over all the seats and compel the passengers who come in after him to stand up?

The cases are perfectly analogous. We arrive and we depart, guests at a banquet continually spread, spectators and participants in an entertainment where there is room for all who come; passengers from station to station, on an orb that whirls through space—our rights to take and possess cannot be exclusive; they must be bounded everywhere by the equal rights of others. Just as the passenger in a railroad car may spread himself and his baggage over as many seats as he pleases, until other passengers come in, so may a settler take and use as much land as he chooses, until it is needed by others—a fact which is shown by the land acquiring a value—when his right must be curtailed by the equal rights of the others, and no priority of appropriation can give a right which will bar these equal rights of others. If this were not the case, then by priority of appropriation one man could acquire and could transmit to whom he pleased, not merely the exclusive right to 160 acres, or to 640 acres, but to a whole township, a whole State, a whole continent.

And to this manifest absurdity does the recognition of individual right to land come when carried to its ultimate—that any one human being, could he concentrate in himself the individual rights to the land of any country, could expel therefrom all the rest of its inhabitants; and could he thus concentrate the individual rights to the whole surface of the globe, he alone of all the teeming population of the earth would have the right to live.

And what upon this supposition would occur is, upon a smaller scale, realized in actual fact. The territorial lords of Great Britain, to whom grants of land have given the "white parasols and elephants mad with pride," have over and over again expelled from large districts the native population, whose ancestors had lived on the land from immemorial times—driven them off to emigrate, to become paupers, or to starve. And on uncultivated tracts of land in the new State of California may be seen the blackened chimneys of homes from which settlers have been driven by force of laws which ignore natural right, and great stretches of land which might be populous are desolate, because the recognition of exclusive ownership has put it in the power of one human creature to forbid his fellows from using it. The comparative handful of proprietors who own the surface of the British Islands would be only doing what the English law gives them full power to do, and what many of them have done on a smaller scale already, were they to exclude the millions of British people from their native islands. And such an exclusion, by which a few hundred thousand should at will banish thirty million people from their native country, while it would be more striking, would not be a whit more repugnant to natural right than the spectacle now presented of the vast body of the British people being compelled to pay such enormous sums to a few of their number for the privilege of being permitted to live upon and use the land which they so fondly call their own; which is endeared to them by memories so tender and so glorious, and for which they are held in duty bound, if need be, to spill their blood and lay down their lives.

I only allude to the British Islands, because, land ownership being more concentrated there, they afford a more striking illustration of what private property in land necessarily involves. "To whomsoever the soil at any time belongs, to him belong the fruits of it," is a truth that becomes more and more apparent as population becomes denser and invention and improvement add to productive power; but it is everywhere a truth—as much in our new States, as in the British Islands or by the banks of the Indus.

If chattel slavery be unjust, then is private property in land unjust.

For, let the circumstances be what they

may—the ownership of land will always give the ownership of men, to a degree measured by the necessity (real or artificial) for the use of land. This is but a statement in different form of the law of rent.

And when that necessity is absolute—when starvation is the alternative to the use of land, then does the ownership of men involved in the ownership of land become absolute.

Place one hundred men on an island from which there is no escape, and whether you make one of these men the absolute owner of the other ninety-nine, or the absolute owner of the soil of the island, will make no difference either to him or to them.

In the one case, as the other, the one will be the absolute master of the ninety-nine—his power extending even to life and death, for simply to refuse them permission to live upon the island would be to force them into the sea.

Upon a larger scale, and through more complex relations, the same cause must operate in the same way and to the same end—the ultimate result, the enslavement of laborers, becoming apparent just as the pressure increases which compels them to live on and from land which is treated as the exclusive property of others. Take a country in which the soil is divided among a number of proprietors, instead of being in the hands of one, and in which, as in modern production, the capitalist has been specialized from the laborer, and manufactures and exchange, in all their many branches, have been separated from agriculture. Though less direct and obvious, the relations between the owners of the soil and the laborers will, with increase of population and the improvement of the arts, tend to the same absolute mastery on the one hand, and the same abject helplessness on the other, as in the case of the island we have supposed. Rent will advance, while wages will fall. Of the aggregate produce, the land owner will get a constantly increasing, the laborer a constantly diminishing share. Just as removal to cheaper land becomes difficult or impossible, laborers, no matter what they produce, will be reduced to a bare living, and the free competition among them, where land is monopolized, will force them to a condition which, though they may be mocked with the titles and insignia of freedom, will be virtually that of slavery.

There is nothing strange in the fact that, in spite of the enormous increase in productive power which this century has witnessed, and which is still going on, the wages of labor in the lower and wider strata of industry should everywhere tend to the wages of slavery—just enough to keep the laborer in working condition. For the ownership of the land on which and from which a man must live, is virtually the ownership of the man himself, and in acknowledging the right of some individuals to the exclusive use of the land, we condemn others to slavery.

THE NIBELUNGER'S TREASURE.

[Karl Simrock, born August 28th, 1802, at Bonn, and died July 18th, 1876, at the same place. He modernized the "Nibelungenlied," the "Gudrun," and many other works of the old German literature.]

It was an ancient monarch
  Ruled where the Rhine did flow,
And naught he loved so little
  As sorrow, feud and woe:
His warriors they were striving
  For a treasure in the land;
In sooth they near had perished,
  Each by his brother's hand.

Then spoke he to the nobles:
  "What boots this gold," he said,
"If with the finder's life-blood
  The price thereof is paid?
The gold, to end the quarrel,
  Cast to the Rhine away,
There lie the treasure hidden,
  Till dawns the latest day!"

The proud ones took the treasure,
  And cast it to the main;
I ween it hath all melted,
  So long it there hath lain,
But, wedded to the waters,
  That long have o'er it rolled,
It clothes the swelling vineyards
  With yellow gleam, like gold.

O, that each man were minded,
  As thought this monarch good,
That never care might alter
  His high, courageous mood!

Then deeply would we bury
Our sorrows in the Rhine,
And, glad of heart and grateful,
Would quaff his fiery wine.

Translated by H. W. DULCKEN.

THE DREAMER.

The sun comes up and the sun goes down,
And day and night are the same as one;
The year grows green and the year grows brown,
And what is it all when all is done?
Grains of sombre or shining sand
Sliding into and out of the hand.

And men go down in ships to the seas,
And a hundred ships are the same as one;
And backward and forward blows the breeze,
And what is it all when all is done?
A tide with never a shore in sight
Setting steadily on to the night.

The fisher droppeth his net in the stream,
And a hundred streams are the same as one;
And the maiden dreameth her love-lit dream,
And what is it all when all is done?
The net of the fisher the burden breaks,
And alway the dreaming the dreamer wakes.

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.[1]

THE SCOTTISH CHIEFS.

[**Jane Porter,** an English novelist, once very widely read, and still retaining a respectable place in literature, was born at Durham, 1776; died in 1850. Her first novel, *Thaddeus of Warsaw*, appeared in 1803, followed by *The Scottish Chiefs* (1810), *The Pastor's Fireside* (1815), and *Tales Round a Winter Hearth* (in conjunction with her sister Anna Maria, 1826). We quote from *The Scottish Chiefs*.]

CORIE LYNN.

After having traversed many a weary rood of, to him, before untrodden ground, the venerable minstrel of the house of Wallace, exhausted by fatigue, sat down on the declivity of a steep craig. The burning beams of the midday sun now beat upon the rocks, but the overshadowing foliage afforded him shelter, and a few berries from the brambles, which knit themselves over the path he had yet to explore, with a draught of water from a friendly burn, offered themselves to revive his enfeebled limbs. Insufficient as they appeared, he took them, blessing Heaven for sending even these, and strengthened by half an hour's rest, again he grasped his staff to pursue his way.

After breaking a passage through the entangled shrubs that grew across the only possible footing in this solitary wilderness, he went along the side of the expanding stream, which at every turning of the rocks increased in depth and violence. The rills from above, and other mountain brooks, pouring from abrupt falls down the craigs, covered him with spray, and intercepted his passage. Finding it impracticable to proceed through the rushing torrent of a cataract, whose distant roarings might have intimidated even a younger adventurer, he turned from its tumbling waters, which burst from his sight, and crept on his hands and knees up the opposite acclivity, catching by the fern and other weeds to stay him from falling back into the flood below. Prodigious craggy heights towered above his head as he ascended; while the rolling clouds which canopied their summits, seemed descending to wrap him in their "fleecy skirts;" or the projecting rocks bending over the waters of the glen, left him only a narrow shelf in the cliff, along which he crept till it brought him to the mouth of a cavern.

He must either enter it or return the way he came, or attempt the descent of overhanging precipices, which nothing could surmount but the pinions of their native birds. Above him was the mountain. Retread his footsteps until he had seen his beloved master, he was resolved not to do—to perish in these glens would be more tolerable to him; for while he moved forward, hope, even in the arms of death, would cheer him with the whisper *that he was in the path of duty.* He therefore entered the cavity, and passing on, soon perceived an aperture, through which emerging on the other side, he found himself again on the margin of the river. Having attained a wider bed, it left him a still narrower causeway, to perform the remainder of his journey.

Huge masses of rock, canopied with a

[1] *Biog., Choice Literature*, Vol. IV., page 6.

thick umbrage of firs, beech, and weeping-birch, closed over the glen and almost excluded the light of day. But more anxious, as he calculated by the increased rapidity of the stream he must now be approaching the great fall near his master's concealment. Halbert redoubled his speed. But an unlooked-for obstacle baffled his progress. A growing gloom he had not observed in the sky-excluded valley, having entirely overspread the heavens, at this moment suddenly discharged itself, amidst peals of thunder, in heavy floods of rain upon his head.

Fearful of being overwhelmed by the streams, which now on all sides crossed his path, he kept upon the edge of the river, to be as far as possible from the influence of their violence. And thus he proceeded, slowly and with trepidation, through numerous defiles, and under the plunge of many a mountain-torrent, till the augmented storm of a world of waters dashing from side to side, and boiling up with the noise and fury of the contending elements above, told him he was indeed not far from the fall of Corie Lynn.

The spray was spread in so thick a mist over the glen, he knew not how to advance. A step further might be on the firm earth, but more probably illusive, and dash him into the roaring Lynn, where he would be ingulfed at once in its furious whirlpool. He paused and looked around. The rain had ceased, but the thunder still rolled at a distance, and echoed tremendously from the surrounding rocks. Halbert shook his gray locks, streaming with wet, and looked towards the sun, now gilding with its last rays the vast sheets of falling water.

"This is thine hour, my master!" exclaimed the old man; "and surely I am too near the Lynn to be far from thee!"

With these words he raised the pipe that hung at his breast, and blew three strains of the appointed air. In former days it used to call from her bower that "fair star of evening," the beauteous Marion, now departed forever into her native heaven. The notes trembled as his agitated breath breathed them into the instrument; but feeble as they were, and though the roar of the cataract might have prevented their reaching a less attentive ear than that of Wallace, yet he sprang from the innermost recess under the fall, and dashing through its rushing waters, the next instant was at the side of Halbert.

"Faithful creature!" cried he, catching him in his arms, with all the joy of that moment which ends the anxious wish to learn tidings of what is dearest in the world, "how fares my Marion?"

"I am weary," cried the heart-stricken old man; "take me within your sanctuary, and I will tell you all."

Wallace perceived that his time-worn servant was indeed exhausted; and knowing the toils and hazards of the perilous track he must have passed over in his way to this fearful solitude; also remembering how, as he sat in his shelter, he had himself dreaded the effects of the storm upon so aged a traveller, he no longer wondered at the dispirited tone of his greeting, and readily accounted for the pale countenance and tremulous step which at first had excited his alarm.

Giving the old man his hand, he led him with caution to the brink of the Lynn; and then folding him in his arms, dashed with him through the tumbling water into the cavern he had chosen for his asylum. Halbert sunk against its rocky side, and putting forth his hand to catch some of the water as it fell, drew a few drops to his parched lips, and swallowed them. After this light refreshment, he breathed a little and turned his eyes upon his anxious master.

"Are you sufficiently recovered, Halbert, to tell me how you left my dearest Marion?"

Halbert dreaded to see the animated light which now cheered him from the eyes of his master overclouded with the Cimmerian horrors his story must unfold; he evaded the direct reply. "I saw your guest in safety; I saw him and the iron box on their way to Bothwell."

"What!" inquired Wallace, "were we mistaken? was not the earl dead when we looked into the well?" Halbert replied in the negative, and was proceeding with a circumstantial account of his recovery and his departure, when Wallace interrupted him.

"But what of my wife, Halbert? why tell me of others before of her? She whose safety and remembrance are now my sole comfort?"

"Oh, my dear lord!" cried Halbert, throwing himself on his knees in a paroxysm of mental agony, "she remembers you where best her prayers can be heard. She kneels for her beloved Wallace, before the throne of God!"

"Halbert!" cried Sir William, in a low and fearful voice, "what would you say? My Marion—speak! tell me in one word she lives!"

"In heaven!"

At this confirmation of a sudden terror, imbibed from the ambiguous words of Halbert, and which his fond heart would not allow him to acknowledge to himself, Wallace covered his face with his hands and fell with a deep groan against the side of the cavern. The horrid idea of premature maternal pains, occasioned by anguish for him; of her consequent death, involving perhaps that of her infant, struck him to the soul; a mist seemed passing over his eyes; life was receding; and gladly did he believe he felt his spirit on the eve of joining hers.

In having declared that the idol of his master's heart no longer existed for him in this world, Halbert thought he had revealed the worst, and he went on: "Her latest breath was spent in prayer for you. 'My Wallace' were the last words her angel spirit uttered as it issued from her bleeding wounds."

The cry that burst from the heart of Wallace, as he started on his feet at this horrible disclosure, seemed to pierce through all the recesses of the glen; and with an instantaneous and dismal return was re-echoed from rock to rock. Halbert threw his arms round his master's knees. The frantic blaze of his eye struck him with affright. "Hear me, my lord; for the sake of your wife, now an angel hovering near you, hear what I have to say."

Wallace looked around with a wild countenance. "My Marion near me! Blessed spirit! Oh, my murdered wife! my unborn babe! Who made those wounds?" cried he, catching Halbert's arm with a tremendous though unconscious grasp; "tell me who had the heart to aim a blow at that angel's life?"

"The governor of Lanark," replied Halbert.

"How? for what?" demanded Wallace, with the terrific glare of madness shooting from his eyes. "My wife! my wife! what had she done?"

"He came at the head of a band of ruffians, and seizing my lady, commanded her on the peril of her life, to declare where you and the Earl of Mar and the box of treasure were concealed. My lady persisted to refuse him information, and in a deadly rage he plunged his sword into her breast." Wallace clenched his hands over his face, and Halbert went on. "Before he aimed a second blow, I had broken from the men who held me, and thrown myself on her bosom; but all could not save her; the villain's sword had penetrated her heart!"

"Great God!" exclaimed Wallace, "dost thou hear this murder?" His hands were stretched toward heaven; then falling on his knees, with his eyes fixed, "Give me power, Almighty Judge!" cried he, "to assert thy justice! Let me avenge this angel's blood, and then take me to thy mercy!"

"My gracious master," cried Halbert, seeing him rise with a stern composure, "here is the fatal sword: the blood on it is sacred, and I brought it to you."

Wallace took it in his hand. He gazed at it, touched it, and kissed it frantically. The blade was hardly yet dry, and the ensanguined hue came off upon the pressure. "Marion! Marion!" cried he, "is it thine? Does thy blood stain my lip?" He paused for a moment, leaning his burning forehead against the fatal blade; then looking up with a terrific smile, "Beloved of my soul! never shall this sword leave my hand till it has drunk the life-blood of thy murderer."

"What is it you intend, my lord?" cried Halbert, viewing with increased alarm the resolute ferocity which now, blazing from every part of his countenance, seemed to dilate his figure with more than mortal daring. "What can you do?" Your single arm—"

"I am not single—God is with me. I am his avenger. Now tremble, tyranny! I come to hurl thee down!" At the word he sprang from the cavern's mouth, and had already reached the topmost cliff when the piteous cries of Halbert penetrated his ear; they recalled him to recollection, and returning to his faithful servant, he tried to soothe his fears, and spoke in a composed though determined tone. "I will lead you from this solitude to the mountains, where the shepherds of Ellerslie are tending their flocks. With them you will find a refuge, till you have strength to reach Bothwell Castle. Lord Mar will protect you for my sake."

Halbert now remembered the bugle, and putting it into his master's hand, with its

accompanying message, asked for some testimony in return, that the earl might know he had delivered it safely. "Even a lock of your precious hair, my beloved master, will be sufficient."

"Thou shalt have it, severed from my head by this accursed steel," answered Wallace, taking off his bonnet, and letting his amber locks fall in tresses on his shoulders. Halbert burst into a fresh flood of tears, for he remembered how often it had been the delight of Marion to comb those bright tresses and to twist them round her ivory fingers. Wallace looked up as the old man's sobs became audible, and read his thoughts: "It will never be again, Halbert," cried he, and with a firm grasp of the sword he cut off a large handful of his hair.

"Marion, thy blood hath marked it!" exclaimed he; "and every hair on my head shall be dyed of the same hue, before this sword is sheathed upon thy murderers. Here, Halbert," continued he, knotting it together, "take this to the Earl of Mar: it is all, most likely, he will ever see again of William Wallace. Should I fall, tell him to look on that, and in my wrongs read the future miseries of Scotland, and remember that God armeth the patriot's hand. Let him act on that conviction, and Scotland may yet be free."

Halbert placed the lock in his bosom, but again repeated his entreaties, that his master would accompany him to Bothwell Castle. He urged the consolation he would meet from the good earl's friendship.

"If he indeed regard me," returned Wallace, "for my sake let him cherish you. My consolations must come from a higher hand: I go where it directs. If I live, you shall see me again, but twilight approaches—we must away. The sun must not rise again upon Heselrigge."

Halbert now followed the rapid steps of Wallace, who, assisting the feeble limbs of his faithful servant, drew him up the precipitous side of the Lynn,[1] and then leaping from rock to rock, awaited with impatience the slower advances of the poor old harper, as he crept round a circuit of overhanging cliffs, to join him on the summit of the craigs.

Together they struck into the most inaccessible defiles of the mountains, and proceeded, till on discerning smoke whitening with its ascending curls the black sides of the impending rocks, Wallace saw himself near the object of his search. He sprang on a high cliff projecting over this mountain-valley, and blowing his bugle with a few notes of the well-known *pibroch* of Lanarkshire, was answered by the reverberations of a thousand echoes.

At the loved sounds which had not dared to visit their ears since the Scottish standard was lowered to Edward, the hills seemed teeming with life. Men rushed from their fastnesses, and women with their babes eagerly followed, to see whence sprung a summons so dear to every Scottish heart. Wallace stood on the cliff, like the newly-aroused genius of his country: his long plaid floated afar, and his glittering hair, streaming on the blast, seemed to mingle with the golden fires which shot from the heavens. Wallace raised his eyes—a clash as of the tumult of contending armies filled the sky, and flames, and flashing steel, and the horrid red of battle, streamed from the clouds upon the hills.[2]

"Scotsmen!" cried Wallace, waving the fatal sword, which blazed in the glare of these northern lights, like a flaming brand, "behold how the heavens cry aloud to you! I come, in the midst of their fires, to call you to vengeance. I come in the name of all ye hold dear, of the wives of your bosoms, and the children in their arms, to tell you the poniard of England is unsheathed—innocence and age and infancy fall before it. With this sword, last night, did Heselrigge, the English tyrant of Lanark, break into my house, and murder my wife!"

The shriek of horror that burst from every mouth interrupted Wallace. "Vengeance! vengeance!" was the cry of the men, while tumultuous lamentations for the "sweet Lady of Ellerslie" filled the air from the women.

Wallace sprang from the cliff into the midst of his brave countrymen. "Follow me, then, to strike the mortal blow."

"Lead on!" cried a vigorous old man. "I drew this stout claymore last in the

[1] The cavern which sheltered Sir William Wallace, near Corie Lynn, is yet revered by the people of Scotland.

[2] The late Duke of Gordon exhibited a similar scene to Prince Leopold, when his royal highness visited Gordon Castle, his "hills teeming with life."

battle of Largs.[1] *Life and Alexander* was then the word of victory: now, ye accursed Southrons, ye shall meet the slogan[2] of *Death and Lady Marion.*"

"Death and Lady Marion!" was echoed with shouts from mouth to mouth. Every sword was drawn; and those hardy peasants who owned none, seizing the instruments of pasturage, armed themselves with wolf-spears, pickaxes, forks, and scythes.

Sixty resolute men now arranged themselves around their chief. Wallace, whose widowed heart turned icy cold at the dreadful slogan of his Marion's name, more fiercely grasped his sword, and murmured to himself, "From this hour may Scotland date her liberty, or Wallace return no more! My faithful friends," cried he, turning to his men, and placing his plumed bonnet on his head, "let the spirits of your fathers inspire your souls; ye go to assert that freedom for which they died. Before the moon sets, the tyrant of Lanark must fall in blood."

"Death and Lady Marion!" was the pealing answer that echoed from the hills.

Wallace again sprang on the cliffs. His brave peasants followed him; and taking their rapid march by a near cut through a hitherto unexplored defile of the Cartlane Craigs, leaping chasms, and climbing perpendicular rocks, they suffered no obstacles to impede their steps, while thus rushing onward like lions to their prey.

LANARK CASTLE.

The women, and the men whom age withheld from so desperate an enterprise, now thronged around Halbert, to ask a circumstantial account of the disaster which had filled all with so much horror.

Many tears followed his recital; not one of his auditors was an indifferent listener; all had individually, or in persons dear to them, partaken of the tender Marion's benevolence. Their sick-beds had been comforted by her charity; her voice had often administered consolation to their sorrows; her hand had smoothed their pillows, and placed the crucifix before their dying eyes. Some had recovered to bless her, and some departed to record her virtues in heaven.

"Ah! is she gone?" cried a young woman, raising her face, covered with tears, from the bosom of her infant; "is the loveliest lady that ever the sun shone upon, cold in the grave? Alas, for me! she it was that gave me the roof under which my baby was born; she it was who, when the Southron soldiers slew my father, and drove us from our home in Ayrshire, gave to my old mother, and my then wounded husband, our cottage by the burnside. Ah! well can I spare him now to avenge her murder."

The night being far advanced, Halbert retired, at the invitation of this young woman, to repose on the heather-bed of her husband, who was now absent with Wallace. The rest of the peasantry withdrew to their coverts, while she and some other women whose anxieties would not allow them to sleep, sat at the cavern's mouth watching the slowly moving hours.

The objects of their fond and fervent prayers, Wallace and his little army, were rapidly pursuing their march. It was midnight—all was silent as they hurried through the glen, as they ascended with flying footsteps the steep acclivities that led to the cliffs which overhung the vale of Ellerslie. Wallace must pass along their brow. Beneath was the tomb of his sacrificed Marion! He rushed forward to snatch one look, even of the roof which shrouded her beloved remains.

But in the moment before he mounted the intervening height a soldier in English armor crossed the path, and was seized by his men. One of them would have cut him down, but Wallace turned away the weapon. "Hold, Scot!" cried he, "you are not a Southron, to strike the defenceless. This man has no sword."

The reflection on their enemy, which this plea of mercy contained, reconciled the impetuous Scots to the clemency of their leader. The rescued man joyfully recognizing the voice of Wallace, exclaimed, "It is my lord! It is Sir William Wallace that has saved my life a second time!"

"Who are you?" asked Wallace; "that helmet can cover no friend of mine."

"I am your servant Dugald," returned the man, "he whom your brave arm saved from the battle-axe of Arthur Heselrigge."

[1] In the battle of Largs, Sir Malcolm Wallace, the father of Wallace, fell gloriously fighting against the Danes.

[2] Slogan, so the war-word was termed.

"I cannot now ask you how you came by that armor; but if you be yet a Scot, throw it off and follow me."

"Not to Ellerslie, my lord," cried he; "it has been plundered and burnt to the ground by the governor of Lanark."

"Then," exclaimed Wallace, striking his breast, "are the remains of my beloved Marion forever ravished from my eyes? Insatiate monster!"

"He is Scotland's curse," cried the veteran of Largs. "Forward, my lord, in mercy to your country's groans!"

Wallace had now mounted the craig which overlooked Ellerslie. His once happy home had disappeared, and all beneath lay a heap of smoking ashes. He hastened from the sight, and directing the point of his sword with a forceful action toward Lanark, re-echoed with supernatural strength, "Forward!"

With the rapidity of lightning his little host flew over the hills, reached the cliffs which divided them from the town, and leaped down before the outward trench of the castle of Lanark. In a moment Wallace sprang so feeble a barrier; and with a shout of death, in which the tremendous slogan of his men now joined, he rushed upon the guard that held the northern gate.

Here slept the governor. These opponents being slain by the first sweep of the Scottish swords, Wallace hastened onward, winged with twofold retribution. The noise of battle was behind him; for the shouts of his men had aroused the garrison and drawn its soldiers, half naked, to the spot. He reached the door of the governor. The sentinel who stood there flew before the terrible warrior that presented himself. All the mighty vengeance of Wallace blazed in his face and seemed to surround his figure with a terrible splendor. With one stroke of his foot he drove the door from its hinges, and rushed into the room.

What a sight for the now awakened and guilty Heselrigge! It was the husband of the defenceless woman he had murdered, come in the power of justice, with uplifted arm and vengeance in his eyes! With a terrific scream of despair, and an outcry for the mercy he dared not expect, he fell back into the bed and sought an unavailing shield beneath its folds.

"Marion! Marion!" cried Wallace, as he threw himself towards the bed and buried the sword, yet red with her blood, through the coverlid, deep into the heart of her murderer. A fiend-like yell from the slain Heselrigge told him his work was done; and drawing out the sword he took the streaming blade in his hand. "Vengeance is satisfied," cried he: "thus, O God! do I henceforth divide self from my heart!" As he spoke he snapped the sword in twain, and throwing away the pieces, put back with his hand the impending weapons of his brave companions, who, having cleared the passage of their assailants, had hurried forward to assist in ridding their country of so detestable a tyrant.

"'Tis done," cried he. As he spoke he drew down the coverlid and discovered the body of the governor weltering in blood. The ghastly countenance, on which the agonies of hell seemed imprinted, glared horrible even in death.

Wallace turned away; but the men exulting in the sight, with a shout of triumph exclaimed, "So fall the enemies of Sir William Wallace!"

"Rather so fall the enemies of Scotland!" cried he: "from this hour Wallace has neither love nor resentment but for her. Heaven has heard me devote myself to work our country's freedom or to die. Who will follow me in so just a cause?"

"All!—with Wallace forever!"

The new clamor which this resolution excited, intimidated a fresh band of soldiers, who were hastening across the courtyard to seek the enemy in the governor's apartments. But on the noise they hastily retreated, and no exertions of their officers could prevail on them to advance again, or even to appear in sight, when the resolute Scots with Wallace at their head soon afterwards issued from the great gate.

The English commanders seeing the panic of their men, and which they were less able to surmount on account of the way to the gate being strewn with their slain comrades, fell back into the shadow of the towers, where by the light of the moon, like men paralyzed, they viewed the departure of their enemies over the trenches.

CARTLANE CRAIGS.

The sun was rising from the eastern hills, when the victorious group re-entered the mountain-glen where their families

lay. The cheerful sounds of their bugles aroused the sleepers from their caves; and many were the gratulations and embraces which welcomed the warriors to affection and repose.

Wallace, while he threw himself along a bed of purple heath gathered for him by many a busy female hand, listened with a calmed mind to the fond inquiries of Halbert, who, awakened by the first blast of the horn, had started from his shelter and hastened to hail the safe return of his master. While his faithful followers retired each to the bosom of his rejoicing family, the fugitive chief of Ellerslie remained alone with the old man, and recounted to him the success of the enterprise, and the double injuries he had avenged. "The assassin," continued he, "has paid with his life for his inexpiable crime. He is slain, and with him several of Edward's garrison. My vengeance may be appeased; but what, O Halbert, can bring redress to my widowed heart? All is lost to me: I have now nothing to do with this world, but as I may be the instrument of good to others! The Scottish sword has now been redrawn against our foes; and, with the blessing of Heaven, I swear that it shall not be sheathed till Scotland be rid of the tyranny which has slain my happiness! This night my gallant Scots have sworn to accomplish my vow, and death or liberty must be the future fate of Wallace and his friends."

At these words tears ran down the cheeks of the venerable harper. "Alas! my too brave master," exclaimed he, "what is it you would do? Why rush upon certain destruction? For the sake of her memory, whom you deplore; in pity to the worthy Earl of Mar, who will arraign himself as the cause of all these calamities, and of your death should you fall, retract this desperate vow!"

"No, my good Halbert," returned Wallace, "I am neither desperate nor inefficient; and you, faithful creature, shall have no cause to mourn this night's resolution. Go to Lord Mar, and tell him what are my resolves. I have nothing now that binds me to life but my country; and henceforth she shall be to me as mistress, wife, and child. Would you deprive me of this tie, Halbert? Would you, by persuading me to resign my interest in her, devote me to a hermit's seclusion amongst these rocks? for I will never again appear in the tracks of men if it be not as the defender of her rights."

"But where, my master, shall we find you should the earl choose to join you with his followers?"

"In this wilderness, whence I shall not remove rashly. My purpose is to save my countrymen, not to sacrifice them in needless dangers."

Halbert oppressed with sorrow at the images his foreboding heart drew of the direful scenes in which his beloved master had pledged himself to become the leader, bowed his head with submission, and leaving Wallace to his rest, retired to the mouth of the cavern to weep alone.

It was noon before the chief awaked from the death-like sleep into which kind nature had plunged his long harassed senses. He opened his eyes languidly, and when the sight of his rocky apartment forced on him the recollection of all his miseries, he uttered a deep groan. That sad sound, so different from the jocund voice with which Wallace used to issue from his rest, struck on the heart of Halbert; he drew near his master to receive his last commands for Bothwell. "On my knees," added he, "will I implore the earl to send you succors."

"He needs not prayers for that," returned Wallace; "but depart, dear, worthy Halbert; it will comfort me to know you are in safety; and whithersoever you go, you carry my thanks and blessings with you."

Old age opens the fountains of tears; Halbert's flowed profusely, and bathed his master's hand. Could Wallace have wept, it would have been then; but that gentle emollient of grief was denied to him, and, with a voice of assumed cheerfulness, he renewed his efforts to encourage his desponding servant. Half persuaded that a Superior Being did indeed call his beloved master to some extraordinary exertions for Scotland, Halbert bade him an anxious farewell, and then withdrew, to commit him to the fidelity of the companions of his destiny. A few of them led the old man on his way, as far as the western declivity of the hills, and then, bidding him good speed, he took the remainder of his journey alone.

After traversing many a weary mile, between Cartlane Craigs and Bothwell Castle, he reached the valley in which that fortress stands, and calling to the warder

at his gates, that he came from Sir William Wallace, was immediately admitted, and conducted into the castle.

Halbert was led by a servant into a spacious chamber, where the earl lay upon a couch. A lady, richly habited, and in the bloom of life, sat at his head. Another, much younger, and of resplendent beauty, knelt at his feet with a salver of medical cordials in her hand. The Lady Marion's loveliness had been that of a soft moonlight evening; but the face which now turned upon Halbert as he entered, was "full of light, and splendor, and joy;" and the old man's eyes even though dimmed in tears, were dazzled. A young man stood near her. On the entrance of Halbert, whom the earl instantly recognized, he raised himself on his arm, and welcomed him. The young lady rose, and the young man stepped eagerly forward.

The earl inquired anxiously for Sir William Wallace, and asked if he might expect him soon at Bothwell.

"He cannot yet come, my lord," replied Halbert; "hard is the task he has laid upon his valiant head; but he is avenged! He has slain the governor of Lanark." A faint exclamation broke from the lips of the young lady.

"How?" demanded the earl.

Halbert now gave a particular account of the anguish of Wallace, when he was told of the sanguinary events which had taken place at Ellerslie. As the honest harper described, in his own ardent language, the devoted zeal with which the shepherds on the heights took up arms to avenge the wrong done to their chief, the countenance of the young lady, and of the youth, glowed through tears; they looked on each other, and Halbert proceeded:—

"When my dear master and his valiant troop were pursuing their way to Lanark, he was met by Dugald, the wounded man who had rushed into the room to apprise us of the advance of the English forces. During the confusion of that horrible night, and in the midst of the contention, in spite of his feebleness he crept away and concealed himself from the soldiers amongst the bushes of the glen. When all was over, he came from his hiding-place: and finding the English soldier's helmet and cloak, poor Dugald, still fearful of falling in with any straggling party of Heselrigge's, disguised himself in those Southron clothes. Exhausted with hunger, he was venturing towards the house in search of food, when the sight of armed men in the hall made him hastily retreat into his former place of refuge. His alarm was soon increased by a redoubled noise from the house; oaths and horrid bursts of merriment seemed to have turned that once abode of honor and of loveliness into the clamorous haunts of ribaldry and rapine. In the midst of the uproar, he was surprised by seeing flames issue from the windows. Soldiers poured from the doors with shouts of triumph: some carried off the booty, and others watched by the fire till the interior of the building was consumed, and the rest sunk a heap of smoking ruins.

"The work completed, these horrid ministers of devastation left the vale to its own solitude. Dugald, after waiting a long time to ascertain they were quite gone, crawled from the bushes and ascending the cliffs, he was speeding to the mountains, when encountering our armed shepherds, they mistook him for an English soldier, and seized him. The chief of ruined Ellerslie recognized his servant; and, with redoubled indignation, his followers heard the history of the mouldering ashes before them."

"Brave, persecuted Wallace!" exclaimed the earl; "how dearly was my life purchased! But proceed, Halbert; tell me that he returned safe from Lanark."

Halbert now recounted the dreadful scenes which took place in that town; and that when the governor fell, Wallace made a vow never to mingle with the world again till Scotland should be free.

"Alas!" cried the earl, "what miracle is to effect that? Surely he will not bury these noble qualities, that prime of manhood within the gloom of a cloister?"

"No, my lord; he has retired to the fastnesses of Cartlane Craigs."

"Why," resumed Mar, "why did he not rather fly to me? This castle is strong, and while one stone of it remains upon another, not all the hosts of England should take him hence."

"It was not your friendship he doubted," returned the old man; "love for his country compels him to reject all comfort in which she does not share. His last words to me were these: 'I have nothing now to do but to assert the liberties of Scotland, and to rid her of her enemies.

Go to Lord Mar; take this lock of my hair, stained with the blood of my wife. It is all, most likely, he will ever again see of William Wallace. Should I fall, tell him to look on that, and in my wrongs read the future miseries of Scotland; and remember that God armeth the patriot!'"

Tears dropped so fast from the young lady's eyes, she was obliged to walk to a window, to restrain a more violent burst of grief.

"O! my uncle," cried the youth, "surely the freedom of Scotland is possible. I feel in my soul, that the words of the brave Wallace are prophetic."

The earl held the lock of hair in his hands; he regarded it, lost in meditation.

"'God armeth the patriot!'" He paused again, his before pallid cheek taking a thousand animated hues; then raising the sacred present to his lips, "Yes," cried he, "thy vow shall be performed; and while Donald Mar has an arm to wield a sword, or a man to follow to the field, thou shalt command both him and them!"

"But not as you are, my lord!" cried the elder lady; "your wounds are yet unhealed; your fever is still raging! Would it not be madness to expose your safety at such a crisis?"

"I shall not take arms myself," answered he, "till I can bear them to effect; meanwhile of all my clan, and of my friends, that I can raise to guard the life of my deliverer and to promote the cause, must be summoned. This lock shall be my pennon; and what Scotsman will look on that, and shrink from his colors! Here, Helen, my child," cried he, addressing the young lady, "before to-morrow's dawn, have this hair wrought into my banner. It will be a patriot's standard; and let his own irresistible words be the motto—*God armeth me.*"

Helen advanced with awe-struck trepidation. Having been told by the earl of the generous valor of Wallace, and of the cruel death of his lady, she had conceived a gratitude and a pity deeper than language could express for the man who had lost so much by succoring one so dear to her. She took the lock, waving in yellow light upon her hands, and, trembling with emotion, was leaving the room, when she heard her cousin throw himself on his knees.

"I beseech you, my honored uncle," cried he, "if you have love for me, or value for my future fame, allow me to be the bearer of yon banner to Sir William Wallace."

Helen stopped at the threshold to hear the reply.

"You could not, my dear nephew," returned the earl, "have asked me any favor I could grant with so much joy. To-morrow I will collect the peasantry of Bothwell, and with those, and my own followers, you shall join Wallace the same night."

Ignorant of the horrors of war, and only alive to the glory of the present cause, Helen sympathized in the ardor of her cousin, and with a thrill of sad delight hurried to her apartment, to commence her task.

Far different were the sentiments of the young countess, her stepmother. As soon as Lord Mar had let this declaration escape his lips, alarmed at the effect so much agitation might have on his enfeebled constitution, and fearful of the perilous cause he ventured thus openly to espouse, she desired his nephew to take the now comforted Halbert (who was pouring forth his gratitude to the earl for the promptitude of his orders), and see that he was attended with hospitality.

When the room was left to the earl and herself, she ventured to remonstrate with him upon the facility with which he had become a party in so treasonable a matter. "Consider, my lord," continued she, "that Scotland is now entirely in the power of the English monarch. His garrisons occupy our towns, his creatures hold every place of trust in the kingdom!"

"And is such a list of oppressions, my dear lady, to be an argument for longer bearing them? Had I, and other Scottish nobles, dared to resist this overwhelming power after the battle of Dunbar; had we, instead of kissing the sword that robbed us of our liberties, kept our own unsheathed within the bulwarks of our mountains, Scotland might now be free; I should not have been insulted by our English tyrants in the streets of Lanark; and, to save my life, William Wallace would not now be mourning his murdered wife, and without a home to shelter him!"

Lady Mar paused at this observation, but resumed: "That may be true. But the die is cast; Scotland is lost forever; and, by your attempting to assist your

friend in this rash essay to recover it, you will only lose yourself also, without preserving him. The project is wild and needless. What would you have? Now that the contention between the two kings is past; now that Baliol has surrendered his crown to England, is not Scotland at peace?"

"A bloody peace, Joanna," answered the earl; "witness these wounds. An usurper's peace is more destructive than his open hostilities; plunder and assassination are its concomitants. I have now seen and felt enough of Edward's jurisdiction. It is time I should awake, and, like Wallace, determine to die for Scotland, or avenge her."

Lady Mar wept. "Cruel Donald! is this the reward of all my love and duty? You tear yourself from me, you consign your estates to sequestration, you rob your children of their name: nay, by your infectious example, you stimulate our brother Bothwell's son to head the band that is to join this madman, Wallace!"

"Hold, Joanna!" cried the earl; "what is it I hear? You call the hero who, in saving your husband's life, reduced himself to these cruel extremities, a *madman!* Was he *mad* because he prevented the Countess of Mar from being a widow? Was he *mad* because he prevented her children from being fatherless?"

The countess, overcome by this cutting reproach, threw herself upon her husband's neck. "Alas! my lord!" cried she, "all is madness to me that would plunge you into danger. Think of your own safety; of my innocent twins now in their cradle, should you fall. Think of our brother's feelings when you send his only son to join one he, perhaps, will call a rebel!"

"If Earl Bothwell considered himself a vassal of Edward's he would not now be with Lord Loch-awe. From the moment that gallant Highlander retired to Argyleshire, the King of England regarded his adherents with suspicion. Bothwell's present visit to Loch-awe, you see, is sufficient to sanction the plunder of this castle by the *peaceful* government you approve. You saw the opening of these proceedings! And had they come to their dreadful issue, where, my dear Joanna, would now be your home, your husband, your children? It was the arm of the brave chief of Ellerslie which saved them from destruction."

Lady Mar shuddered. "I admit the truth of what you say. But, oh! is it not hard to put my all to the hazard; to see the bloody field on one side of my beloved Donald, and the mortal scaffold on the other?"

"Hush!" cried the earl, "it is justice that beckons me, and victory will receive me to her arms. Let, O Power above!" exclaimed he, in the fervor of enthusiasm, "let the victorious field for Scotland be Donald Mar's grave, rather than doom him to live a witness of her miseries!"

"I cannot stay to hear you!" answered the countess. "I must invoke the Virgin to give me courage to be a patriot's wife; at present, your words are daggers to me."

In uttering this she hastily withdrew, and left the earl to muse on the past—to concert plans for the portentous future.

THE CID.

[The earliest literary production of the Spanish tongue which has reached our day is the "Poema del Cid." The name of its author is unknown, and its date is not very definitely fixed. It is supposed to have been written about the middle of the twelfth century, and consequently about fifty years after the death of the hero whose name and achievements it celebrates. It is the only literary monument of the twelfth century in Spain now remaining, and exhibits the Castilian language in its rudest state; uncouth in structure, harsh in termination, and unpolished by the uses of song and literary composition, but full of simple beauty and antique Castilian dignity; and is, moreover, remarkable as being the earliest epic in any modern language.]

ARGUMENT.

After various successes of inferior importance, the Cid undertakes and achieves the conquest of the city and kingdom of Valencia, where he establishes himself in a species of sovereign authority. In the meantime he obtains the favor of the king; this favor, however, is accompanied by a request on the part of the king that the Cid should bestow his two daughters in marriage upon the Infants of Carrion, whose family were his old adversaries. The Cid, in reply, consents to place his daughters "at the disposition of the king." The wedding is celebrated at Valencia with the greatest possible splendor, and the two young counts remain at Valencia with their father-in-law. Their situation, however, is an invidious one. Some occasions arise in which their courage appears doubtful, and the prudence and authority of the Cid are found insufficient to suppress the contemptuous mirth of his military court.

Accordingly, they enter into the resolution of leaving Valencia; but, determining at the same time to execute a project of the basest and most unmanly revenge, they request of the Cid to be allowed to take their brides with them upon a journey to Carrion, under pretense of making them acquainted with the property which had been settled upon them at their marriage. The Cid is aware that their situation is an uneasy one; he readily consents, takes leave of them with great cordiality, loads them with presents, and at their departure bestows upon them the two celebrated swords, Colada and Tison. The Infants pursue their journey till they arrive in a wilderness, where they dismiss their followers, and, being left alone with their brides, proceed to execute their scheme of vengeance, by stripping them and "mangling them with spurs and thongs," till they leave them without signs of life; in this state they are found by a relation of the Cid's, Felez Muñoz, who, suspecting some evil design, had followed them at a distance. They are brought back to Valencia. The Cid demands justice. The king assembles the Cortes upon the occasion. The Cid, being called upon to state his grievances, confines himself to the claim of the two swords which he had given to his sons-in-law, and which he now demands back, since they have forfeited that character. The swords are restored without hesitation, and the Cid immediately bestows them upon two of his champions. He then rises again, and, upon the same plea, requires the restitution of the gifts and treasures with which he had honored his sons-in-law at parting. This claim is resisted by his opponents; the Cortes, however, decide in favor of the Cid; and, as the Infants plead their immediate inability, it is determined that the property which they have with them shall be taken at an appraisement. This is accordingly done. The Cid then rises a third time, and demands satisfaction for the insult which his daughters had suffered. An altercation arises, in the course of which the Infants of Carrion and one of their partisans are challenged by three champions on the part of the Cid.

THE CID AND THE INFANTES DE CARRION.

Within a little space,
There was many a noble courser brought into the place,
Many a lusty mule with palfreys stout and sure,
And many a goodly sword with all its furniture:
The Cid received them all at an appraisement made,
Besides two hundred marks that to the king were paid.
The Infants give up all they have, their goods are at an end;
They go about in haste to their kindred and their friend;
They borrow as they can, but all will scarce suffice;
The attendants of the Cid take each thing at a price:
But as soon as this was ended, he began a new device.
"Justice and mercy, my Lord the King, I beseech you of your grace!
I have yet a grievance left behind, which nothing can efface.
Let all men present in the court attend and judge the case,
Listen to what these counts have done, and pity my disgrace.
Dishonored as I am, I cannot be so base,
But here, before I leave them, to defy them to their face.
Say, Infants, how had I deserved, in earnest or in jest,
Or on whatever plea you can defend it best,
That you should rend and tear the heart-strings from my breast?
I gave you at Valencia my daughters in your hand,
I gave you wealth and honors, and treasure at command;
Had you been weary of them, to cover your neglect,
You might have left them with me, in honor and respect.
Why did you take them from me, dogs and traitors as you were?
In the forest of Corpes, why did you strip them there?
Why did you mangle them with whips? why did you leave them bare
To the vultures and the wolves, and to the wintry air?
The court will hear your answer, and judge what you have done:
I say, your name and honor henceforth is lost and gone."
The Count Don Garcia was the first to rise:
"We crave your favor, my Lord the King, you are always just and wise.
The Cid is come to your court in such an uncouth guise,
He has left his beard to grow and tied it in a braid,
We are half of us astonished, the other half afraid.
The blood of the counts of Carrion is of too high a line

To take a daughter from his house, though it were for a concubine:
A concubine or a leman from the lineage of the Cid.
They could have done no other than leave them as they did.
We neither care for what he says nor fear what he may threat."
With that the noble Cid rose up from his seat.
He took his beard in his hand: "If this beard is fair and even,
I must thank the Lord above, who made both earth and heaven.
It has been cherished with respect, and therefore it has thriven;
It never suffered an affront since the day it first was worn:
What business, Count, have you to speak of it with scorn?
It never yet was shaken, nor plucked away, nor torn,
By Christian nor by Moor, nor by man of woman born,
As yours was once, Sir Count, the day Cabra was taken:
When I was master of Cabra, that beard of yours was shaken;
There was never a footboy in my camp but twitched away a bit;
The side that I tore off grows all uneven yet."
Ferran Gonzalez started upon the floor;
He cried with a loud voice: "Cid, let us hear no more.
Your claim for goods and money was satisfied before.
Let not a feud arise betwixt our friends and you.
We are the counts of Carrion: from them our birth we drew.
Daughters of emperors or kings were a match for our degree:
We hold ourselves too good for a baron's like to thee.
If we abandoned, as you say, and left and gave them o'er,
We vouch that we did right, and prize ourselves the more."
The Cid looked at Bermuez, that was sitting at his foot:
"Speak thou, Peter the Dumb! what ails thee to sit mute?
My daughters and thy nieces are the parties in dispute:
Stand forth and make reply, if you would do them right.
If I should rise to speak, you cannot hope to fight."
Peter Bermuez rose; somewhat he had to say:
The words were strangled in his throat, they could not find their way;
Till forth they came at once, without a stop or stay:
"Cid, I'll tell you what, this always is your way;
You have always served me thus: whenever we have come
To meet here in the Cortes, you call me Peter the Dumb.
I cannot help my nature: I never talk nor rail;
But when a thing is to be done, you know I never fail.
Fernando, you have lied, you have lied in every word:
You have been honored by the Cid, and favored and preferred.
I know of all your tricks, and can tell them to your face:
Do you remember in Valencia the skirmish and the chase?
You asked leave of the Cid to make the first attack:
You went to meet a Moor, but you soon came running back.
I met the Moor and killed him, or he would have killed you;
I gave you up his arms, and all that was my due.
Up to this very hour, I never said a word:
You praised yourself before the Cid, and I stood by and heard
How you had killed the Moor, and done a valiant act;
And they believed you all, but they never knew the fact.
You are tall enough and handsome, but cowardly and weak.
Thou tongue without a hand, how can you dare to speak?
There 's the story of the lion should never be forgot:
Now let us hear, Fernando, what answer have you got?
The Cid was sleeping in his chair, with all his knights around;

The cry went forth along the hall, that the lion was unbound.
What did you do, Fernando? like a coward as you were,
You slunk behind the Cid, and crouched beneath his chair.
We pressed around the throne, to shield our lord from harm,
Till the good Cid awoke: he rose without alarm;
He went to meet the lion, with his mantle on his arm:
The lion was abashed the noble Cid to meet;
He bowed his mane to the earth, his muzzle at his feet.
The Cid by the neck and mane drew him to his den,
He thrust him in at the hatch, and came to the hall again:
He found his knights, his vassals, and all his valiant men;
He asked for his sons-in-law; they were neither of them there.
I defy you for a coward and a traitor as you are.
For the daughters of the Cid, you have done them great unright:
In the wrong that they have suffered, you stand dishonored quite.
Although they are but women, and each of you a knight,
I hold them worthier far; and here my word I plight,
Before the King Alfonso, upon this plea to fight:
If it be God his will, before the battle part,
Thou shalt avow it with thy mouth, like a traitor as thou art."
Uprose Diego Gonzalez and answered as he stood:
"By our lineage we are counts, and of the purest blood;
This match was too unequal, it never could hold good.
For the daughters of the Cid we acknowledge no regret;
We leave them to lament the chastisement they met;
It will follow them through life for a scandal and a jest:
I stand upon this plea to combat with the best,
That, having left them as we did, our honor is increased."
Uprose Martin Antolinez, when Diego ceased:
"Peace, thou lying mouth! thou traitor coward, peace!
The story of the lion should have taught you shame, at least:
You rushed out at the door, and ran away so hard,
You fell into the cesspool that was open in the yard.
We dragged you forth, in all men's sight, dripping from the drain:
For shame, never wear a mantle nor a knightly robe again!
I fight upon this plea without more ado:
The daughters of the Cid are worthier far than you.
Before the combat part, you shall avow it true,
And that you have been a traitor, and a coward too."
Thus was ended the parley and challenge betwixt these two.
Asur Gonzalez was entering at the door,
With his ermine mantle trailing along the floor,
With his sauntering pace and his hardy look,
Of manners or of courtesy little heed he took:
He was flushed and hot with breakfast and with drink.
"What ho, my masters! your spirits seem to sink!
Have we no news stirring from the Cid Ruy Diaz of Bivar?
Has he been to Riodovirna to besiege the windmills there?
Does he tax the millers for their toll, or is that practice past?
Will he make a match for his daughters, another like the last?".
Muño Gustioz rose and made reply:
"Traitor! wilt thou never cease to slander and to lie?
You breakfast before mass, you drink before you pray;
There is no honor in your heart, nor truth in what you say;
You cheat your comrade and your lord, you flatter to betray:
Your hatred I despise, your friendship I defy.
False to all mankind, and most to God on high,

I shall force you to confess that what I say is true."

Thus was ended the parley and challenge betwixt these two.

Translated by FREERE.

DESCRIPTION OF HUDIBRAS.

[**Samuel Butler,** born at Strensham, Worcestershire, 1612; died in London, 1680; a celebrated English poet, who for some time resided with Sir Samuel Luke in Bedfordshire, a gentleman very zealous in behalf of the Covenant and Puritanical principles. Here he became acquainted with the characters of the leading men of this party, and formed the plan of his famous burlesque poem, *Hudibras*, the principal person of which was, unquestionably, Sir Samuel. *Hudibras* is unique in literature, for wit, humor, and a marvellous fertility of ideas. After the restoration, Butler became secretary to the Earl of Carberry, who appointed him steward of the court held at Ludlow Castle. About this time also he married Mrs. Herbert, a lady of family, but whose fortune was lost to him by being invested in bad securities. It is said, that although Butler lived in good society, he was suffered to die in extreme indigence. He was buried in St. Paul's Church, Covent Garden. In 1721 Alderman Barber, the printer, erected a monument to his memory in Westminster Abbey.]

A wight he was, whose very sight would
Entitle him Mirror of Knighthood;
That never bent his stubborn knee
To anything but chivalry;
Nor put up blow, but that which laid
Right worshipful on shoulder-blade:
Chief of domestic knights, and errant,
Either for chartel or for warrant:
Great on the bench, great in the saddle,
That could as well bind o'er as swaddle:
Mighty he was at both of these,
And styl'd of War as well as Peace.
So some rats of amphibious nature
Are either for the land or water.
But here our authors make a doubt,
Whether he were more wise or stout.
Some hold the one, and some the other;
But howsoe'er they make a pother,
The difference was so small, his brain
Outweigh'd his rage but half a grain;
Which made some take him for a tool
That knaves do work with, call'd a Fool;
And offer'd to lay wagers, that
As Montaigne, playing with his cat,
Complains she thought him but an ass,
Much more she would Sir Hudibras:
For that's the name our valiant knight
To all his challenges did write.
But they're mistaken very much,
'Tis plain enough he was no such:
We grant, although he had much wit,
He was very shy of using it;
As being loth to wear it out,
And therefore bore it not about,
Unless on holy-days, or so,
As men their best apparel do.
Besides, 'tis known he could speak Greek
As naturally as pigs squeak:
That Latin was no more difficile,
Than to a blackbird 'tis to whistle:
Being rich in both, he never scanted
His bounty unto such as wanted;
But much of either would afford
To many, that had not one word.
He was in logic a great critic,
Profoundly skilled in Analytic;
He could distinguish, and divide
A hair 'twixt south and south-west side;
On either side he would dispute,
Confute, change hands, and still confute;
He'd undertake to prove by force
Of argument a man's no horse;
He'd prove a buzzard is no fowl,
And that a lord may be an owl;
A calf an alderman, a goose a justice,
And rooks committee-men or trustees.
He'd run in debt by disputation,
And pay with ratiocination
All this by syllogism true,
In word and figure, he would do.
For rhetoric, he could not ope
His mouth, but out there flew a trope:
And when he happened to break off
I' th' middle of his speech, or cough,
H' had hard words, ready to show why,
And tell what rules he did it by.
Else, when with greatest art he spoke,
You'd think he talk'd like other folk;
For all a rhetorician's rules
Teach nothing but to name his tools.
But when he pleased to shew off, his speech
In loftiness of sound was rich;
A Babylonish dialect,
Which learned pedants much affect;

It was a parti-colored dress
Of patch'd and piebald languages;
'Twas English cut on Greek and Latin,
Like fustian heretofore on satin.
It had an odd promiscuous tone
As if he had talk'd three parts in one;
Which made some think when he did gabble,
They had heard three laborers of Babel;
Or Cerberus himself pronounce
A leash of languages at once. . .
For his religion, it was fit
To match his learning and his wit,
'Twas Presbyterian true-blue;
For he was of that stubborn crew
Of errant saints, whom all men grant
To be the true church militant;
Such as do build their faith upon
The holy text of pike and gun;
Decide all controversy by
Infallible artillery;
And prove their doctrine orthodox
By apostolic blows and knocks;
Call fire, and sword, and desolation,
A godly, thorough reformation,
Which always must be carried on,
And still be doing, never done;
As if religion were intended
For nothing else but to be mended;
A sect whose chief devotion lies
In odd perverse antipathies;
In falling out with that or this,
And finding somewhat still amiss;
That with more care keep holiday
The wrong, than others the right way;
Compound for sins they are inclined to,
By damning those they have no mind to.
Still so perverse and opposite
As if they worshipped God for spite;
The self-same thing they will abhor
One way, and long another for;
Free-will they one way disavow,
Another, nothing else allow;
All piety consists therein
In them, in other men all sin;
Rather than fail, they will defy
That which they love most tenderly:
Quarrel with mince-pies, and disparage
Their best and dearest friend, plum-porridge;
Fat pig and goose itself oppose,
And blaspheme custard through the nose.

THE INDIAN SONG OF SONGS, HYMN TO VISHNU.

[**Jayadeva,** a native of Kinduvilva or Kendôli, in Burdwan or Tirhoot (for the locality is doubtful), wrote, according to Lassen, about 1150 A. D. The theme of the Indian poet's musical mystery-play is found in the tenth section of the Bhâgavata, but Hindoo literature and daily talk are full of this half-divine, half-human Krishna; and in turning into a religious canticle the loves of "Govinda" and Radha, Jayadeva might be sure that every native audience, present and to come, would understand his matter. The "Gîta" is to this hour very popular in India; but more so, doubtless, because of its melodious versification and its ardent love-pictures than the profound and earnest meanings.]

O thou that held'st the blessed Veda dry
When all things else beneath the floods were hurled;
Strong Fish-God! Ark of Men! *Jai!* Hari, *jai!*
Hail, Keshav, hail! thou Master of the world!

The round world rested on thy spacious nape;
Upon thy neck, like a mere mole, it stood:
O thou that took'st for us the Tortoise-shape,
Hail, Keshav, hail! Ruler of wave and wood!

The world upon thy curving tusk sate sure,
Like the Moon's dark disc in her crescent pale;
O thou who did'st for us assume the Boar,
Immortal Conqueror! hail, Keshav, hail!

When thou thy Giant-Foe didst seize and rend,
Fierce, fearful, long, and sharp were fang and nail;
Thou who the Lion and the Man didst blend,
Lord of the Universe! hail, Narsingh, hail!

Wonderful Dwarf!—who with a threefold stride
Cheated King Bali—where thy footsteps fall,
Men's sins, O Wamuna! are set aside.
O Keshav, hail! thou Help and Hope of all!

The sins of this sad earth thou didst assoil,
The anguish of its creatures thou didst heal;
Freed are we from all terrors by thy toil;
Hail, Purshuram, hail! Lord of the biting steel!

To thee the fell Ten-Headed yielded life,
Thou in dread battle laid'st the monster low!

Ah, Rama! dear to Gods and men that strife;
We praise thee, Master of the matchless bow!

With clouds for garments glorious thou dost fare,
Veiling thy dazzling majesty and might,
As when Yamuna saw thee with the share,
A peasant—yet the King of Day and Night.

Merciful-hearted! when thou camest as Boodh—
Albeit 'twas written in the Scriptures so—
Thou bad'st our altars be no more imbrued
With blood of victims: Keshav bending low.

We praise thee, Wielder of the sweeping sword,
Brilliant as curving comets in the gloom,
Whose edge shall smite the fierce barbarian horde;
Hail to thee, Keshav! hail, and hear, and come.

And fill this song of Jayadev with thee,
And make it wise to teach, strong to redcem
And sweet to living souls. Thou Mystery!
Thou Light of Life! Thou Dawn beyond the dream!

Fish! that didst outswim the flood;
Tortoise! whereon earth hath stood;
Boar! who with thy tusk held'st high
The world, that mortals might not die;
Lion! who hast giants torn;
Dwarf! who laugh'dst a king to scorn;
Sole Subduer of the Dreaded!
Slayer of the many-headed!
Mighty Ploughman! Teacher tender!
Of thine own the sure Defender!
Under all thy ten disguises
Endless praise to thee arises.

. . . . . .

SAMODADAMODARO.

THE SPORTS OF KRISHNA.

Beautiful Radha, jasmine-bosomed Radha,
All in the Spring-time waited by the wood
For Krishna fair, Krishna the all-forgetful,—
Krishna with earthly love's false fire consuming—
And some one of her maidens sang this song:—

(*What follows is to the Music* VASANTA *and the Mode* YATI.)

I know where Krishna tarries in these early days of Spring,
When every wind from warm Malay brings fragrance on its wing;
Brings fragrance stolen far away from thickets of the clove,
In jungles where the bees hum and the Koîl flutes her love;
He dances with the dancers, of a merry morrice one,
All in the budding Spring-time, for 'tis sad to be alone.

I know how Krishna passes these hours of blue and gold,
When parted lovers sigh to meet and greet and closely hold
Hand fast in hand; and every branch upon the Vakul-tree
Droops downward with a hundred blooms, in every bloom a bee;
He is dancing with the dancers to a laughter-moving tone,
In the soft awakening Spring-time, when 'tis hard to live alone.

Where Kroona flowers, that open at a lover's lightest tread,
Break, and, for shame at what they hear, from white blush modest red;
And all the spears on all the boughs of all the Ketuk-glades
Seem ready darts to pierce the hearts of wandering youths and maids;
'Tis there thy Krishna dances till the merry drum is done,
All in the sunny Spring-time, when who can live alone?

Where the breaking-forth of blossom on the yellow Keshra-sprays
Dazzles like Kama's sceptre, whom all the world obeys;
And Pâtal-buds fill drowsy bees from pink delicious bowls,
As Kama's nectared goblet steeps in languor human souls;
There he dances with the dancers, and of Radha thinketh none,
All in the warm new Spring-tide, when none will live alone.

Where the breath of waving Mâdhvi pours
incense through the grove,
And silken Mogras lull the sense with essences
of love,—
The silken-soft pale Mogra, whose perfume
fine and faint
Can melt the coldness of a maid, the sternness
of a saint—
There dances with those dancers thine other
self, thine Own,
All in the languorous Spring-time, when none
will live alone.

Where—as if warm lips touched sealed eyes
and waked them—all the bloom
Opens upon the mangoes to feel the sunshine
come;
And Atimuktas wind their arms of softest
green about,
Clasping the stems, while calm and clear great
Jumna spreadeth out;
There dances and there laughs thy Love, with
damsels many and one,
In the rosy days of Spring-time, for he will
not live alone.

Mark this song of Jayadev!
Deep as pearl in ocean-wave
Lurketh in its lines a wonder
Which the wise alone will ponder:
Though it seemeth of the earth,
Heavenly is the music's birth;
Telling darkly of delights
In the wood, of wasted nights,
Of witless days, and fruitless love,
And false pleasures of the grove,
And rash passions of the prime,
And those dances of Spring-time;
Time, which seems so subtle-sweet,
Time, which pipes to dancing feet,
Ah! so softly—ah! so sweetly—
That among those wood-maids featly
Krishna cannot choose but dance,
Letting pass life's greater chance.

Yet the winds that sigh so
As they stir the rose,
Wake a sigh from Krishna
Wistfuller than those:
All their faint breaths swinging
The creepers to and fro
Pass like rustling arrows
Shot from Kama's bow;
Thus among the dancers
What those zephyrs bring
Strikes to Krishna's spirit
Like a darted sting.

And all as if—far wandered—
The traveller should hear
The bird of home, the Koïl,
With nest-notes rich and clear;
And there should come one moment
A blessed fleeting dream
Of the bees among the mangoes
Beside his native stream;
So flash those sudden yearnings,
That sense of a dearer thing,
The love and lack of Radha
Upon his soul in Spring.

Then she, the maid of Radha, spake again:
And pointing far away between the leaves
Guided her lovely Mistress where to look,
And note how Krishna wantoned in the
wood
Now with this one, now that; his heart, her
prize,
Panting with foolish passions, and his eyes
Beaming with too much love for those fair
girls—
Fair, but not so as Radha; and she sang:

(*What follows is to the Music* RAMAGIRI *and the Mode* YATI.)

See, Lady! how thy Krishna passes these idle
hours
Decked forth in fold of woven gold, and
crowned with forest flowers;
And scented with the sandal, and gay with
gems of price—
Rubies to mate his laughing lips, and diamonds
like his eyes;—
In the company of damsels,[1] who dance and
sing and play,
Lies Krishna laughing, toying, dreaming his
Spring away.

One, with star-blossomed champâk wreathed,
woos him to rest his head
On the dark pillow of her breast so tenderly
outspread;

[1] It will be observed that the "Gopis" here personify the five senses. Lassen says: "*Manifestum est puellis istis nil aliud significari quam res sensiles.*"

And o'er his brow with roses blown she fans a fragrance rare,
That falls on the enchanted sense like rain in thirsty air,
While the company of damsels wave many an odorous spray,
And Krishna laughing, toying, sighs the soft Spring away.

Another, gazing in his face, sits wistfully apart,
Searching it with those looks of love that leap from heart to heart;
Her eyes—afire with shy desire, veiled by their lashes black—
Speak so that Krishna cannot choose but send the message back,
In the company of damsels whose bright eyes in a ring
Shine round him with soft meanings in the merry light of Spring.

The third one of that dazzling band of dwellers in the wood—
Body and bosom panting with the pulse of youthful blood—
Leans over him, as in his ear a lightsome thing to speak,
And then with leaf-soft lip imprints a kiss below his cheek;
A kiss that thrills, and Krishna turns at the silken touch
To give it back—ah, Radha! forgetting thee too much.

And one with arch smile beckons him away from Jumna's banks,
Where the tall bamboos bristle like spears in battle-ranks,
And plucks his cloth to make him come into the mango-shade,
Where the fruit is ripe and golden, and the milk and cakes are laid:
Oh! golden-red the mangoes, and glad the feasts of Spring,
And fair the flowers to lie upon, and sweet the dancers sing.

Sweetest of all that Temptress who dances for him now
With subtle feet which part and meet in the Râs-measure slow,
To the chime of silver bangles and the beat of rose-leaf hands,
And pipe and lute and cymbal played by the woodland bands;
So that wholly passion-laden—eye, ear, sense, soul o'ercome—
Krishna is theirs in the forest; his heart forgets its home.

. . . . . .

How—as if the sunshine drew
All its being to the blue—
It takes flight, and seeks to rise
High into the purer skies,
High into the snow and frost,
On the shining summits lost!
Ah! and how the Koïls' strain
Smites the traveller with pain,—
When the mango blooms in spring,
And "Koohoo," "Koohoo," they sing—
Pain of pleasures not yet won,
Pain of journeys not yet done,
Pain of toiling without gaining,
Pain, 'mid gladness, of still paining.

But may He guide us all to glory high
Who laughed when Radha glided, hidden, by,
And all among those damsels free and bold
Touched Krishna with a soft mouth, kind and cold;
And like the others, leaning on his breast,
Unlike the others, left there Love's unrest;
And like the others, joining in his song,
Unlike the others, made him silent long.

(*Here ends that Sarga of the Gita Govinda entitled* SAMODADAMODARO.)

JAYADEVA.—*Translated by* EDWIN ARNOLD.[1]

CONFESSIONS.

[**St. Augustine (Aurelius Augustinus)** was born at Tagaste (Numidia), 354; died at Hippo, 430, the greatest of the Latin fathers of the Christian church, who, although he had all the advantages of a good education, lived, when young, an irregular life, but studied much and exhibited great talents. In 371 his father sent him to Carthage, where he became a convert to the Manichees, and taught rhetoric with great reputation, but still continued his course of life notwithstanding the great efforts his mother, Monica,

[1] See "The Light of Asia," Vol. II., page 71, *Library of Choice Literature.*

made to reclaim him. Wearied with his African life, Augustine removed to Rome, where he taught rhetoric with great applause, and was appointed its professor at Milan. Here the sermons of St. Ambrose effected his conversion; and, renouncing his heretical opinions, he was baptized in 387. The next year he returned to Africa and was ordained a priest. He was at first the coadjutor of Valerius, bishop of Hippo, and afterwards his successor. He took a leading part in the great Pelagian controversy. His writings have always been held in veneration by the Catholic Church, and from them was formed that system commonly called scholastic divinity. From a hasty reading of his *Confessions* it might be inferred that his early life was exceedingly immoral. He did, indeed, form a youthful and illicit intimacy with a woman, who bore him a son; but apart from this about the only specific moral offences with which he charges himself are that he was rather idle, kept loose company and was addicted to profanity.]

YOUTHFUL INDISCRETIONS.

To Carthage I came, where there sang all around me in my ears a cauldron of unholy loves. I loved not yet; yet I loved to love, and out of a deep-seated want, I hated myself for wanting not. I sought what I might love, in love with loving, and safety I hated, and a way without snares. For within me was a famine of that inward food, Thyself, my God; yet through that famine I was not hungered; but was without all longing for incorruptible sustenance, not because filled therewith, but the more empty, the more I loathed it. For this cause my soul was sickly and full of sores, it miserably cast itself forth, desiring to be scraped by the touch of objects of sense. Yet if these had not a soul they would not be objects of love. To love, then, and to be beloved, was sweet to me; but more when I obtained to enjoy the person I loved. I defiled, therefore, the spring of friendship with the filth of concupiscence, and I beclouded its brightness with the hell of lustfulness; and thus foul and unseemly I would fain, through exceeding vanity, be fine and courtly. I fell headlong then into the love wherein I longed to be ensnared. My God, my mercy, with how much gall didst Thou out of Thy great goodness besprinkle for me that sweetness! For I was both beloved and secretly arrived at the bond of enjoying; and was with joy fettered with sorrow-bringing bonds, that I might be scourged with the iron burning rods of jealousy, and suspicions, and fears, and angers, and quarrels. . .

And Thy faithful mercy hovered over me afar. Upon how grievous iniquities consumed I myself, pursuing a sacrilegious curiosity, that having forsaken Thee, it might bring me to the treacherous abyss, and the beguiling service of devils to whom I sacrificed my evil actions, and in all these things Thou didst scourge me! I dared even, while Thy solemnities were celebrated within the walls of Thy Church, to desire and to compass a business deserving death for its fruits, for which Thou scourgedst me with grievous punishments, though nothing to my fault. O Thou my exceeding mercy, my God, my refuge from those terrible destroyers, among whom I wandered with a stiff neck, withdrawing further from thee, loving mine own ways, and not Thine; loving a vagrant liberty.

STUDIES IN PHILOSOPHY.

Those studies also, which were accounted commendable, had a view to excelling in the courts of litigation; the more bepraised, the craftier. Such is men's blindness, glorying even in their blindness. And now I was chief in the rhetoric school, whereat I joyed proudly and swelled with arrogancy, though (Lord, Thou knowest) far quieter and altogether removed from the subvertings of those "Subverters" (for this ill-omened and devilish name was the very badge of gallantry) among whom I lived, with a shameless shame that I was not even as they. With them I lived, and was sometimes delighted with their friendship, whose doings I ever did abhor, *i. e.*, their "subvertings," wherewith they wantonly persecuted the modesty of strangers, which they disturbed by a gratuitous jeering, feeding thereon their malicious mirth. . . .

Among such as these, in that unsettled age of mine, learned I books of eloquence, wherein I desired to be eminent out of a damnable and vainglorious end, a joy in human vanity. In the ordinary course of study, I fell upon a certain book of Cicero, whose speech almost all admire, not so his heart. This book of his contains an exhortation to philosophy, and is called *Hortensius*. But this book altered my affection, and turned my

prayers to Thyself, O Lord; and made me have other purposes and desires. Every vain hope at once became worthless to me; and I longed with an incredibly burning desire for an immortality of wisdom, and began now to arise, that I might return to Thee. For not to sharpen my tongue (which thing I seemed to be purchasing with my mother's allowances, in that my nineteenth year, my father being dead two years before)—not to sharpen my tongue did I employ that book; nor did it infuse into me its style, but its matter.

LONGINGS.

How did I burn, then, my God, how did I burn to remount from earthly things to Thee, nor knew I what Thou wouldest do with me. For with Thee is wisdom. But the love of wisdom is called in Greek "Philosophy," with which that book inflamed me. Some there be that seduce through philosophy, under a great, and smooth, and honorable name coloring and disguising their own errors; and almost all who in that and former ages were such, are in that book censured and set forth. There also is made plain that wholesome advice of Thy Spirit, by Thy good and devout servant: "Beware lest any man spoil you through philosophy and vain deceit, after the tradition of men, after the rudiments of the world, and not after Christ. For in Him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily." And since at that time (Thou, O light of my heart, knowest) Apostolic Scripture was not known to me. I was delighted with that exhortation so far only that I was thereby strongly roused and kindled, and inflamed to love, and seek, and obtain, and hold, and embrace, not this or that sect, but wisdom itself, whatever it were. And this alone checked me, thus enkindled, that the name of Christ was not in it. For this name—according to Thy mercy, O Lord—this name of my Saviour, Thy Son, had my tender heart, even with my mother's milk devoutly drank in, and deeply treasured; and whatsoever was without that name—though never so learned, polished, or true—took not entire hold of me.

I resolved then to bend my mind to the Holy Scriptures that I might see what they were. But behold I see a thing not understood by the proud, nor laid open to children; lowly in access, in its recesses lofty, and veiled with mysteries; and I was not such as could enter into it, or stoop my neck to follow its steps. For not as I now speak, did I feel when I turned to those Scriptures; but they seemed to me unworthy to be compared to the stateliness of Tully; for my swelling pride shrunk from their lowliness, nor could my sharp wit pierce the interior thereof. Yet were they such as would grow up in a little one. But I disdained to be a little one; and, swollen with pride, took myself to be a great one.

THE FINITE AND THE INFINITE.

For other than this, that which really is I knew not; and was, as it were, through sharpness of wit, persuaded to assent to foolish deceivers, when they asked me, "Whence is evil?" "Is God bounded by a bodily shape, and has hairs and nails?" "Are they to be esteemed righteous, who had many wives at once, and did kill men, and sacrificed living creatures?"—At which I, in my ignorance, was much troubled, and departing from the truth, seemed to myself to be making toward it; because as yet I knew not that evil was nothing but a privation of good, until at last a thing ceases altogether to be; which how should I see the sight of, whose eyes reached only to bodies, and of my mind to a phantasm? And I knew not *God to be a Spirit*, not One who hath parts extended in length and breadth, or whose being was bulk. For every bulk is less in a part than in the whole; and if it be infinite, it must be less in such part as is defined by a certain space, than in its infinitude; and so is not wholly everywhere, as Spirit, as God. And what that should be in us, by which we were like to God, and might in Scripture be rightly said to be "after the Image of God," I was altogether ignorant. Nor knew I that true inward righteousness, which judgeth not according to custom, but out of the most rightful law of God Almighty, whereby the ways of places and times were disposed, according to those times and places; itself being the same, always and everywhere, not one thing in one place and another in another; according to which Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, and Moses, and David, were righteous, and all these commended by the mouth of God; but were judged unright-

eous by silly men "judging out of man's judgment," and measuring by their own petty habits, the moral habits of the whole human race.—*Confessions.*

Translation revised by DR. E. B. PUSEY.

LEAVES FROM THE JOURNAL OF A POOR VICAR IN WILTSHIRE.[1]

[**Johann Heinrich Daniel Zschokke** was born, according to Wolff's *Encyclopædia of German Literature*, at Magdeburg, March 22d, 1771, received a classical education in his native city, and studied at Frankfort on the Oder, where he afterwards took up his residence, and in 1793 was made Professor of Philosophy. He soon resigned this office, and removed to Graubündten (Grisons), where he undertook the management of a seminary of education. At the time of the French invasion he acted as mediator, devoting himself exclusively to the good of the country which he had adopted as a second fatherland. He was made Government's Commissary for several Cantons, and officiated for some time as Lieutenant-Governor at Basel. He then retired to Castle Biberstein in Aargau, but was soon summoned anew into public life, and made Superintendent of the Mining and Forest departments. In 1815 he was made member of the General Council of the Cantons. In 1829 he resigned all his public offices, and devoted himself exclusively to literary pursuits, living and laboring, as author by profession, at Aargau. He died in 1848.

"Zschokke excels as narrator, combining artistic judgment with exuberant fancy, great power of characterization, a lively manner, and a style admirably suited to his material; natural, but at the same time dignified and correct. But his influence has been greatest as historian and popular teacher, skilled to comprehend and penetrate the spirit of the time, and indefatigable in developing and diffusing sound views of men and things."—F. H. HEDGE.]

Dec. 15, 1764.—Received to-day from Dr. Snarl, £10 sterling, being my half-year's salary. The receipt even of this hardly-earned sum was attended with many uncomfortable circumstances.

Not until I had waited an hour and a half in the cold ante-room was I admitted to the presence of his Reverence. He was seated in an easy-chair at his writing-desk. My money was lying by him, ready counted. My low bow he returned with a lofty side-nod, while he slightly pushed back his beautiful black silk cap, and immediately drew it on again. Really he is a man of much dignity. I can never approach him without awe. I do not believe I should enter the king's presence with less composure.

He did not urge me to be seated, although he well knew that I had this very morning walked eleven miles in the bad weather, and that the hour and a half's standing in the ante-room had not much helped to rest my wearied limbs. He pointed me to the money.

My heart beat violently when I attempted to introduce the subject which I had so long thought over, of a little increase in my salary. I shall never be able to conquer my timidity, even in the most righteous cause. Twice, with an agony as if I were about to commit a crime, I endeavored to break ground. Memory, words, and voice failed me. The sweat started in great drops on my forehead.

"What do you wish?" said the Doctor, very politely.

"I am—everything is so dear—scarcely able to get along in these hard times, with this small salary."

"Small salary, Mr. Vicar! How can you think so? I can at any time procure another vicar for £15 sterling a year."

"For £15! Without a family, one might indeed get along with that sum."

"Your family, Mr. Vicar," said the doctor, inquiringly, "has not received any addition, I trust. You have only two daughters?"

"Only two, your Reverence; but they are growing up. My Jenny, the eldest, is now eighteen, and Polly, the younger, will soon be twelve."

"So much the better. Can't your girls work?"

I was about to reply, when he cut me short by rising and observing, while he went to the window and drummed with his fingers on the pane, that he had no time to talk with me to-day. "Think it over," he concluded, "whether you will retain your place at £15 a year, and let me know. If you relinquish it, I hope you will have a better situation for a New Year's present."

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[1] Translated by Rev. W. H. Furness. The translator ventures the conjecture that the original fragment from which Zschokke took the idea of this journal, and which appeared in the *British Magazine* (1766), was written by Goldsmith. It may be, as the German writer suggests, the germ of the "Vicar of Wakefield," which appeared first in 1772.

He bowed very politely, and again touched his cap. I swept up the money, and took my leave. I was thunderstruck. He had never received nor dismissed me so coldly before. Without doubt somebody has been speaking ill of me. He did not once invite me to dinner, as had always before been his custom. I had depended upon it, for I came from home without breaking my fast. I bought a loaf in the outskirts of the town at a baker's shop, which I had observed in passing, and took my way home.

How cast down was I as I trudged along! I cried like a child. The bread I was eating was wet with my tears.

But fy, Thomas! Shame upon thy faint heart! Lives not the gracious God still? What if thou hadst lost the place entirely? And it is only £5 less! It is indeed a quarter of my whole little yearly stipend, and it leaves barely 10*d*. a day to feed and clothe three of us. What is there left for us? Who clothes the lilies of the field? Who feeds the young ravens? We must deny ourselves some of our luxuries.

Dec. 16.—I do believe Jenny's an angel. Her soul is even more beautiful than her body. I am almost ashamed of being her father. She is so much better and more pious than I.

I had not the courage yesterday to tell my girls the bad news. When I mentioned it to-day, Jenny at first looked very serious, but suddenly she brightened up and said, "Thou art disquieted, father!"

"Should I not be so?"

"No, thou shouldst not."

"Dear child, we shall never be free from debt and trouble. I do not know how we can stand it. Our need is sore. £15 hardly suffice for the bare necessaries of life. Who will assist us?"

Instead of answering, Jenny gently passed one arm round my neck, and pointed upwards with the other.—"He, there!" said she.

Polly seated herself on my lap, patted my face, and said, "I want to tell thee something. I dreamed last night that it was New Year's Day, and that the king came to C——. There was a splendid show. The king dismounted from his horse before our front door, and came in. We had nothing to set before him, and he commanded some of his own dainties to be brought in dishes of gold and silver. The kettle-drums and trumpets sounded outside; and only think, with the sound of the music, in came some people with a bishop's mitre upon a satin cushion, a New Year's present for thee! It looked very funny, like the pointed caps of the bishops in the old picture-book. But it became thee right grandly. Yet I laughed myself almost out of breath; and then Jenny waked me up, which made me quite angry. This dream has certainly something to do with a New Year's present. It is only fourteen days to New Year's."

I said to Polly, "Dreams are but Seems;" but she said, "Dreams come from God."

I believe no such thing. Still I write the dream down, to see whether it be not a comforting hint from Heaven. A New Year's present would be acceptable to all of us.

All day I have been at my accounts. I do not like accounts. Reckoning and money matters distract my head, and make my heart empty and heavy.

Dec. 17.—My debts, God be praised, are all now paid, but one. At five different places I paid off £7 11*s*. sterling. I have therefore left in ready money, £2 9*s*. This must last a half-year. God help us!

The black hose that I saw at tailor Cutbay's I must leave unpurchased, although I need them sorely. They are indeed pretty well worn, yet still in good condition, and the price is reasonable. But Jenny needs a cloak a great deal more. I pity the dear child when I see her shivering in that thin camlet. Polly must be satisfied with the cloak which her sister has made for her so nicely out of her old one.

I must give up my share of the newspaper which neighbor Westburn and I took together. It goes hard with me. Here in C——, without a newspaper one knows nothing of the course of affairs. At the horse-races at Newmarket, the Duke of Cumberland won £5000 of the Duke of Grafton. It is wonderful how literally the words of Scripture are always fulfilled, "To him who hath, shall be given," and those other words, too, "From him who hath not, shall be taken

away." I must lose £5 of even my poor salary.

Fy, Thomas, already murmuring again! and wherefore? For a newspaper, which thou art no longer able to take? Shame on thee! Thou mayst easily learn from others whether General Paoli succeeds in maintaining the freedom of Corsica. The French have indeed promised assistance to the Genoese; but Paoli has 20,000 veterans.

Dec. 18.—Ah! how happy are we poor people still! Jenny has got a grand cloak at the slop-shop for a mere song, and now she is sitting there with Polly, ripping it to pieces, in order to make it up anew. Jenny understands how to trade and bargain better than I. But they let her have things at her own price, her voice is so gentle. We have now joy upon joy. Jenny wants to appear in the new cloak for the first time on New Year's Day. Polly has a hundred comments and predictions about it. I wager, the Dey of Algiers had not greater pleasure in the costly present which the Venetians made him, the two diamond rings, the two watches set with brilliants, the pistols inlaid with gold, the costly carpets, the rich housings, and the 20,000 sequins in cash.

Jenny says we must save the cloak in eatables. Until New Year's, we must buy no meat. This is as it should be.

Neighbor Westburn is a noble man. I told him yesterday I must discontinue my subscription for the newspaper, because I am not sure of my present salary, nor even of my place. He shook my hand and said, "Very well, then I will take the paper, and you shall still read it with me."

One must never despair. There are more good men in the world than one thinks, especially among the poor.

The same day. Eve.—The baker is a crabbed man. Although I owe him nothing, yet when Polly went to fetch a loaf, and found it very small and badly risen or half-burnt, he struck up a quarrel with her, so that people stopped in the street. He declared that he would not sell upon trust—that we must go elsewhere for our bread. I pitied Polly.

I wonder how the people here know everything. Every one in the village is telling how the doctor is going to put another curate in my place. It will be the death of me.

The butcher, even, must have got a hint of it. It certainly was not without design that he sent his wife to me with complaints about the bad times, and the impossibility of selling any longer for anything but cash. She was indeed very polite, and could not find words to express her love and respect for us. She advised us to go to Colswood, and buy the little meat we want of him, as he is a richer man, and is able to wait for his money. I cared not to tell the good woman how that usurer treated us a year ago, when he charged us a penny a pound more than others for his meat, and, when his oaths and curses could not help him out, and he could not deny it, how he declared roundly that he must receive a little interest when he was kept out of his money a whole year.

I still have in ready money £2 1*s.* 3*d.* What shall I do, if no one will trust me, so that I may pay my bills quarterly? And if Dr. Snarl appoints another curate, then must I and my poor children be turned upon the street!

Be it so; God is in the street also!

Dec. 19, *early. A. M.*—I awoke very early to-day, and pondered what I shall do in my difficult situation. I thought of Master Sitting, my rich cousin at Cambridge; only poor people have no cousins, only the rich. Were New Year's day to bring me a bishop's mitre, according to Polly's dream, then I should have half England for my relations.

I have written and sent by the post the following letter to the Rev. Dr. Snarl:

"I write with an anxious heart. It is said that your reverence intends to appoint another curate in my stead. I know not whether the report has any foundation, or whether it has arisen merely from my having mentioned to some persons the interview I had with you.

"The office with which you entrusted me I have discharged with zeal and fidelity; I have preached the word of God in all purity; I have heard no complaints. Even my inward monitor condemns me not. I humbly requested for a little increase of my small salary. Your reverence spoke of reducing the small stipend, which scarcely suffices to procure me and my family the bare necessaries of life. Let your humane heart decide.

"I have labored sixteen years under your reverence's pious predecessors, and a year and a half under yourself. I am now fifty years old. My hair begins to grow gray. Without acquaintances, without patrons, without the prospect of another living, without the means of earning my bread in any other way, mine and my children's fate depends upon your compassion. If you fail us, there remains no support for us but the beggar's staff.

"My daughters, gradually grown up, occasion, with the closest economy, increased expense. My eldest daughter, Jenny, supplies the place of a mother to her sister, and conducts our domestic concerns. We keep no maid; my daughter is maid, cook, washerwoman, tailoress, and even shoemaker, while I am the carpenter, mason, chimney-sweeper, woodcutter, gardener, farmer, and wood-carrier of the household.

"God's mercy has attended us hitherto. We have had no sickness. We could not have paid for medicines. C—— is a little place.

"My daughters have in vain offered to do other work, such as washing, mending, and sewing. They very rarely get any. Here in the country every one does her own housework; none are rich.

"It will be a hard task to carry me and mine through the year upon £20; but it will be harder still if I am to attempt it upon £15. But I throw myself on your compassion and on God, and pray your reverence at least to relieve me of this anxiety."

After I had finished this letter, I threw myself upon my knees (while Polly carried it to the post-office) and prayed for a happy issue. I then became wonderfully clear and calm in my mind. Ah! a word to God is always a word from God—so cheerfully came I from my little chamber, which I had entered with a heavy heart.

Jenny sat at work at the window. She sat there with the repose and grace of an angel. Light seemed to stream from her looks. A slender sunbeam came through the window, and transfigured the whole place. I was in a heavenly state. I seated myself at the desk, and wrote my sermon, "On the joys of poverty."

I preach in the pulpit as much to myself as to my hearers; and I come from church edified, if no one else does. If others do not receive consolation from my words, I find it myself. It is with the clergyman as with the physician. He knows the power of his medicines, but not always their effect upon the constitution of every patient.

The same day. A. M.—This morning I received a note from a stranger who had tarried over night at the inn. He begs me, on account of urgent affairs, to come to him.

I have been to him. I found him a handsome young man of about six-and-twenty, with noble features and a graceful carriage. He had on an old well-worn surtout and boots, which still bore the marks of yesterday's travel. His round hat, although originally of a finer material than mine, was still far more defaced and shabby. The young man appeared, notwithstanding the derangement of his dress, to be of good family. He had on at least a clean shirt of the finest linen, which perhaps had just been given him by some charitable hand.

He led me into a private room, begged pardon a thousand times for having troubled me, and proceeded to inform me in a very humble manner, that he found himself in most painful circumstances, that he knew nobody in this place, where he had arrived last evening, and had therefore had recourse to me as a clergyman. He was, he added, by profession an actor, but without employment, and intending to proceed to Manchester. He had expended nearly all his money, and had not enough to pay his fare at the inn—to say nothing of the expense of proceeding on his journey. Accordingly he turned in his despair to me. Twelve shillings would be a great assistance to him. He promised, if I would favor him with that advance, that he would honorably and thankfully repay it, so soon as he was again connected with any theatre. His name is John Fleetman.

There was no necessity of his painting his distress to me so at large. His features expressed more trouble than his words. He probably read something of the same kind in my face; for as he turned his eyes upon me, he seemed struck with alarm, and exclaimed, "Will you leave me then without help?"

I stated to him that my own situation was full of embarrassment, that he had asked of me nothing less than the fourth part of all the money I had in the world,

and that I was in great uncertainty as to the further continuance of my office.

He immediately became cold in his manner, and, as it were, drew back into himself, while he remarked, "You comfort the unfortunate with the story of your own misfortunes. I ask nothing of you. Is there no one in C—— who has pity, if he has no wealth?"

I cast an embarrassed look at Mr. Fleetman, and was ashamed to have represented my distressed situation to him as a reason for my refusal to assist him. I instantly thought over all my townsmen, and could not trust myself to name one. I did not perhaps know their hearts well enough.

I approached him, and laid my hand upon his shoulder, and said, "Mr. Fleetman, you grieve me. Have a little patience. You see I am poor. I will help you if I can. I will give you an answer in an hour."

I went home. On the way I thought to myself, "How odd! the stranger always comes first to me, and an actor to a clergyman! There must be something in my nature that attracts the wretched and the needy, like a magnet. Whoever is in need comes to me, who have the least to give. When I sit at table with strangers, one of the company is sure to have a dog who looks steadily at what I am eating, and comes and lays his cold nose directly on my knee."

When at home, I told the children who the stranger was, and what he wanted. I wished for Jenny's advice. She said tenderly, "I know, father, what thou thinkest, and therefore I have nothing to advise."

"And what do I think?"

"Why, that thou wilt do unto this poor actor as thou hopest God and Dr. Snarl will do unto thee."

I had thought no such thing, but I wished I had. I got the twelve shillings, and gave them to Jenny to carry to the traveller. I did not care to listen to his thanks. It humbles me. Ingratitude stirs my spirit up. And, besides, I had my sermon to prepare.

The same day. Eve.—The actor is certainly a worthy man. When Jenny returned from the inn, she had much to tell about him, and also about the landlady. This woman had found out that her guest had an empty pocket, and Jenny could not deny that she had brought him some money. So Jenny had to listen to a long sermon upon the folly of giving, when one has nothing himself, and the danger of helping vagrants, when one has not the wherewithal to clothe his own children. "The shirt is nearer than the coat." "To feed one's own maketh fat," etc., etc.

I had just turned to my sermon again, when Mr. Fleetman entered. He could not, he said, leave C—— without thanking his benefactor, by whose means he had been delivered from the greatest embarrassment. Jenny was just setting the table. We had an omelet and some turnips. I invited the traveller to dine with us. He accepted the invitation. It was very timely, he intimated, for he had eaten a very scanty breakfast. Polly brought some beer. We had not for a long while fared so well.

Mr. Fleetman seemed to enjoy himself with us. He had quite lost that anxious look he had, yet there was the shy, reserved manner about him which is peculiar to the unfortunate. He inferred that we were very happy, and of that we assured him. He supposed also that I was richer and better to do in the world than I desired to appear. There he was mistaken. Without doubt the order and cleanliness of our parlor dazzled the good man: the clearness of the windows, the neatness of the curtains, of the dinner-table, the floor, and the brightness of our tables and chairs. One usually finds a great lack of cleanliness in the dwellings of the poor, because they do not know how to save. But order and neatness, as I always preached to my sainted wife and to my daughters, are great save-alls. Jenny is a perfect mistress therein. She almost surpasses her mother, and she is bringing up her sister Polly in the same way. Her sharp eyes not a fly-mark can escape.

Our guest soon became quite familiar and intimate with us. He spoke more, however, of our situation than of his own. The poor man must have some trouble on his heart; I hope not upon his conscience. I remarked that he often broke off suddenly in conversation, and became depressed, then again he would exert himself to be cheerful. God comfort him!

As he was quitting us after dinner, I gave him much friendly counsel. Actors,

I know, are rather a light-minded folk. He promised me sacredly, as soon as he should have money, to send back my loan. He must be sincere in that, for he looked very honest, and several times asked how long I thought I should be able with the remainder of my ready money to meet the necessities of my household.

His last words were: "It is impossible it should go ill with you in the world. You have heaven in your breast, and two angels of God at your side." With these words, he pointed to Jenny and Polly.

Dec. 20.—The day has passed very quietly, but I cannot say very agreeably, for the grocer, Jones, sent me his bill for the year. Considering what we had had of him, it was larger than we had expected, although we had had nothing of which we did not ourselves keep an account. Only he had raised the price of all his articles. Otherwise, his account agreed honestly with ours.

The worst is the arrears of my last year's bill. He begged for the payment of the same, as he is in great need of money. The whole of what I owe him amounts to eighteen shillings.

I went to see Mr. Jones. He is a very polite and reasonable man. I hoped to satisfy him by paying him in part, and promising to pay the remainder by Easter. But he was not to be moved, and he regretted that he should be forced to proceed to extremities. If he could, he would gladly wait; but only within three days he would have to pay a note which had just been presented to him. With a merchant, credit is everything.

To all this there was nothing to be said in reply, after my repeated requests for delay had proved vain. Should I have let him go to law against me, as he threatened? I sent him the money, and paid off the whole debt. But now my whole property has melted down to eleven shillings. Heaven grant that the actor may soon return what I loaned him. Otherwise, I know not what help there is for us.

Now go to, thou man of little faith; if thou knowest not, God knoweth. Why is thy heart cast down? What evil hast thou done? Poverty is no crime.

Dec. 24.—One may be right happy after all, even at the poorest. We have a thousand pleasures in Jenny's new cloak. She looks as beautiful in it as a bride. But she wishes to wear it the first time abroad at church on New Year's Day.

Every evening she reckons up, and shows me with how little expense she has got through the day. We are all in bed by seven o'clock, to save oil and coals. That is no great hardship. The girls are so much the more industrious in the day, and they chat together in bed until midnight. We have a bountiful supply of turnips and vegetables. Jenny thinks we can get through six or eight weeks without running in debt. That were a stroke of management without parallel. And until then, we all hope that Mr. Fleetman will keep his word like an honest man, and pay us back the loan. If I appear to distrust him, it awakens all Jenny's zeal. She will allow no evil of the comedian.

He is our constant topic. The girls especially make a great deal out of him. His appearance interrupted the uniformity of our life. He will supply us with conversation for a full half year. Pleasant is Jenny's anger when the mischievous Polly exclaims: "But he is an actor!" Then Jenny tells of the celebrated actors in London who are invited to dine with the princes of the royal family; and she is ready to prove that Fleetman will become one of the first actors in the world, for he has fine talents, and a graceful address and well-chosen phrases. "Yes, indeed!" said the sly Polly to-day, very wittily, "beautiful phrases! he called thee an angel." "And thee, too," cried Jenny, somewhat vexed. "But I was only thrown into the bargain," rejoined Polly; "he looked only at thee."

This chat and childish raillery of my children awakened my anxiety. Polly is growing up; Jenny is eighteen. What prospect have I of seeing these poor children provided for? Jenny is a well-bred, modest, handsome maiden; but all C—— knows our poverty. We are therefore little regarded, and it will be difficult to find a husband for Jenny. An angel without money is not thought half so much of now-a-days as a devil with a bag full of guineas. Jenny's only wealth is her gentle face. That, everybody looks kindly on. Even the grocer, Jones, when she carried him his money, gave her a pound of almonds and raisins for a pres-

ent, and told her how he was grieved to take my money, and that, if I bought of him, he would give me credit till Easter. He has never once said so much to me.

When I die, who will take care of my desolate children? Who! the God of heaven. They are at least qualified to go to service anywhere. I will not distress myself about the future.

Dec. 26.—Two hard days these have been. I have never had so laborious a Christmas. I preached my two sermons in two days, five times in four different churches. The road was very bad, and the wind and weather fearful. Age is beginning to make itself felt. I have not the freshness and activity I once had. Indeed, cabbage and turnips, scantily buttered, with only a glass of fresh water, do not afford much nourishment.

I have dined both days with Farmer Hurst. The people in the country are more hospitable by far than here in the town, where nobody has thought of inviting me to dinner these six months. Ah! could I have only had my daughters with me at table! What profusion was there! Could they have only had for a Christmas feast what the farmer's dogs received of the fragments of our meal! They did have some cake, and they are feasting on it now while I write. It was lucky that I had courage, when the farmer and his wife pressed me to eat more, to say that, with their leave, I would carry a little slice of the cake home to my daughters. The good-hearted people packed me a little bag full, and, besides, as it rained pitifully, sent me home in their wagon.

Eating and drinking are indeed of little importance if one has enough to satisfy his hunger and thirst. Yet it may not be denied that a comfortable provision for the body is an agreeable thing. One's thoughts are clearer. One feels with more vivacity.

I am very tired. My conversation with Farmer Hurst was noteworthy. I will write it off to-morrow.

Dec. 27.—We have lived to know what perfect joy is. But one must be moderate in his joys. The girls must learn self-restraint, and practise themselves therein. Therefore, I lay aside the packet of money which Mr. Fleetman has sent. I will not break the seal until after dinner. My daughters are Eve's daughters. They are dying of curiosity to know what Mr. Fleetman writes. They are examining the address, and the packet is passing from one to the other three times in a minute.

Indeed, I am more disturbed than rejoiced. I lent Mr. Fleetman only twelve shillings, and he sends me back £5. God be praised! He must have been very successful.

How joy and sorrow interchange! I went early this morning to the alderman, Mr. Fieldson, for I was told yesterday that the wagoner, Brook, at Watton Basset, had, on account of his embarrassments, destroyed himself. Some eleven or twelve years ago I went security for him to the amount of £100. He was distantly related to my sainted wife. The bond has never been cancelled. The man has latterly had much trouble, and given himself up to drinking.

The alderman comforted me not a little. He said he had heard the report, but that it was very doubtful whether Brook had destroyed himself. There had been no authentic intelligence. So I returned home comforted, and prayed by the way that God would be gracious to me.

I had hardly reached the house when Polly ran to meet me, exclaiming, almost breathless: "A letter! a letter from Mr. Fleetman, father, with £5! But the packet has cost seven pence." Jenny, with blushing looks, handed it to me before I laid down my hat and staff. The children were half out of their wits with joy. So I pushed aside their scissors, and said: "Do you not see, children, that it is harder to bear a great joy with composure than a great evil? I have often admired your cheerfulness when we were in the greatest want, and knew not where we were to find food for the next day. But now the first smile of fortune puts you beside yourselves. To punish you, I shall not open the letter nor the packet of money until after dinner."

Jenny would have it that it was not the money, but Mr. Fleetman's honesty and gratitude that delighted her, and that she only wanted to know what he wrote and how he was; but I adhered to my determination. This little curiosity must learn to practise patience.

The same day. Eve.—Our joy is turned into sorrow. The letter with the money came not from Mr. Fleetman, but from the Rev. Dr. Snarl. He gives me notice that our engagement will terminate at Easter, and he informs me that until that time I may look about for another situation, and that he has accordingly not only paid me up my salary in advance, that I may bear any travelling expenses I may be at, but also directed the new vicar, my successor, to attend to the care of the parish.

Thus the talk of the people here in town was not wholly without foundation, and it may also be true what is said, that the new vicar had received his appointment thus readily because he has married a near relative of his reverence, a lady of doubtful reputation. So I must lose my office and my bread for the sake of such a person, and be turned into the street with my poor children, because a man can be found to buy my place at the price of his own honor.

Jenny and Polly turned deadly pale, when they found that the letter came not from Mr. Fleetman, but from the Doctor, and that the money, instead of being the generous return of a grateful heart, was the last wretched payment for my long and laborious services. Polly threw herself sobbing into a chair, and Jenny left the room. My hand trembled as I held the letter containing my formal dismissal. But I went into my little chamber, locked myself in, and fell upon my knees and prayed, while Polly wept aloud.

I rose from my knees refreshed and comforted, and took my Bible; and the first words upon which my eyes fell were, "Fear not, for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine."

Then all fear vanished out of my heart. I looked up, and said, "Yea, Lord, I am thine."

As Polly appeared to have ceased weeping, I went back into the parlor; but when I saw her upon her knees praying, with her clasped hands resting on a chair, I drew back and shut the door very softly, that the dear soul might not be disturbed.

After some time I heard Jenny come in. I then returned to my daughters. They were sitting at the window. I saw by Jenny's eyes that she had been giving relief to her anguish in solitude. They both looked timidly at me. I believe they feared lest they should see despair depicted on my countenance. But when they saw that I was quite composed, and that I addressed them with cheerfulness, they were evidently relieved. I took the letter and the money, and humming a tune, threw them into my desk. They did not allude to what had happened the whole day. This silence in them was owing to a tender consideration for me; with me it was fear lest I should expose my weakness before my children.

Dec. 28.—It is good to let the first storm go by, without looking one's troubles too closely in the face. We have all had a good night's sleep. We talk freely now of Dr. Snarl's letter, and of my loss of office, as of old affairs. We propose all kinds of plans for the future. The bitterest thing is that we must be separated. We can think of nothing better than that Jenny and Polly should go to service in respectable families, while I betake myself to my travels to seek somewhere a place and bread for myself and children.

Polly has again recovered her usual cheerfulness. She brings out again her dream about the bishop's mitre, and gives us much amusement. She counts almost too superstitiously upon a New Year's present. I have sometimes thought much of dreams, but I do not believe in them.

As soon as the new vicar, my successor, shall have arrived, and is able to assume the office, I shall hand over to him the parish-books, and take my way in search of bread elsewhere. In the meantime I will write to a couple of old friends at Salisbury and Warminster, to request them to find good places for my daughters, as cooks, seamstresses, or chambermaids. Jenny would be an excellent governess for little children.

I will not leave my daughters here. The place is poor, the people are unsocial, proud, and have the narrow ways of a small town. They talk now of nothing but the new vicar. Some are sorry that I must leave, but I know not who takes it to heart.

Dec. 29.—I have written to-day to my Lord Bishop of Salisbury, and laid before him in lively terms the sad, helpless situation of my children, and my long and

faithful services in the vineyard of the Lord. He must be a humane, pious man. May God touch his heart! Among the three hundred and four parishes of the county of Wiltshire, there must certainly be found for me at least some little corner! I do not ask much.

Dec. 30.—The bishop's mitre that Polly dreamt of must soon make its appearance, otherwise I shall have to go to jail. I see now very plainly that the jail is inevitable.

I am very weak, and in vain do I exert myself to practise my old heroism. Even strength fails me for fervent prayer. My distress is too much for me.

Yes, the jail is unavoidable. I will say it to myself plainly, that I may become accustomed to the prospect.

The All-merciful have mercy on my dear children! I may not—I cannot tell them.

Perhaps a speedy death will save me from the disgrace. I feel as if my very bones would crumble away; fever-shivering in every limb, I cannot write for trembling.

Some hours after.—Already I feel more composed. I would have thrown myself into the arms of God and prayed. But I was not well. I lay down on my bed. I believe I have slept, perhaps also I fainted. Some three hours have passed. My daughters have covered my feet with pillows. I am weak in body, but my heart is again fresh. Everything which has happened, which I have heard, flits before me like a dream.

So the wagoner Brook has indeed made way with himself. Alderman Fieldson has called and given me the intelligence. He had the coroner's account, together with the notice of my bond. Brook's debts are very heavy. I must account to Withell, a woollen-draper of Trowbridge, for the hundred pounds sterling.

Mr. Fieldson had good cause to commiserate me heartily. Good God! a hundred pounds sterling! How shall I ever obtain it? All that I and my children have in the world would not bring a hundred shillings. Brook used to be esteemed an upright and wealthy man. I never thought that he would come to such an end. The property of my wife was consumed in her long sickness, and I had to sacrifice the few acres at Bradford which she inherited. Now I am a beggar. Ah! if I were only a free beggar! I must go to prison, if Mr. Withell is not merciful. It is impossible for me even to think of paying him.

Same day. Eve.—I am ashamed of my weakness. What! to faint! to despair! Fy! And yet believe in a Providence! And a priest of the Lord! Fy, Thomas!

I have recovered my composure, and done what I should. I have just carried to the post-office a letter to Mr. Withell, at Trowbridge, in which I have stated my utter inability to pay the bond, and confessed myself ready to go to jail. If he has any human feeling, he will have pity on me; if not, he may drag me away, whithersoever he will.

When I came from the office, I put the courage of my children to the proof. I wished to prepare them for the worst. Ah! the maidens were more of men than the man, more of Christians than the priest.

I told them of Brook's death, of my debt, and of the possible consequences. They listened earnestly and in great sorrow.

"To prison!" said Jenny, silently weeping, while she threw her arms around me. "Ah, thou good, poor father, thou hast done no wrong, and yet hast to bear so much! I will go to Trowbridge; I will throw myself at Withell's feet; I will not rise until he releases thee!"

"No," cried Polly, sobbing, "do not think of such a thing. Tradesmen are tradesmen. They will not for all thy tears give up a farthing of father's debt. I will go to the woollen-draper, and bind myself to live upon bread and water, and be his slave, until I have paid him with my labor what father owes."

In forming such plans, they gradually grew more composed. But they saw also the vanity of their hopes. At last said Jenny, "Why all these useless plans? Let us wait for Mr. Withell's answer. If he will be cruel, let him be so. God is also in the jail. Father, go to jail. Perhaps thou wilt be better there than with us in our poverty. Go, for thou goest without guilt. There is no disgrace in it for thee. We will both go to service, and our wages will procure thee everything

needful. I will not be ashamed even to beg. To go a-begging for a father has something honorable and holy in it. We will come and visit thee from time to time. Thou shalt be well taken care of. We will fear no more."

"Jenny, thou art right," said Polly; "whoever fears, does not believe in God. I am not afraid. I will be cheerful—as cheerful as I can be, separated from father and thee."

Such conversations cheered my heart. Fleetman was right when he said that I had two angels of the Lord at my side.

Dec. 31.—The year is ended. Thanks be to Heaven, it has been, with the exception of some storms, a right beautiful and happy year! It is true, we often had scarcely enough to eat—still we have had enough. My poor salary has often occasioned me bitter cares, still our cares have had their pleasures. And now I scarcely possess the means of supporting myself and my children half a year longer. But how many have not even as much, and know not where to get another day's subsistence! My place have I lost. In my old age I am without office or bread. It is possible that I shall spend the next year in a jail, separated from my good daughters. Still Jenny is right; God is there also in the jail!

To a pure conscience there is no hell even in hell, and to a bad heart no heaven in heaven. I am very happy.

Whoever knows how to endure privation is rich. A good conscience is better than that which the world names honor. As soon as we are able to look with indifference upon what people call honor and shame, then do we become truly worthy of honor. He who can despise the world enjoys heaven. I understand the gospel better every day, since I have learned to read it by the light of experience. The scholars at Oxford and Cambridge study the letter, not the spirit. Nature is the best interpreter of the Scriptures.

With these reflections I conclude the year.

I am very glad that I have now for some time persevered in keeping this journal. Everybody should keep one. One may learn more from himself than from the wisest books. When, by daily setting down our thoughts and feelings, we in a manner portray ourselves, we can see at the end of the year how many different faces we have. Man is not always like himself. He who says he knows himself, can answer for the truth of what he says only at the moment. Few know what they were yesterday; still fewer what they will be to-morrow.

A day-book is useful also, because it helps us to grow in faith in God and Providence. The whole history of the world does not teach us so much about these things as the thoughts, judgments, and feelings of a single individual for a twelvemonth.

I have also had this year new confirmation of the truth of the old saying, "Misfortunes seldom come singly, but the darkest hour is just before morning." When things go hard with me, then am I most at my ease, always excepting the first shock, for then I please myself with the prospect of the relief which is sure to succeed, and I smile because nothing can disturb me. On the other hand, when everything goes according to my wishes, I am timid and anxious, and cannot give myself up freely to joy. I distrust the continuance of my peace. Those are the hardest misfortunes which we allow to take us by surprise. It is likewise true that trouble looks more terrible in the distance than when it is upon us. Clouds are never so black when near as they seem in the distance.

I have learnt from all my calamities to consider, with the quickness of lightning, what will be their worst effect upon me. So I prepare myself for the worst, and it seldom comes.

This also I find good—I sometimes play with my hopes, but I never let my hopes play with me. So I keep them in check. I have only to remember how rarely fortune has been favorable to me; then all air castles vanish as if they were ashamed to appear before me. Alas for him who is the sport of his hopes! He pursues will-o'-the-wisps into bogs and mire.

New Year's Day, 1765. *A. M.*—A wonderful and sad affair opens the year. Here follows its history.

Early, about six o'clock, as I lay in bed thinking over my sermon, I heard a knocking at the front door. Polly was up and in the kitchen. She ran to open the door and see who was there. Such early visits are not usual with us. A stranger

presented himself with a large box, which he handed to Polly with these words: "Mr. —— (Polly lost the name) sends this box to the Rev. Vicar, and requests him to be very careful of the contents."

Polly took the box with joyful surprise. The man disappeared. Polly tapped lightly at my chamber door to see whether I was awake. I answered, and she came in, and wishing me "a happy new year," as well as "good-morning," added laughing, "you will see now, dear father, whether Polly's dreams are not prophetic. The promised bishop's mitre is come!" And then she told me how a New Year's present had been given her for me. It vexed me that she had not asked more particularly for the name of my unknown patron or benefactor.

While she went out to light a lamp and call Jenny, I dressed myself. I cannot deny that I was burning with curiosity. For hitherto the New Year's presents for the Vicar of C—— had been as insignificant as they were rare. I suspected that my patron, the farmer, whose goodwill I appeared to have won, had meant to surprise me with a box of cake, and I admired his modesty in sending me the present before it was light.

When I entered the parlor Polly and Jenny were standing at the table on which lay the box directed to me, carefully sealed, and of an unusual size. I had never seen exactly such a box before. I lifted it, and found it pretty heavy. In the top were two smoothly cut round holes.

With Jenny's help I opened the box very cautiously, as I had been directed to handle the contents carefully. A fine white cloth was removed, and lo!—but no, our astonishment is indescribable. We all exclaimed with one voice: "Good God!"

There lay a little child asleep, some six or eight weeks old, dressed in the finest linen, with rose-colored ribands. Its little head rested upon a soft blue silk cushion, and it was well wrapt up in a blanket. The covering, as well as the little cap, was trimmed with the costliest Brabant lace.

We stood some moments gazing at it with silent wonder. At last Polly broke out into a comical laugh, and cried: "What shall we do with it? This is no bishop's mitre!" Jenny timidly touched the cheek of the sleeping babe with the tip of her finger, and in a tone full of pity said: "Poor, dear little creature! thou hast no mother, or might as well have no mother! Great God! to cast off such a lovely, helpless being! Only see, father, only see, Polly, how peacefully and trustfully it sleeps, unconscious of its fate, as if it knew that it is lying in God's hand. Sleep on, thou poor, forsaken one! Thy parents are perhaps too high in rank to care for thee, and too happy to permit thee to disturb their happiness. Sleep on, we will not cast thee out. They have brought thee to the right place. I will be thy mother."

As Jenny was speaking two large tears fell from her eyes. I caught the pious, gentle-hearted creature to my breast and said: "Be a mother to this little one! The stepchildren of fortune come to her stepchildren. God tries our faith—no, he does not try it, He knows it. Therefore is this forsaken little creature brought to us. We do not, indeed, know how we shall subsist from one day to another, but He knows, who has appointed us to be parents to this orphan."

Thus the matter was soon settled. The child continued to sleep sweetly on. In the meanwhile we exhausted ourselves in conjectures about its parents, who were undoubtedly known to us, as the box was directed to me. Polly, alas! could tell us nothing more of the person who brought it than she had already told. Now, while the little thing sleeps, and I run over my New Year's sermon upon "The power of the Eternal Providence," my daughters are holding a council about the nursing of the poor stranger. Polly exhibits all the delight of a child. Jenny appears to be much moved. With me, it is as if I entered upon the New Year in the midst of miracles, and—it may be superstition, or it may be not—as if this little child were sent to be our guardian angel in our need. I cannot express the feelings of peace, the still happiness which I have.

Same day. Eve.—I came home greatly exhausted and weary with the sacred labors of the day. I had a long and rugged walk. But I was inspirited by a happy return home, by the cheerfulness of my daughters, by our pleasant little parlor. The table was ready laid for me, and on it stood a flask of wine, a New Year's present from an unknown benevolent hand.

The looks of the lovely little child in Jenny's arms refreshed me above all things. Polly showed me the beautiful little bed of our nursling, the dozen fine napkins, the dear little caps and night-clothes, which were in the box, and then a sealed packet of money directed to me, which they had found at the feet of the child when it awoke and they took it out.

Anxious to learn something of the parentage of our little unknown inmate, I opened the packet. It contained a roll of twenty guineas and a letter as follows:

"Relying with entire confidence upon the piety and humanity of your Reverence, the unhappy parents of this dear child commend it to your care. Do not forsake it. We will testify our gratitude when we are at liberty to make ourselves known to you. Although at a distance, we shall keep a careful watch, and know everything that you do. The dear boy is named Alfred. He has been baptized. His board for the first quarter accompanies this. The same sum will be punctually remitted to you every three months. Take the child. We commend him to the tenderness of your daughter Jenny."

When I had read the letter, Polly leaped with joy, and cried: "There's the bishop's mitre!" Bountiful Heaven! how rich had we suddenly become! We read the letter a dozen times. We did not trust our eyes to look at the gold upon the table. What a New Year's present! From my heaviest cares for the future was I thus suddenly relieved. But in what a strange and mysterious way! In vain did I think over all the people I knew, in order to discover who it might be who had been forced by birth or rank to conceal the existence of their child, or who were able to make such a liberal compensation for a simple service of Christian charity. I tasked my recollection, but I could think of no one. And yet it was evident that these parents were well acquainted with me and mine.

Wonderful are the ways of Providence!

Jan. 2.—Fortune is heaping her favors upon me. This morning I again received a packet of money. £12, by the post, with a letter from Mr. Fleetman. It is too much. For a shilling he returns me a pound. Things must have gone well with him. He says as much. I cannot, alas, thank him, for he has forgotten to mention his address. God forbid I should be puffed up with my present riches. I hope now in time to pay off honestly my bond to Mr. Withell.

When I told my daughters that I had received a letter from Mr. Fleetman, there was a new occasion for joy. I do not exactly understand what the girls have to do with Mr. Fleetman. Jenny grew very red, and Polly jumped up laughingly, and held up both her hands before Jenny's face, and Jenny behaved as if she was right vexed with the playful girl.

I read out Fleetman's letter. But I could scarcely do it, for the young man is an enthusiast. He writes many flattering things which I do not deserve. He exaggerates everything, even, indeed, when he speaks of the good Jenny. I pitied the poor girl while I read. I did not dare to look at her. The passage, however, which relates to her is worthy of note. It runs thus:

"When, excellent sir, I went from your door, I felt as if I were quitting a father's roof for the bleak world. I shall never forget you, never forget how happy I was with you. I see you now before me, in your rich poverty, in your Christian humility, in your patriarchal simplicity. And the lovely, fascinating Polly; and the—ah! for your Jenny I have no words! In what words shall one describe the heavenly loveliness by which everything earthly is transfigured? Forever shall I remember the moment when she gave me the twelve shillings, and the gentle tone of consolation with which she spoke to me. Wonder not that I have the twelve shillings still. I would not part with them for a thousand guineas. I shall soon, perhaps, explain everything to you personally. Never in my life have I been so happy or so miserable as I am now. Commend me to your sweet daughters, if they still bear me in remembrance."

I conclude from these lines that he intends to come this way again. The prospect gives me pleasure. In his unbounded gratitude the young man has perhaps sent me his all, because I once lent him half of my ready money. That grieves me. He seems to be a thoughtless youth, and yet he has an honest heart.

We have great delight in the little Alfred. The little thing laughed to-day upon Polly, as Jenny was holding him, like

a young mother, in her arms. The girls are more handy with the little citizen of the world than I had anticipated. But it is a beautiful child. We have bought him a handsome cradle, and provided abundantly for all his little wants. The cradle stands at Jenny's bedside. She watches day and night, like a guardian spirit, over her tender charge.

Jan. 3.—To-day, Mr. Curate Thomson arrived with his young wife and sent for me. I went to him immediately at the inn. He is an agreeable man, and very polite. He informed me that he was appointed my successor in office, that he wished, if I had no objections, to enter immediately upon his duties, and that I might occupy the parsonage until Easter: he would in the meanwhile take up his abode in lodgings prepared for him at Alderman Fieldson's.

I replied that, if he pleased, I would resign my office to him immediately, as I should thus be more at liberty to look out for another situation. I desired only permission to preach a farewell sermon in the churches in which I had for so many years declared the word of the Lord.

He then said that he would come in the afternoon to examine the state of the parsonage.

—He has been here with his wife and Alderman Fieldson. His lady was somewhat haughty, and appears to be of high birth, for there was nothing in the house that pleased her, and she hardly deigned to look at my daughters. When she saw the little Alfred in the cradle, she turned to Jenny, and asked whether she were already married. The good Jenny blushed up to her hair, and shook her little head by way of negative, and stammered out something. I had to come to the poor girl's assistance. My lady listened to my story with great curiosity, and drew up her mouth, and shrugged her shoulders. It was very disagreeable, but I said nothing. I invited them to take a cup of tea. But they declined. Mr. Curate appeared to be very obedient to the slightest hint of the lady.

We were very glad when the visit was over.

Jan. 6.—Mr. Withell is an excellent man, to judge from his letter. He sympathizes with me in regard to my unfortunate bond, and comforts me with the assurance that I must not disquiet myself if I am not able to pay it for ten years or ever. He appears to be well acquainted with my circumstances, for he alludes to them very cautiously. He considers me an honest man. That gratifies me most. He shall not find his confidence misplaced. I will go to Trowbridge as soon as I can, and pay Mr. Withell Fleetman's £12 sterling, as an instalment of my monstrous debt.

Although Jenny insists that she sleeps soundly, that little Alfred is very quiet o' nights, and only wakes once, when she gives him a drink out of his little bottle, yet I feel anxious about the maiden. She is not so lively by far, as formerly, although she seems to be much happier than when we were every day troubled about our daily bread. Sometimes she sits with her needle, lost in a reverie, dreaming with open eyes; or her hands, once so active, lie sunk upon her lap. When she is spoken to, she starts, and has to bethink herself what was said. All this evidently comes from the interruption of her proper rest. But she will not hear a word of it. We cannot even persuade her to take a little nap in the daytime. She declares that she feels perfectly well.

I had no idea that she had so much vanity. Fleetman's praises have not displeased her. She has asked me for his letter, to read once more. And she has not yet returned it to me, but keeps it in her work-basket!

I don't care, for my part! the vain thing!

Jan. 8.—My farewell sermon was accompanied with the tears of most of my hearers. I see now at last that my parishioners love me. They have expressed their obligations on all hands and loaded me with gifts. I never before had such an abundance of provisions in the house, so many dainties of all kinds, and so much wine. A hundreth part of my present plenty would have made me account myself over-fortunate in past days. We are really swimming in plenty. But a goodly portion has already been disposed of. I know some poor families in C——, and Jennie knows even more than I. The dear people share in our pleasures.

I was moved to the inmost by my ser-

mon. With tears had I written it. It was a sketch of my whole past course from my call and settlement. I am driven from the vineyard as an unprofitable servant, and yet I have not labored as a hireling. Many noble vines have I planted, many deadly weeds cut away. I am driven from the vineyard where I have watched, and taught, and warned, and comforted, and prayed. I have shrunk from no sick-bed. I have strengthened the dying for the last conflict with holy hope. I have gone after sinners. I have not left the poor, desolate. I have called back the lost to the way of life. Ah! all these souls that were knit to my soul, are torn from me—why should not my heart bleed? But God's will be done!

Gladly would I now offer to take charge of the parish without salary, but my successor has the office. I have been used to poverty from my birth, and care has never forsaken me since I stepped out of my boy's-shoes. I have enough for myself and my daughters in little Alfred's board. We shall be able indeed to lay up something. I would never again complain of wind and weather beating against my gray hairs, could I only continue to break the bread of life to my flock.

Be it so! I will not murmur. The tear which drops upon this page is no tear of discontent. I ask not for riches and good days, nor have I ever asked. But, Lord! Lord! drive not thy servant forever from thy service, although his powers are small. Let me again enter thy vineyard, and with thy blessing win souls.

Jan. 13.—My journey to Trowbridge has turned out beyond all expectation. I arrived late with weary feet at the pleasant little old city, and could not rouse myself from sleep until late the next morning. After I had put on my clean clothes (I had not been so finely dressed since my wedding-day—the good Jenny shows a daughter's care for her father), I left the inn and went to Mr. Withell's. He lives in a splendid, great house.

He received me somewhat coldly at first; but when I mentioned my name, he led me into his little office. Here I thanked him for his great goodness and consideration, told him how I had happened to give the bond, and what hard fortunes had hitherto been mine. I then laid my £12 upon the table.

Mr. Withell looked at me for a while in silence, with a smile, and with some emotion. He then extended his hand, and shook mine, and said, "I know all about you. I have informed myself particularly about your circumstances. You are an honest man. Take your £12 back. I cannot find it in my heart to rob you of your New Year's present. Rather let me add a pound to it, to remember me by."

He arose, brought a paper from another room, opened it and said, "You know this bond and your signature? I give it to you and your children." He tore the paper in two, and placed it in my hand.

I could find no words, I was so deeply moved. My eyes filled. He saw that I would thank him, but could not, and he said, "Hush! hush! not a syllable, I pray you. This is the only thanks I desire of you. I would gladly have forgiven poor Brook the debt, had he only dealt frankly with me."

I don't know a more noble-hearted man than Mr. Withell. He was too kind. He would have me relate to him much of my past history. He introduced me to his wife, and to the young gentleman his son. He had my little bundle, containing my old clothes, brought from the inn, and kept me at his house. The entertainment was princely. The chamber in which I slept, the carpet, the bed, were so splendid and costly that I hardly dared to make use of them.

The next day Mr. Withell sent me home in his own elegant carriage. I parted with my benefactor with a heart deeply moved. My children wept with me for joy, when I showed them the bond. "See," said I, "this light piece of paper was the heaviest burthen of my life, and now it is generously cancelled. Pray for the life and prosperity of our deliverer!"

Jan. 16.—Yesterday was the most remarkable day of my life. We were sitting together in the forenoon; I was rocking the cradle, Polly was reading aloud, and Jenny was seated at the window with her needle, when she suddenly jumped up, and then fell back again deadly pale into her chair. We were all alarmed, and cried, "What is the matter?" She forced a smile, and said, "He is coming!"

The door opened, and in came Mr. Fleetman in a beautiful travelling cloak.

We greeted him right heartily, and were truly glad to see him so unexpectedly, and, as it appeared, in so much better circumstances than before. He embraced me, kissed Polly, and bowed to Jenny, who had not yet recovered from her agitation. Her pale looks did not escape him. He inquired anxiously about her health. Polly replied to his questions, and he then kissed Jenny's hand, as though he would beg her pardon for having occasioned her such an alarm. But there was nothing to be said about it, for the poor girl grew red again like a newly-blown rose.

I called for cake and wine, to treat my guest and benefactor better than on a former occasion; but he declined, as he could not tarry long, and he had company at the inn. Yet at Jenny's request, he sat down and took some wine with us.

As he had spoken of the company which had come with him, I supposed that it must be a company of comedians, and inquired whether they intended to stop and play in C——, observing that the place was too poor. He laughed out, and replied, "Yes, we shall play a comedy, but altogether gratis." Polly was beside herself with joy, for she had long wanted to see a play. She told Jenny, who had gone for the cake and wine. Polly inquired whether many actors had come with him. "A gentleman and lady," said he, "but excellent players."

Jenny appeared unusually serious. She cast a sad look at Fleetman, and asked, "And you—will you also appear?" This was said in that tone peculiarly soft, yet very penetrating, which I have seldom observed in her, and only upon rare occasions, and at the most serious moments.

Poor Fleetman himself trembled at her tone, so like the voice of the angel of doom. He looked up to her with an earnest gaze, and appeared to struggle with himself for an answer, and then advancing towards her a step, he said, "Miss, by my God and yours, you alone can decide that!"

Jenny dropped her eyes. He continued to speak. She answered. I could not comprehend what they were about. They spoke—Polly and I listened with the greatest attention, but we neither of us understood a word, or rather we heard words without any sense. And yet Fleetman and Jenny appeared not only to understand one another perfectly, but, what struck me as very strange, Fleetman was deeply moved by Jenny's answers, although they expressed the veriest trifles. At last Fleetman clasped his hands passionately to his breast, raised his eyes, streaming with tears, to heaven, and with an impressive appearance of emotion, exclaimed, "Then am I indeed unhappy!"

Polly could hold out no longer. With a comical vivacity, she looked from one to the other, and at last cried out, "I do believe that you two are beginning to play already!"

He pressed Polly's hand warmly, and said, "Ah! that it were so!"

I put an end to the confusion by pouring out the wine. We drank to the welfare of our friend. Fleetman turned to Jenny, and stammered out, "Miss, in earnest, my welfare?" She laid her hand upon her heart, cast down her eyes, and drank.

Fleetman immediately became more composed. He went to the cradle, looked at the child, and when Polly and I had told him its history, he said to Polly, with a smile, "Then you have not discovered that I sent you this New Year's present?"

We all exclaimed in utter amazement, "Who! you?" He then proceeded to relate what follows: "My name," said he, "is not Fleetman. I am Sir Cecil Fairford. My sister and myself have been kept out of our rightful property by my father's brother, who took advantage of certain ambiguous conditions in my father's will, and involved us in a long and embarrassing lawsuit. We have hitherto lived with difficulty upon the little property left us by our mother who died early. My sister has suffered most from the tyranny of her uncle, who was her guardian, and who had destined her for the son of an intimate and powerful friend of his. But my sister, on the other hand, was secretly contracted to the young Lord Sandom, whose father, then living, was opposed to their marriage. Without the knowledge either of my uncle or the old lord, they were secretly married. The little Alfred is their son. My sister, under the pretence of benefiting her health and availing herself of sea-bathing, left the house of her guardian, and put herself under my protection. When the child was born, our great concern was to find a place for it where it would have the tenderest care. I accidentally heard a touching account of the poverty and

humanity of the parish minister of C——, and I came hither to satisfy myself. The manner in which I was treated by you decided me.

"I have forgotten to mention that my sister never returned to her guardian, for about six months ago I won the suit against him, and entered into possession of my patrimony. My uncle instituted a new suit against me for withdrawing my sister from his charge; but the old Lord Sandom died suddenly a few days ago of apoplexy, and my brother-in-law has made his marriage public. So that the suit falls to the ground, and all cause for keeping the child's birth secret is removed. Its parents have now come with me to take the child away, and I have come to take away you and your family, if the proposal I make you shall be accepted.

"During the lawsuit in which I have been engaged, the living, which is in the gift of my family, has remained unoccupied. I have at my disposal this situation, which yields over £200 per annum. You, sir, have lost your place. I shall not be happy unless you come and reside near me, and accept this living."

God only knows how I was affected at these words. My eyes were blinded with tears of joy. I stretched out my hands to the man who came a messenger from heaven. I fell upon his breast. Polly threw her arms around him with a cry of delight. Jenny thankfully kissed the baronet's hand. But he snatched it from her with visible agitation, and left us.

My happy children were still holding me in their embraces, and we were still mingling our tears and congratulations, when the baronet returned, bringing his brother-in-law, Lord Sandom, with his wife. The latter was an uncommonly beautiful young lady. Without saluting us, she ran to the cradle of her child. She knelt down over the little Alfred, kissed his cheeks, and wept freely with mingled pain and delight. Her lord raised her up, and had much trouble in composing her.

When she had recovered her composure, and apologized to us all for her behavior, she thanked first me and then Polly in the most touching terms. Polly disowned all obligation, and pointed to Jenny, who had withdrawn to the window, and said, "My sister there has been its mother!"

Lady Sandom approached Jenny, gazed at her long in silence, and with evidently delighted surprise, and then glanced at her brother with a smile, and folded Jenny in her arms. The dear Jenny, in her modesty, scarcely dared to look up. "I am your debtor," said my lady, "but the service you have rendered to a mother's heart it is impossible for me to repay. Become a sister to me, lovely Jenny; sisters can have no obligations between them." As they embraced each other, the baronet approached. "There stands my poor brother," said my lady; "as you are now my sister, he may stand nearer to your heart, dear Jenny, may he not?"

Jenny blushed and said, "He is my father's benefactor."

"Will you not be," replied the lady, "the benefactress of my poor brother? Look kindly on him. If you only knew how he loves you!"

The baronet took Jenny's hand and kissed it, and said, as Jenny struggled to withdraw it, "Miss, will you be unkind to me? I am unhappy without this hand." Jenny, much disturbed, let her hand remain in his. The baronet then led my daughter to me, and begged me for my blessing.

"Jenny," said I, "it depends upon thee. Do we dream? Canst thou love him? Do thou decide."

She then turned to the baronet, who stood before her, deeply agitated, and cast upon him a full, penetrating look, and then took his hand in both hers, pressed it to her breast, looked up to heaven, and softly whispered, "God has decided."

I blessed my son and my daughter. They embraced. There was a solemn silence. All eyes were wet.

Suddenly Polly sprang up, laughing through her tears, and flung herself upon my neck, while she cried, "There! we have it! The New Year's present! Bishops' mitres upon bishops' mitres!"

Little Alfred awoke.

It is in vain—I cannot describe this day. My happy heart is full, and I am continually interrupted.

Translated by Rev. W. H. Furness.

A MEDITATION ON EGYPT.

[**José Agostinho de Macedo,** born at Lisbon 1770, died 1831. This author is known as a voluminous writer in prose and verse. One of his principal poems is an epic, entitled "O Oriente," on the same subject as the "Lusiad." Another poem of his, called "A Meditaçao," is praised by Garrett for its sublimity and erudition, its copious style and great ideas.]

Portentous Egypt! I in thee behold
And studiously examine human-kind,—
Learning to know me in mine origin,
In the primeval and the social state.
A cultivator first, man next obeyed
Wise Nature's voice internal, equal men
Uniting, and to empire raising law,
The expression of the universal will,
That gives to virtue recompense, to crime
Due punishment, and to the general good
Bids private interest be sacrificed.
In thee the exalted temple of the arts
Was founded, high in thee they rose, in thee
Long ages saw their proudest excellence.
The Persian worshipper of sun or fire
From thee derived his creed. The arts from thee
Followed Sesostris' arms to the utmost plains
Of the scorched Orient, in caution where
Lurks the Chinese. Thou wondrous Egypt! through
Vast Hindostan thy worship and thy laws
I trace. In thee to the inquirer's gaze
Nature uncovered first the ample breast
Of science, that contemplates, measuring,
Heaven's vault, and tracks the bright stars' circling course.

. . . . . .

From out the bosom of thine opulence
And glory vast imagination spreads
Her wings. In thine immortal works I find
Proofs how sublime that human spirit is,
Which the dull atheist, depreciating,
Calls but an instinct of more perfect kind,
More active, than the never-varying brute's.
More is my being, more. Flashes in me
A ray reflected from the eternal light.
All the philosophy my verses breathe,
The imagination in their cadences,
Result not from unconscious mechanism.

. . . . . .

Thebes is in ruins, Memphis is but dust,
O'er polished Egypt savage Egypt lies.
'Midst deserts does the persevering hand
Of skilful antiquary disinter
Columns of splintered porphyry, remains
Of ancient porticos; each single one
Of greater worth, O thou immortal Rome,
Than all thou from the desolating Goth,
And those worse Vandals of the Seine, hast saved!
Buried beneath light grains of arid sand,
The golden palaces, the aspiring towers,
Of Mœris, Amasis, Sesostris lie;
And the immortal pyramids contend
In durability against the world:
Planted 'midst centuries' shade, Time 'gainst their tops
Scarce grazes his ne'er-resting iron wing.

In Egypt to perfection did the arts
Attain; in Egypt they declined, they died
Of all that's mortal such the unfailing lot;
Only the light of science 'gainst Death's law
Eternally endures. The basis firm
Of the fair temple of Geometry
Was in portentous Egypt laid. The doors
Of vasty Nature by Geometry
Are opened; to her fortress she conducts
The sage. With her, beneath the fervid sun,
The globe I measure; only by her aid
Couldst thou, learned Kepler, the eternal laws
Of the fixed stars discover; and with her
Grasps the philosopher the ellipse immense,
Eccentric, of the sad, and erst unknown,
Far-wandering comet. Justly if I claim
The name geometrician, certainly
Matter inert is not what in me thinks.

Translated in Quarterly Review.

THE TOBACCO-PIPE.

[**Gottfried Konrad Pfeffel,** born June 28th, 1736, at Kohnar, in Alsatia; studied law at the University of Halle, became blind and returned to his native city, where he founded a private school and was made President of the Protestant Consistory. He died May 1st, 1799.]

"Old man, God bless you! does your pipe taste sweetly?
A beauty, by my soul!
A red clay flower-pot, rimmed with gold so neatly!
What ask you for the bowl?"

"O, Sir, that bowl for worlds I would not part with;
A brave man gave it me,
Who won it—now what think you?—of a bashaw,
At Belgrade's victory.

"There, Sir, ah! there was booty worth the showing,—
Long life to Prince Eugene!
Like after-grass you might have seen us mowing
The Turkish ranks down clean."

"Another time I'll hear your story:
Come, old man, be no fool;
Take these two ducats,—gold for glory,—
And let me have the bowl!"

"I'm a poor churl, as you may say, Sir,
My pension's all I'm worth;
Yet I'd not give that bowl away, Sir,
For all the gold on earth.

"Just hear now! once, as we hussars, all merry,
Hard on the foe's rear pressed,
A blundering rascal of a janizary
Shot through our captain's breast.

"At once, across my horse I hove him,—
The same would he have done,—
And from the smoke and tumult drove him
Safe to a nobleman.

"I nursed him; and before his end, bequeathing
His money and his bowl
To me, he pressed my hand, just ceased his breathing,
And so he died, brave soul!

"The money thou must give mine host,—so thought I,—
Three plunderings suffered he:
And, in remembrance of my old friend, brought I
The pipe away with me.

"Henceforth in all campaigns with me I bore it,
In flight or in pursuit;
It was a holy thing, Sir, and I wore it
Safe-sheltered in my boot.

"This very limb, I lost it by a shot, Sir,
Under the walls of Prague;
First at my precious pipe, be sure, I caught, Sir,
And then picked up my leg."

"You move me even to tears, old Sire:
What was the brave man's name?
Tell me, that I, too, may admire,
And venerate his fame."

"They called him only the brave Walter;
His farm lay near the Rhine."
"God bless your old eyes! 'twas my father,
And that same farm is mine.

"Come, friend, you've seen some stormy weather;
With me is now your bed;
We'll drink of Walter's grapes together,
And eat of Walter's bread."

"Now—done! I march in, then, to-morrow;
You're his true heir, I see;
And when I die, your thanks, kind master,
The Turkish pipe shall be."

Translated by C. T. Brooks.

ROCK ME TO SLEEP.

Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight,
Make me a child again just for to-night;
Mother, come back from the echoless shore,
Take me again to your heart as of yore;
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair;
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep;
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!

Backward, flow backward, O tide of the years!
I am so weary of toil and of tears—
Toil without recompense, tears all in vain,
Take them and give me my childhood again!
I have grown weary of dust and decay,
Weary of flinging my soul-wealth away,
Weary of sowing for others to reap;
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!

Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,
Mother, O mother, my heart calls for you!
Many a summer the grass has grown green,
Blossomed and faded, our faces between;

Yet with strong yearning and passionate pain
Long I to-night for your presence again.
Come from the silence so long and so deep;
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep

Over my heart in the days that are flown
No love like mother-love ever has shone;
No other worship abides and endures,
Faithful, unselfish and patient, like yours:
None like a mother can charm away pain
From the sick soul and the world-weary brain.
Slumber's soft calms o'er my heavy lids creep;
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!

Come, let your brown hair, just lighted with gold,
Fall on your shoulders again as of old;
Let it drop over my forehead to night,
Shading my faint eyes away from the light;
For with its sunny-edged shadows once more
Hap'ly will throng the sweet visions of yore;
Lovingly, softly, its bright billows sweep;
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!

Mother, dear mother, the years have been long
Since I last listened your lullaby song;
Sing, then, and unto my soul it shall seem
Womanhood's years have been only a dream.
Clasped to your heart in a loving embrace,
With your light lashes just sweeping my face,
Never hereafter to wake or to weep;
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!

ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN.

CRADLE SONG.

FROM "BITTER-SWEET."

[**Josiah Gilbert Holland** was born in Belchertown, Mass., July 24th, 1819. He graduated with honor from the Berkshire Medical College, in Pittsfield, in 1844. His talent for writing asserted itself at an early age, and in 1847 he founded the *Bay State Courier*. He became widely known as a lecturer, and in 1868 went to Europe for two years, and it was during this trip that he conceived the idea of *Scribner's Monthly*, which, immediately upon his return, was carried into effect. His works, some of which were published under the assumed name of "Timothy Titcomb," are: *The Bay Path*, a novel; *Letters to the Young*; "Bitter-Sweet," a poem; *Gold-Foil; Miss Gilbert's Career*, a novel; *Lessons in Life; Letters to the Joneses; Plain Talk on Familiar Subjects; Life of Lincoln*; "Kathrina," a poem; *The Marble Prophecy; Arthur Bonnicastle*; "Garnered Sheaves," a poem; *The Mistress of the Manse; Sevenoaks;* and *Nicholas Minturn.*]

What is the little one thinking about?
Very wonderful things, no doubt;
Unwritten history!
Unfathomed mystery!
Yet he chuckles, and crows, and nods, and winks,
As if his head were as full of kinks
And curious riddles as any sphinx!
Warped by colic, and wet by tears,
Punctured by pins, and tortured by fears,
Our little nephew will lose two years;
And he'll never know
Where the summers go,
He need not laugh, for he'll find it so.

Who can tell what a baby thinks?
Who can follow the gossamer links
By which the manikin feels his way
Out from the shore of the great unknown,
Blind, and wailing, and alone,
Into the light of day?
Out from the shore of the unknown sea,
Tossing in pitiful agony;
Of the unknown sea that reels and rolls,
Specked with the barks of little souls,—
Barks that were launched on the other side,
And slipped from heaven on an ebbing tide!
What does he think of his mother's eyes?
What does he think of his mother's hair?
What of the cradle-roof, that flies
Forward and backward through the air?
What does he think of his mother's breast,
Bare and beautiful, smooth and white,
Seeking it ever with fresh delight,
Cup of his life, and couch of his rest?
What does he think when her quick embrace
Presses his hand and buries his face
Deep where the heart-throbs sink and swell,
With a tenderness she can never tell,
Though she murmur the words
Of all the birds,—
Words she has learned to murmur well?
Now he thinks he'll go to sleep!
I can see the shadow creep
Over his eyes in soft eclipse,
Over his brow and over his lips,
Out to his little finger-tips!
Softly sinking, down he goes!
Down he goes! down he goes!
See! he's hushed in sweet repose.

THE OLD AND THE NEW, OR THREE SOULS TOO GOOD FOR THIS WORLD.

[**Fernan Caballero** is a pseudonym of which the secrecy was long preserved. Her true name was **Cecilia Bohl von Faber**; for her father was a German merchant, who had settled in Spain, and married a Spanish wife. Cecilia was born at Morges, in Switzerland. Her infancy was spent in Spain, but at the age of six she was sent to Germany to be educated, and did not return till she was sixteen. At the early age of sixteen Cecilia von Faber married a Major Planells, with whom she went to America. In a few years he left her a widow. She soon after espoused the Marquis Arco-Hermoso, and when he also died within a few years, she entered the wedded state for the third time, marrying Señor de Arrom, a lawyer, who was made Spanish consul in Australia, whither she did not follow him, and where he died in 1863. After his death Queen Isabella offered her a home in the famous old Moorish habitation, the Alcazar, at Seville; and here she lived until her death, preserving to the last her mental freshness and vigor. Unfortunately, it is impossible to translate the best of Fernan Caballero, though it has been attempted. Her chief power lies in depicting the Andalusian peasant, full of fun, repartee, and *gracia*, playing upon words in every sentence. In another mood Caballero is the Spanish Miss Yonge, only the sentimental devoutness of her heroines, and their devotion to saints and virgins, would sound strange to English ears. The story from which we take our extract deals with the unfortunate attempt of the Spanish Liberals, in 1822, to force their king to grant them a constitution.]

Very early next morning Leopoldo received a letter without signature, which a sailor handed him. But Leopoldo recognized the handwriting, which was Valverde's. The note ran as follows:

"Leopoldo, you are incorrigible, and were only born to bring your friends to despair. You were so rash as to appear at a public promenade, to bow to a very well-known lady, and to talk to her for some time. Her little daughter has spoken of it, and betrayed your residence. This very morning you will be arrested. To prevent this, put on the sailor's dress which the bearer of this letter—a man who possesses my full confidence—will give you, and then follow him. He will also see that your property is brought to a safe place."

As soon as Leopoldo had read this letter he packed up his belongings, put on the sailor's dress that had been brought him, wrote a few lines to Don José—who had gone to mass with his family—in which he informed him of his sudden departure, took leave of him, and begged him to purchase, with the ten gold ounces which accompanied the letter, some keepsake for his wife and sister. He then added to his letter to Ramon Ortiz the following postscript:

"I have been discovered, and must fly. The child Margarita—that little Havanese magpie, that chattering little tell-tale—has betrayed me. I have no time to write more. I shall acquaint you with the future fortunes of your friend, the most persecuted and perpetually wandering of men."

He then closed both letters; but, in his customary absence of mind, he changed the addresses, and directed the one destined for Ramon Ortiz to Don José, and Don José's to Ramon Ortiz. The former he left on the sitting-room table with the ten ounces, and then followed his guide. Half an hour later the family returned from mass.

"Where is Don Leopoldo?" asked Don José, who was the last to arrive.

"I suppose he is not up yet," replied his wife.

"If he did not go to bed so late—" grumbled Don José.

"Poor fellow! Do let him sleep; young people always love sleep," said Doña Escolastica.

"Yes, yes; let him sleep," cried Doña Liberata. "As long as he sleeps he can neither feel cross, nor vexed, nor do harm."

"Poor fellow!—always poor fellow!" grumbled Don José. "You are so taken with the young gentleman, that you will end by saying your prayers to him. Poor fellow! Poor is the devil, who is never to see God. That may well be his fate if he continues his present path."

"Pepe, I hardly know you," said his sister; "you judge him quite wrongly. Don Leopoldo is a true Christian, and his pranks are only from high spirits."

"And besides, he does not mean badly," added his wife; "there is no malice about him, and he feels very kindly towards us."

Meantime Don José had approached the table, and now he noticed the letter which Leopoldo had placed there.

A letter for Don José! That was an event quite too extraordinary.

"Whoever can have had to write to me?" thought he, as he drew his spectacles out of their black leathern case.

At that moment Doña Liberata, who had gone into the guest's room, came hurrying back with her quick little steps, and exclaimed, in the greatest terror:

"Pepe! Escolastica! He is not in his room, he is not in his bed, he is nowhere!"

"Good Heavens! what can have become of him?" exclaimed Doña Escolastica, folding her hands.

"Stuff! He has sailed off with a fresh breeze," said Don José, "without saying 'By your leave,' in the middle of the night, just as he entered."

"I wonder if this letter is from the poor fellow? Pepe, brother, do read it."

While Don José put his large glasses on his nose, his wife and sister muttered: "St. Raphael guide him! St. Gaëtan protect him!"

Don José opened the letter and began to read:

"'Where, my good fellow, do you suppose that your dearly-beloved chum now finds himself?'

"My dearly-beloved chum!" said Don José. "Where does this intimacy come from? And to call me his good fellow! That is hardly decent towards a man of my years."

"That is only his friendly way," said his wife.

"Stuff and nonsense!" said the reader, and continued: "'He has become the victim of tyranny and despotism.'"

"The old story!" grumbled Don José —"'of tyranny and despotism, and is shut up at Port St. Mary, which might well be called 'Port-of-all-the-devils—'"

"A good beginning," remarked the reader. "'Port-of-all-the-devils, hidden away in the most disenchanted castle in the world.'"

"Quite right," said Doña Liberata, "since the bull about the holy crusade—"

Don José continued without letting himself be interrupted: "'In the Castle of Fee-fi-fo-fum, which contains as many fools as inhabitants.'"

Don José stopped reading, glanced at his wife and sister, who were looking down to the ground, and went on reading:

"'Imagine your friend—the enthusiast for freedom and advancement, the worshipper of the new, the fanatic of elegance—locked up in a common casual ward, full of hypocrisy and servilism, with a chaplain who knows no other light than that of his altar-candle.'"

"*Jesus Maria!* Good God! Good God!" exclaimed Doña Escolastica and Doña Liberata in one breath.

Don José continued, after clearing his throat, in a loud and angry manner:

"'A sacristan with one extinguisher in his hand and another over his understanding and his extinguished eyes, with two old devotees uglier than Barabbas—'"

"Do you hear *that*, Liberata?"

"Than whom?" asked she, who had not quite heard, because Don José, who had hitherto read loud and angrily, was almost choked on arriving at the compliments addressed to his wife and sister.

"That we are uglier than Barabbas!" shouted her sister-in-law into her ear, rather stiffly, but without showing any signs of anger.

"Well, that is rather exaggerated," said Doña Liberata.

"Poor fellow! A true Christian!" said Don José, scornfully. "Better get a rattle for the blessed infant!

"'Uglier than Barabbas! . . . who want to force me to tell my beads with them like a hypocrite, and to make a vow to St. Gaëtan, their patron saint; finally, with a schoolmaster—'"

"In this fellow's opinion," remarked the reader, "none but hypocrites pray. But let us go on," continued he, as he smoothed out the letter, and approached the window; "now this truthful angel is coming to me, and now comes the masterstroke:

"'With—a—a—schoolmaster, who physically and morally is a two-legged donkey, not omitting the long immoderate ears peculiar to his race.'"

"Wha-at? Wha-at?" exclaimed Don José, whose just-mentioned ears had turned scarlet, and whose under lip was more protruded than ever. "Well, what do you say now to the poor fellow, the true Christian? He knows how to call names, the dear innocent! Liberal! Redder than red! In that matter, they are of the first water. And to take French leave, with a sackful of insults and impertinences as his only good-bye for us! Can that sort of thing be conceived among decent people?"

"It is not as it should be," said Doña Liberata.

"No, it is not the usual thing," added Doña Escolastica.

Don José continued reading:

"'This rhinoceros makes my blood boil to such an extent, with his reactionary, monarchical, and theological ideas—'"

"Rhinoceros! I say, Pepe, what's that?" asked his wife.

"That is," replied he, furiously,—"that is an animal—an enormous animal; cousin, countryman, and relation to the elephant!"

"What a thoughtless young man!" said Doña Liberata.

"What an insane fanatic rascal!" corrected Don José, panting with rage. "As mad as a four-year-old bull, who upsets everything that comes in his way!"

"Go on, Pepe; go on," begged his wife; "let us see what comes of it all."

"O yes, let us go on," said he; "it is so very amusing to read; and we each have a nice time of it."

And with a violent gesture, Don José again pulled out the letter, and continued:

"'Rhinoceros . . . blood boil . . . that I have intermittent fits of a ferocious impulse to strangle him with my own hands.'"

On arriving at this paragraph, the letter fell from Don José's hands, and he turned pale.

"Murderous intentions! Blessed angels! Who would have believed that he could harbor such thoughts! And such a gentleman! so gallant!" exclaimed Doña Escolastica.

"So gallant! Yes, you said that before; there is just the point of the matter," continued Don José. "A bad Christian, with neither faith nor conscience; a man to whom we have shown nothing but kindness, and who has fits of wanting to murder a fellow-creature—for the sole reason that he has heard the word of God from his lips. That is wickedness, unheard-of ingratitude!"

"But the little kindness we have shown him need not weigh so very much on us, Pepe," said Doña Liberata. "The kindness that is received with gratitude gets its reward from the receiver; but God pays for the benefits that are taken without thanks; for nothing that men do, whether good or evil, remains unpaid."

"If he were to come back, we should do everything we could for him, should we not, José?" added Doña Escolastica.

"Except receive him into our house again," said her husband; "for once bit, twice shy; so do me the favor to shut up the kitchen-window to-night, even if you are suffocated by heat; for when we least expect it the good-for-nothing might climb in again some fine evening; he knows the way now."

"But what is there in this paper?" asked Doña Liberata, who had approached the table.

She unfolded the paper, and before her eyes shone the ten gold ounces, which belonged to the letter meant for Don José, which, however, had taken its way to Cadiz.

"There you may see again what a head this young man had," said Don José. "He has forgotten his money—actually! He is the veriest nincompoop."

"Good Heavens! and how soon he will miss it, poor fellow!" cried Doña Liberata.

"Pepe, could we not send it after him?" asked his wife.

"Where to, you dear simpleton?" exclaimed her husband impatiently. "Nonsense! Keep it safely for him; he'll take precious good care to send after it."

"And if he does not send for it?"

"When once these unsettled times are over, we can easily find out where he is staying, and then we will send it to him."

"But, Pepe, if we were to die before then?"

"Well, it would be a very strange thing if we were all three to die before these troubles are over. However, just on the chance of it, give me pen, ink, and paper."

And Don José wrote on a sheet of paper the following words:

"These ten ounces of gold belong to Don Leopoldo Ardaz, lieutenant in his Majesty's regiment, in the year 1823, and are to be given up to him."

He folded up the paper, and wrapped it carefully with the ten ounces in another sheet, sealed it with three wafers, and wrote on it "In Trust."

Then he gave it to his wife to keep it in the cedar-wood chest, in which the household treasures were reverently guarded, among which were included the black dresscoat and Don José's diploma and license as schoolmaster. He was just about to continue reading the letter when footsteps were heard on the stairs, and

when all three hurried into the little anteroom they saw to their surprise, in the parade-yard, a French colonel, who was commandant of the garrison, with some soldiers and an interpreter.

The colonel ordered a sentry to be placed at the foot of the staircase, and then said, in a loud voice:

"Monsieur Joseph Mentor, *maître d'école!*"

We will not attempt to describe the terror and alarm, for the reader will easily be able to imagine it, which seized these worthy people, who had spent their peaceful existence in this castle, that stood like a stone tomb in this lively town; forgotten, petrified, as foreign and inaccessible to the seething of the world and the noise of life as a rock amid the foaming of the sea and the roar of the waves, which can never move it from the spot.

"Did I not always tell you that this harebrained fellow would bring us all into trouble?" exclaimed Don José, alarmed. "I call that escaping from Herod to fall into Pilate's hands! The Lord's will be done! Your worship's servant," he added, turning to the colonel, and making the most grotesque bow that human eyes ever beheld.

"You have an escaped prisoner hidden here," said the colonel.

Don José replied:

"Sir, a person came here whom I did not know; the proof of which is that he climbed in through the window at night, and that without first asking my permission. The man wanted a place of shelter and I granted it him; for I do not think we are forbidden to help the unfortunate, either by divine or human laws. So he has been here in my house, but he is here no longer."

The colonel gave orders for the castle to be searched; but no one was found.

"You helped him in his flight," said the colonel; "therefore you are his accomplice."

"Accomplice! how is that?" asked Don José.

"You aided him in his attempt. He was a spy."

"What, sir? No, that is impossible. He wrote to no one and saw no one."

"At any rate he was in communication with some one, and some friend informed him that he was recognized yesterday evening, and he also gave him the means of flight."

"I know nothing about that."

"But, at any rate, you know who this friend is?"

Don José was silent a moment, while fear and love of truth waged furious war within him. Then he answered:

"I know him; but, as sure as I am an honest man, only by sight."

"Who is it?" asked the colonel.

Don José passed his finger round his neck, and answered resolutely:

"That I will not say, even if I should lose this."

His wife and sister rushed upon him in alarm, as though they already saw this beloved head in danger.

"*O le sot!*" exclaimed the colonel.

"What does he say?" asked the sister.

"He says 'so-o,'[1] as he probably thinks I mean to fly," replied her brother. "No, sir," he continued with increasing determination, "I have no thought of flight. I cannot and will not run away. Here I stand; you are the knife, I am the block; do what you will with the unfortunate man who, all his life long, has never had anything to do with law. But that another should perish through my fault—that José Mentor should become an informer—no, that shall never be! Not if the king himself, whom God save, were to command it."

"Then you will be locked up," said the colonel, wishing to alarm him.

"I am ready," exclaimed Don José, with the courage of despair, and pointing his arm heroically to the staircase.

His wife and sister fell round his neck, weeping bitterly.

"Has the fugitive intrusted you with any papers?" asked the colonel.

"No."

"Search the gentleman," commanded the colonel.

The order was immediately executed, and Leopoldo's letter was found in the pocket into which its owner had put it.

"You see," said the colonel, "this letter is addressed to you, and it must be from your prisoner."

"That is true," replied Don José.

"Then you have deceived me."

"I deceive!" exclaimed Don José indignantly. "No, sir, I never deceive.

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[1] The Spanish "wo-oh."

This letter is *my* property, is written to me, and is not a paper belonging to him whom you seek; still less was it intrusted to my charge. Does your worship understand me?"

Scarcely had the colonel begun to read the letter when, notwithstanding the judicial character he had assumed, he burst into irresistible laughter, and the tragedy became a farce. Don José's innocence was so unequivocally established by this letter, which stated the position of matters so clearly, that the colonel apologized as he gave him back the letter; then he bowed slightly, and departed.

Scarcely had he gone when Don José seized his wife by one hand and his sister by the other, and drew them hastily into the sitting-room.

"Do you see it all now?" asked he, with as much brightness and vivacity as was possible to his tranquil disposition.

His wife and sister looked at him in astonishment, and answered:

"No; what is it?"

"It is this," replied Don José enthusiastically—"it is this, that this Don Leopoldo is a worthy fellow, if ever there was one—prudent in spite of his years, a man of honor, a true friend, with a powerful understanding, and a good and noble heart," he continued, in a faltering voice, striking his chest. "This letter, this letter," repeated he, tapping it with the back of his hand, "this letter, that we looked upon as an insult—this letter has saved us; and as he knew what would happen, he wrote it solely and alone for that purpose. Is not that as clear as daylight to you?"

"That is true, that is true!" exclaimed the sisters-in-law, with joyous surprise.

"There, you may see that the poor young man has some sense," added Doña Liberata. "Did I not say that he felt kindly towards us?"

"And that he had a noble heart, dear, and a clear, sensible head," said Doña Escolastica.

"And do not forget," warned Don José, "to leave the kitchen-window open every night, even if it should be rather cold."

"Yes, and we will put a rushlight there, so that he may find his way better in the dark," added his wife.

OF THE MONTHS.

[**Folgore da San Geminiano.** Dante in the twenty-ninth canto of the *Inferno* speaks of

> "The band, among whom squandered
> Caccia d'Ascian his vineyards and vast woods,
> And where his wit the Abbagliato proffered."

This was the *Brigata Spendereccia*, or Spendthrift Club of Siena; "twelve very rich young gentlemen," says Benvenuto da Imola, "who took it into their heads to do things that would make a great part of the world wonder." They consequently spent their substance in riotous living, and all kinds of extravagance. But "this silly institution lasted only ten months, the treasury being exhausted; and the wretched members became the fable and laughing-stock of every one."

It was for this club that Folgore da San Geminiano wrote the following sonnets, about the middle of the thirteenth century.]

DEDICATION.

Unto the blithe and lordly Fellowship,
(I know not where, but wheresoe'er, I know,
Lordly and blithe,) be greeting; and thereto,
Dogs, hawks, and a full purse wherein to dip;
Quails struck i' the flight; nags mettled to the whip;
Hart-hounds, hare-hounds, and blood-hounds even so;
And o'er that realm, a crown for Niccolò,
Whose praise in Siena springs from lip to lip.
Tingoccio, Atuin di Togno, and Ancaiàn,
Bartolo and Mugaro and Faënot,
Who well might pass for children of King Ban,
Courteous and valiant more than Lancelot,—
To each, God speed! How worthy every man
To hold high tournament in Camelot.

JANUARY.

For January I give you vests of skins,
And mighty fires in hall, and torches lit;
Chambers and happy beds with all things fit;
Smooth silken sheets, rough furry counterpanes;
And sweetmeats baked; and one that deftly spins
Warm arras; and Douay cloth, and store of it;
And on this merry manner still to twit
The wind, when most his mastery the wind wins.
Or issuing forth at seasons in the day,
Ye'll fling soft handfuls of the fair white snow

Among the damsels standing round, in play:
And when you all are tired and all aglow,
Indoors again the court shall hold its sway,
And the free Fellowship continue so.

FEBRUARY.

In February I give you gallant sport
Of harts and hinds and great wild boars; and all
Your company good foresters and tall,
With buskins strong, with jerkins close and short;
And in your leashes, hounds of brave report;
And from your purses, plenteous money-fall,
In very spleen of misers' starveling gall,
Who at your generous customs snarl and snort.
At dusk wend homeward, ye and all your folk
All laden from the wilds, to your carouse,
With merriment and songs accompanied:
And so draw wine and let the kitchen smoke;
And so be till the first watch glorious;
Then sound sleep to you till the day be wide.

MARCH.

In March I give you plenteous fisheries
Of lamprey and of salmon, eel, and trout,
Dental and dolphin, sturgeon, all the rout
Of fish in all the streams that fill the seas.
With fishermen and fishing-boats at ease,
Sail-barques and arrow-barques and galleons stout,
To bear you, while the season lasts, far out,
And back, through spring, to any port you please.
But with fair mansions see that it be filled,
With everything exactly to your mind,
And every sort of comfortable folk.
No convent suffer there, nor priestly guild:
Leave the mad monks to preach after their kind
Their scanty truth, their lies beyond a joke.

APRIL.

I give you meadow-lands in April, fair
With over-growth of beautiful green grass;
There among fountains the glad hours shall pass,
And pleasant ladies bring you solace there.
With steeds of Spain and ambling palfreys rare;
Provençal songs and dances that surpass;
And quaint French mummings; and through hollow brass
A sound of German music on the air.
And gardens ye shall have, that every one
May lie at ease about the fragrant place;
And each with fitting reverence shall bow down
Unto that youth to whom I gave a crown
Of precious jewels like to those that grace
The Babylonian Kaiser, Prester John.

MAY.

I give you horses for your games in May,
And all of them well trained unto the course,—
Each docile, swift, erect, a goodly horse;
With armor on their chests, and bells at play
Between their brows, and pennons fair and gay;
Fine nets, and housings meet for warriors,
Emblazoned with the shields ye claim for yours,
Gules, argent, or, all dizzy at noonday.
And spears shall split, and fruit go flying up
In merry counterchange for wreaths that drop
From balconies and casements far above;
And tender damsels with young men and youths
Shall kiss together on the cheeks and mouths;
And every day be glad with joyful love.

JUNE.

In June I give you a close-wooded fell,
With crowns of thicket coiled about its head,
With thirty villas twelve times turreted,
All girdling round a little citadel;
And in the midst a springhead and fair well
With thousand conduits branched and shining speed,
Wounding the garden and the tender mead,
Yet to the freshened grass acceptable.
And lemons, citrons, dates, and oranges,
And all the fruits whose savor is most rare,
Shall shine within the shadow of your trees;
And every one shall be a lover there;
Until your life, so filled with courtesies,
Throughout the world be counted debonair.

JULY.

For July, in Siena, by the willow-tree,
I give you barrels of white Tuscan wine
In ice far down your cellars stored supine;
And morn and eve to eat in company

Of those vast jellies dear to you and me;
Of partridges and youngling pheasants sweet,
Boiled capons, sovereign kids: and let their treat
Be veal and garlic, with whom these agree.
Let time slip by, till by and by, all day;
And never swelter through the heat at all,
But move at ease at home, sound, cool, and gay;
And wear sweet-colored robes that lightly fall;
And keep your tables set in fresh array,
Not coaxing spleen to be your seneschal.

AUGUST.

For August, be your dwelling thirty towers
Within an Alpine valley mountainous,
Where never the sea-wind may vex your house,
But clear life separate, like a star, be yours.
There horses shall wait saddled at all hours,
That ye may mount at morning or at eve:
On each hand either ridge ye shall perceive,
A mile apart, which soon a good beast scours.
So alway, drawing homewards, ye shall tread
Your valley parted by a rivulet
Which day and night shall flow sedate and smooth.
There all through noon ye may possess the shade,
And there your open purses shall entreat
The best of Tuscan cheer to feed your youth.

SEPTEMBER.

And in September, O what keen delight!
Falcons and astors, merlins, sparrowhawks;
Decoy-birds that shall lure your game in flocks;
And hounds with bells; and gauntlets stout and tight;
Wide pouches; crossbows shooting out of sight;
Arblasts and javelins; balls and ball-cases;
All birds the best to fly at; moulting these,
Those reared by hand; with finches mean and slight;
And for their chase, all birds the best to fly;
And each to each of you be lavish still
In gifts; and robbery find no gainsaying
And if you meet with travellers going by,
Their purses from your purse's flow shall fill;
And avarice be the only outcast thing.

OCTOBER.

Next, for October, to some sheltered coign
Flouting the winds, I'll hope to find you slunk;
Though in bird-shooting (lest all sport be sunk),
Your foot still press the turf, the horse your groin.
At night with sweethearts in the dance you'll join,
And drink the blessed must, and get quite drunk.
There's no such life for any human trunk;
And that's a truth that rings like golden coin!
Then, out of bed again when morning's come,
Let your hands drench your face refreshingly,
And take your physic roast, with flask and knife.
Sounder and snugger you shall feel at home
Than lake-fish, river-fish, or fish at sea,
Inheriting the cream of Christian life.

NOVEMBER.

Let baths and wine-butts be November's due,
With thirty mule-loads of broad gold-pieces;
And canopy with silk the streets that freeze;
And keep your drink-horns steadily in view.
Let every trader have his gain of you:
Clareta shall your lamps and torches send,—
Caëta, citron candies without end;
And each shall drink, and help his neighbor to.
And let the cold be great, and the fire grand:
And still for fowls, and pastries sweetly wrought,
For hares and kids, for roast and boiled, be sure
You always have your appetites at hand;
And then let night howl and heaven fall, so naught
Be missed that makes a man's bed-furniture.

DECEMBER.

Last, for December, houses on the plain.
Ground-floors to live in, logs heaped mountain-high,
And carpets stretched, and newest games to try,
And torches lit, and gifts from man to man:
(Your host, a drunkard and a Catalan:)

And whole dead pigs, and cunning cooks to ply
Each throat with titbits that shall satisfy;
And wine-butts of Saint Galganus' brave span.
And be your coats well lined and tightly bound,
And wrap yourselves in cloaks of strength and weight,
With gallant hoods to put your faces through.
And make your game of abject vagabond
Abandoned miserable reprobate
Misers; don't let them have a chance with you.

CONCLUSION.

And now take thought, my sonnet, who is he
That most is full of every gentleness;
And say to him (for thou shalt quickly guess
His name) that all his 'hests are law to me.
For if I held fair Paris town in fee,
And were not called his friend, 'twere surely less.
Ah! had he but the emperor's wealth, my place
Were fitted in his love more steadily
Than is Saint Francis at Assisi. Alway
Commend me unto him and his,—not least
To Caian, held so dear in the blithe band.
"Folgore da San Geminiano" (say)
"Has sent me, charging me to travel fast,
"Because his heart went with you in your hand."

Translated by Rossetti, *Early Italian Poets.*

A SONG OF FORTUNE.

[**Guido Cavalcanti.** Benvenuto da Imola calls this young poet and philosopher "the other eye of Florence in the days of Dante," and from what is known of him he deserves this praise. He was born in Florence in the latter half of the thirteenth century, of a Guelf family; and married a daughter of Farinata degli Uberti, the leader of the Ghibelines. The reader will remember how Dante puts the two fathers-in-law, of opposite factions, in the same fiery sepulchre, in the tenth canto of the *Inferno*. Guido died in Florence in 1300.]

Lo! I am she who makes the wheel to turn;
Lo! I am she who gives and takes away;
Blamed idly, day by day,
In all mine acts by you, ye humankind.
For whoso smites his visage and doth mourn,
What time he renders back my gifts to me,
Learns then that I decree
No state which mine own arrows may not find.
Who clomb must fall:—this bear ye well in mind,
Nor say, because he fell, I did him wrong.
Yet mine is a vain song:
For truly ye may find out wisdom when
King Arthur's resting-place is found of men.

Ye make great marvel and astonishment
What time ye see the sluggard lifted up
And the just man to drop,
And ye complain on God and on my sway.
O humankind, ye sin in your complaint;
For He, that Lord who made the world to live,
Lets me not take or give
By mine own act, but as He wills I may.
Yet is the mind of man so cast away,
That it discerns not the supreme behest.
Alas! ye wretchedest,
And chide ye at God also? Shall not He
Judge between good and evil righteously?

Ah! had ye knowledge how God evermore,
With agonies of soul and grievous heats,
As on an anvil beats
On them that in this earth hold high estate,
Ye would choose little rather than much store,
And solitude than spacious palaces;
Such is the sore disease
Of anguish that on all their days doth wait.
Behold if they be not unfortunate,
When oft the father dares not trust the son!
O wealth, with thee is won
A worm to gnaw forever on his soul
Whose abject life is laid in thy control!

If also ye take note what piteous death
They ofttimes make, whose hoards were manifold,
Who cities had and gold
And multitudes of men beneath their hand;
Then he among you that most angereth
Shall bless me, saying, "Lo! I worship thee
That I was not as he
Whose death is thus accurst throughout the land."
But now your living souls are held in band

Of avarice, shutting you from the true light
Which shows how sad and slight
Are this world's treasured riches and array,
That still change hands a hundred times a day.

For me,—could envy enter in my sphere,
Which of all human taint is clean and quit,—
I well might harbor it
When I behold the peasant at his toil.
Guiding his team, untroubled, free from fear,
He leaves his perfect furrow as he goes,
And gives his field repose
From thorns and tares and weeds that vex the soil;
Thereto he labors, and without turmoil
Entrusts his work to God, content if so
Such guerdon from it grow
That in that year his family shall live:
Nor care nor thought to other things will give.

But now ye may no more have speech of me,
For this mine office craves continual use:
Ye therefore deeply muse
Upon those things which ye have heard the while:
Yea, and even yet remember heedfully
How this my wheel a motion hath so fleet,
That in an eyelid's beat
Him whom it raised it maketh low and vile,
None was, nor is, nor shall be of such guile,
Who could, or can, or shall, I say, at length
Prevail against my strength.
But still those men that are my questioners
In bitter torment own their hearts perverse.

Song, that wast made to carry high intent
Dissembled in the garb of humbleness,—
With fair and open face
To Master Thomas let thy course be bent.
Say that a great thing scarcely may be pent
In little room: yet always pray that he
Commend us, thee and me,
To them that are more apt in lofty speech:
For truly one must learn ere he can teach.

Translated by ROSSETTI.

THE GRAVE IN THE BUSENTO.[1]

[August Graf von Platen Hallermunde, born October 24th, 1796, at Ansbach in Bavaria, entered into the military service, but soon quitted it and studied philology and literature at Würzburg and Erlangen. In 1826 he made Italy his permanent home. He died December 5th, 1835, at Syracuse, in Sicily. Joh. Minckwitz wrote a literary study of Platen (*Graf von Platen als Mensch und Dichter, Litteraturbriefe,* Leipzig, 1838)].

By Cosenza songs of wail at midnight wake
Busento's shore,
O'er the wave resounds the answer, and amid
the vortex' roar

Valiant Goths, like spectres, steal along the
banks with hurried pace,
Weeping o'er Alaric dead, the best, the bravest
of his race.

Ah! too soon, from home so far, was it their
lot to dig his grave,
While still o'er his shoulders flowed his youthful ringlets' flaxen wave.

On the shore of the Busento ranged, they with
each other vied,
As they dug another bed to turn the torrent's
course aside.

In the waveless hollow turning o'er and o'er
the sod, the corpse
Deep into the earth they sank, in armor clad,
upon his horse.

Covered then with earth again the horse and
rider in the grave,
That above the hero's tomb the torrent's lofty
plants might wave.

And, a second time diverted, was the flood conducted back,
Foaming rushed Busento's billows onwards in
their wonted track.

And a warrior chorus sang, "Sleep with thy
honors, hero brave;
Ne'er shall foot of lucre-lusting Roman desecrate thy grave!"

Far and wide the songs of praise resounded in
the Gothic host;
Bear them on Busento's billow, bear them on
from coast to coast!

Translated by A. BASKERVILLE.

[1] See page 56, Vol. IX., *Choice Literature*, on the same subject.

ANDREW HOFER.

[**Julius Mosen**, born July 8th, 1803, at Marienci, and died, after a long sickness, October 10th, 1867, at Oldenburg. His songs, "The Last Ten of the Fourth Regiment," and "Andreas Hofer," gained a remarkable popularity.]

At Mantua in chains
The gallant Hofer lay,
In Mantua to death
Led him the foe away;
His brothers' heart bled for the chief,
For Germany's disgrace and grief
And Tyrol's mountain land!

His hands behind him clasped,
With firm and measured pace,
Marched Andrew Hofer on;
He feared not death to face,
Death whom from Iselberg aloft
Into the vale he sent so oft
In Tyrol's holy land.

But when from dungeon-grate,
In Mantua's stronghold,
Their hands on high he saw
His faithful brothers bold,
"O God be with you all!" he said,
"And with the German realm betrayed,
And Tyrol's holy land!"

The drummer's hand refused
To beat the solemn march,
While Andrew Hofer passed
The portal's gloomy arch:
In fetters shackled, yet so free,
There on the bastion stood he,
Brave Tyrol's gallant son.

They bade him then kneel down,
He answered, "I will not!
Here standing will I die,
As now I tread this bulwark's bank,
Long life to my good Kaiser Frank,
And Tyrol, hail to thee!"

A grenadier then took
The bandage from his hand,
While Hofer spoke a prayer,
His last on earthly land.
"Mark well!" he with loud voice exclaimed,
"Now fire! Ah! 'twas badly aimed!
O Tyrol, fare thee well!"

Translated by A. Baskerville.

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

[**Marchesa d'Ossoli**, before her marriage Miss Margaret Sarah Fuller, a daughter of Mr. Timothy Fuller, member of the National Congress, was born at her father's residence, Cambridge, Mass., May 23d, 1810, and perished—with her husband, child, and a number of other passengers—in the wreck of the ship *Elizabeth*, on the beach of Fire Island, June 16th, 1850. Miss Fuller was distinguished at a very early age for her knowledge of the Greek and Latin classics, her enjoyment of the lucubrations of Goethe, Schiller, Tieck, and Richter, her conversational fluency, and her remarkable power of communicating her literary enthusiasm to her companions. In 1843 Miss Fuller travelled some time in the West, and gave the results of her observations in a volume entitled *Summer on the Lakes*. In the next year she resided in the city of New York, as a contributor to the *Tribune*, and published in that paper many critical articles, a portion of which have been since reprinted in her papers on *Literature and Art*. She sailed for Europe in 1846, and after an introduction to many of the most prominent literary celebrities of England, and to Madame George Sand, of Paris, she reached Rome in 1847. In December, 1847, she was married to the Marquis d'Ossoli. On the 17th of May, 1850, accompanied by her husband and child, she was lost at sea as above related.]

The charms of melody in simple airs
By human voices sung are always felt;
With thoughts responsive careless hearers melt,
Of secret ills which our frail nature bears.
We listen, weep, forget. But when the throng
Of a great master's thoughts, above the reach
Of words or colors, wire and wood can teach
By laws which to the spirit-world belong,
When several parts to tell one mood combined,
Flash meaning on us we can ne'er express,
Giving to matter subtlest powers of mind,
Superior joys attentive souls confess;
The harmony which suns and stars obey
Blesses our earth-bound state with visions of supernal day.

CLOTHES MAKE MEN.

[**Gottfried Keller** and Jeremias Gotthelf are the two Switzers who have drawn their inspirations from their native soil. Keller was born in Zürich early in the century. His father was a carpenter, who died within a few years of his birth, leaving his wife and child but poorly provided for. The boy was in due course sent to one of the excellent Swiss schools where

rich and poor are educated together, the latter gratuitously. He then went to Munich, with a view to learning art and becoming a landscape-painter. Finding, however, that his pictures, though well-intentioned, were indifferently executed, he abandoned this project, and studied instead at Heidelberg and Berlin. During his student years he published a volume of graceful verses, and his first prose work, *Der grüne Heinrich*. A series of tales, published under the collective title of *The People of Seldwyla*, first made Keller's fame; for the *Grüne Heinrich* had been of such a peculiar character that it was "caviare to the multitude." Seldwyla is an imaginary town, intended to be typically Swiss. Our author tells us that it lies in a warm sunny valley, surrounded by forests and hills, and overshadowed by distant mountains. It still boasts its ancient fortifications, and is completely untouched by the march of civilization—in fact, a very Sleepy Hollow. There are ten such stories, of which the palm belongs to an idyl called *The Romeo and Juliet of the Village*. In humbler circumstances we find reproduced the main features of Shakespeare's play—the hatred of the fathers, the loves of the children, the sad tragedy that results. Both as regards the delineation of character and the reproduction of pictures of Swiss life, the little story is inimitable. *Frau Regel Amrain and her Youngest Son* makes us acquainted with the public duties of a Swiss burgher; while in *The Lost Laugh* we are introduced into the midst of Switzerland's manufacturing activity, as well as to the religious dissensions that even now wage fierce war in her borders. *Zürich Novels* is the title of another cycle of local stories. Here we have unrolled before us a whole panorama of Zürich life at various historical periods, commencing with the thirteenth century. The one that deals with modern Zürich is inimitable for droll humor, caustic observation of Swiss idiosyncrasies of character, and charm of invention.]

About this time it happened that Melchior Böhni had some business to perform in this town; and therefore drove thither a few days before Christmas in a light sledge, smoking his best cigar. It also happened that the Seldwylers arranged a sledging-party for the same day as the Goldachers, and to the same place; and it was to be a costume, or a masked, expedition.

So the Goldacher sledge-procession drove through the streets of the town at midday, and out at the gate, amid sound of bells, post-horns, and cracking of whips, so that the signs on the old houses looked down amazed. In the first sledge sat Strapinski with his bride, in a Polish overcoat of green velvet, laced, and edged and lined with fur. Nettchen was completely wrapped in white fur; blue veils protected her face from the cold air and the glare of the snow. The magistrate had been prevented, by some unexpected occurrence, from accompanying them; but the horses were his, and the sledge in which they rode, before which was a gilt woman as decoration, representing Fortuna—for the magistrate's town-house was called Fortuna.

They were followed by fifteen or sixteen other sledges, each containing a gentleman and lady, all gayly dressed and joyous; but not one of the couples was so stately and handsome as the bridal pair. The sledges always bore the sign of the house to which they belonged, like the prows of ships; and the people cried out: "Look, there comes Courage!" "How beautiful Industry is!" "Improvement seems to have been fresh varnished, and Economy is fresh gilt!" "Ah, there are Jacob's Well and the Pool of Bethesda!" In the Pool of Bethesda—which, having only one horse, modestly closed the procession—Melchior Böhni was driving quietly and cheerfully. As sign of his carriage he had the picture of that Jew who had waited at this pool thirty years to be made whole.

So the fleet sailed along in the sunshine, and soon appeared on the glittering height, approaching its destination. At the same time was heard merry music from the opposite direction.

Out of a sweet-smelling wood covered with hoar-frost there burst a medley of gay colors and forms, that proved to be a sledging-procession, which stood out on the white fields against the blue sky, and was also steering in wondrous array towards the middle of this neighborhood. They were mostly large peasants' carrying-sledges, bound two and two together to serve as basis for extraordinary representations and pictures. On the foremost sledge towered an enormous figure, representing the Goddess Fortuna, who seemed to be flying out into space. It was a gigantic straw doll covered with glittering spangles, whose gauze garments fluttered in the air. On the second carriage rode an equally gigantic goat, looking black and gloomy, and pursuing Fortuna with bent horns. This was followed by an enormous erection, which represented a tailor's goose fifteen feet high; then came an immense pair of scissors, which was opened and shut by means of a string, and seemed to regard the sky as blue-silk material for

a waistcoat. Other similar current suggestions of tailors' work followed, and at the feet of all these emblems sat, on the roomy sledges drawn by four horses, the Seldwyler company in the gayest of costumes, amid loud laughter and singing.

When both processions drove up at the same time on the square before the inn, a noisy scene resulted and there was a great crowd of men and horses. The people of Goldach were surprised and astonished at this wonderful meeting; the Seldwylers, on the other hand, behaved for the present pleasantly and modestly. Their foremost sledge with the Fortuna bore the inscription, "Men make clothes;" and so it was that its inmates represented tailors of all nations and ages. It was a sort of historical-ethnographical tailors' procession, which closed with the reversed inscription, "Clothes make men." In the last sledge bearing this inscription sat, as the work of the heathen and Christian tailors who had driven on before, venerable emperors and kings, counsellors and generals, prelates and abbesses, all in the greatest solemnity.

This tailor assembly skilfully arranged themselves out of their confusion, and modestly stood aside to let the Goldach ladies and gentlemen, with the bridal pair at their head, go into the house, intending afterwards to occupy the lower rooms, which had been kept for them, while the others marched up the wide staircase to the large banquet-hall. The companions of the count thought this behavior very proper, and their surprise changed into merriment and approving smiles at the inexhaustible humor of the Seldwylers. Only the count himself cherished dark sensations, although in his present preoccupation of mind he felt no especial suspicion, and had not even noticed whence the people came. Melchior Böhni, who had carefully put up his Pool of Bethesda, and remained attentively in Strapinski's neighborhood, stated so loudly that he could not fail to hear the name of some other place, not Seldwyla, whence he said the masked procession had come.

Both parties were soon seated, each in their own story, before the spread tables, and were abandoning themselves to merry talk and jokes, in the expectation of new pleasures.

These were soon announced for the Goldachers, who went over in couples to the ballroom, where the musicians were already tuning their violins. When all were drawn up in a circle, and were about to prepare for a dance, an embassy of Seldwylers appeared, who brought the neighborly request and proposal that they might pay the ladies and gentlemen of Goldach a visit, and perform a dance for their amusement. This offer could not well be refused; besides, every one expected much amusement from the merry Seldwylers. The company therefore seated themselves in a large semicircle, according to the directions of the abovementioned embassy, and Strapinski and Nettchen shone in the middle like princely stars.

Now the tailor-groups entered one after another. Each of them represented in dumb-show the motto, "Men make clothes," as well as its converse, by appearing most industriously to make some article of clothing, such as a prince's mantle, priest's robe, and then dressing some shabby person in it, who is suddenly transformed, receives the highest regard, and steps along solemnly to the sound of music. The fables were also represented in a similar manner. An enormous crow appeared, decked itself with peacock's feathers, and hopped about croaking; a wolf, who cut out a sheepskin for himself; and, last of all, a donkey, carrying a terrible lion's skin made of tow, with which he draped himself heroically as with a carbonaro's cloak.

All who appeared thus retired when they had completed their performance, and gradually converted the semicircle of Goldachers into a large ring of spectators, whose centre at last became empty. At this moment the music changed into a serious, melancholy tune, and a last apparition entered the circle. All eyes rested on him. It was a tall young man, in a dark cloak, with beautiful dark hair and a Polish cap; it was no other than Count Strapinski as he wandered along the road on that November day and entered the fatal carriage.

The whole assembly looked in silent expectation at this figure, which solemnly and gravely made a few steps to the music, then seated itself in the centre of the circle, spread its cloak on the ground, seated itself on it tailor-fashion, and began to unpack a bundle. Out of it he took an unfinished count's cloak, exactly

like the one that Strapinski wore at that moment, and, with great haste and skill, sewed on it tassels and laces, ironed it out most correctly, testing the apparently hot goose with wet fingers. Then he rose slowly, took off his threadbare coat, and put on the fine cloak, took a little glass, combed his hair, and completed his toilet, and stood there as the actual double of the count. Suddenly the music changed into a quick, merry tune; the man wrapped up his property in the old cloak, and threw the bundle far away over the heads of the spectators to the other end of the room, as though he wished to separate himself eternally from his past. Hereupon he marched proudly round the circle as a stately man of the world, bowing graciously here and there to the company, until he reached the bridal pair. Suddenly he fixed his eye on the Pole with great astonishment, stood like a statue before him, while the music stopped abruptly, as though by previous arrangement, and a terrible silence fell on the assembly like a flash of lightning.

"Ah, ah, ah, ah!" exclaimed he, with audible voice, and stretched out his arm to the unfortunate man. "Why, here is my Silesian brother, the Pole! It was he who ran away from my work, because a little fluctuation in the business made him think it was all up with me. I am glad that you are getting on so well, and are celebrating such a merry carnival here. Have you work at Goldach?"

So saying, he held out his hand to the spurious count, who sat there pale and smiling. He took it unwillingly, as though it had been a fiery stick, while his double exclaimed:

"Come, friends, behold our gentle tailor's apprentice, who looks like a Raphael, and pleased all our servant-girls so much, even the parson's daughter, who is certainly not quite right in her mind."

Now all the Seldwylers came and pressed round Strapinski and his old master, shaking hands kindly with the former, so that he shook and trembled on his chair. At the same time the music struck up a lively march; the Seldwylers, as soon as they had passed the bridal pair, arranged themselves for departure, and marched out of the hall singing a carefully studied laughing chorus; while the Goldachers, among whom Böhni had spread the explanation of the miracle with lightning speed, ran off in confusion, and got mixed up with the Seldwylers, so that a great tumult ensued.

When the noise at length ceased the room was almost empty; a few people stood near the walls, and whispered together with evident confusion; two or three young ladies remained at some distance from Nettchen, hesitating whether they should approach her or not.

But the pair remained immovably seated on their chairs, like an Egyptian king or queen in stone, quite silent and alone; the endless glowing sand of the desert could almost be felt.

Nettchen, white as marble, slowly turned her face towards her bridegroom, and gave him a strange side-glance.

Then he stood up slowly, and went away with heavy steps, his eyes fixed on the ground, while great tears dropped from them.

HEPTAMERON—NOVEL XLII.

[Marguerite de Valois, Reine de Navarre. Margaret, or Marguerite, the famous Queen of Navarre, was born at Angoulême in 1492. She was married to the Duke of Alençon in 1509, and, being left a widow in 1525, was again married to Henri d'Albret, King of Navarre. She was fond of study, prepared Mysteries for Representation from the Scriptures, and wrote a work called *The Mirror of the Sinful Soul;* but she is best known in literature by a collection of stories, called *Heptameron, ou Sept Journées de la Reine de Navarre.* She died in 1549. A collection of her poems and other pieces appeared in 1547, under the title of *Marguerites de la Marguerite des Princesses.* Several editions have since been published. From her stories (the *Heptameron*) we select the following "Novel XLII," which refers to her brother, Francis I.]

In one of the best towns of Touraine lived a lord of great and illustrious family, who had been brought up from his youth in the province. All I need say of the perfections, beauty, grace, and great qualities of this young prince is, that in his time he never had his equal. At the age of fifteen he took more pleasure in hunting and hawking than in beholding fair ladies. Being one day in a church, he cast his eyes on a young girl who, during her childhood, had been brought up in the château in which he resided. After the death of her mother her father had withdrawn thence, and gone to reside with his brother in Poitou. This daughter of

his, whose name was Françoise, had a bastard sister, whom her father was very fond of, and had married to this young prince's butler, who maintained her on as handsome a footing as any of her family. The father died, and left to Françoise for her portion all he possessed about the good town in question, whither she went to reside after his death; but as she was unmarried, and only sixteen, she would not keep house, but went to board with her sister.

The young prince was much struck with this girl, who was very handsome for a light brunette, and of a grace beyond her rank, for she had the air of a young lady of quality, or of a princess, rather than of a bourgeoise. He gazed upon her for a long while; and, as he had never loved, he felt in his heart a pleasure that was new to him. On returning to his chamber he made inquiries about the girl he had seen at church, and recollected that formerly, when she was very young, she used often to play in the château with his sister, whom he put in mind of her. His sister sent for her, gave her a very good reception, and begged her to come often to see her, which she did whenever there was any entertainment or assembly. The young prince was very glad to see her, and so glad that he chose to be deeply in love with her. Knowing that she was of low birth, he thought he should easily obtain of her what he sought; and as he had no opportunity to speak with her, he sent a gentleman of his chamber to her, with orders to acquaint her with his intentions, and settle matters with her. The girl, who was good and pious, replied that she did not believe that so handsome a prince as his master would care to look upon a plain girl like herself, especially as there were such handsome ones in the château that he had no need to look elsewhere, and that she doubted not he had said all this to her out of his own head, and without orders from his master.

As obstacles make desire more violent, the prince now became more intent on his purpose than ever, and wrote to her, begging her to believe everything the gentleman should say to her on his part. She could read and write very well, and she read the letter from beginning to end, but for no entreaties the gentleman could make would she ever reply to it, saying that a person of her humble birth should never take the liberty to write to so great a prince, but that she begged he would not take her for such a fool as to imagine that he esteemed her enough to love her as much as he said. Moreover, he was mistaken if he fancied that, because she was of obscure birth, he might do as he pleased with her, and that to convince him to the contrary, she felt obliged to declare to him that, bourgeoise as she was, there was no princess whose heart was more upright than hers. There were no treasures in the world she esteemed so much as honor and conscience, and the only favor she begged of him was, that he would not hinder her from preserving that treasure all her life long, and that he might take it for certain that she would never change her mind, though it were to cost her her life.

The young prince did not find this answer to his liking. Nevertheless he loved her but the more for it, and failed not to lay siege to her when she went to mass; and during the whole service he had no eyes but to gaze on that image to which he addressed his devotions. But when she perceived this, she changed her place and went to another chapel, not that she disliked to see him, for she would not have been a reasonable creature if she had not taken pleasure in looking on him; but she was afraid of being seen by him, not thinking highly enough of herself to deserve being loved with a view to marriage, and being too high minded to be able to accommodate herself to a dishonorable love. When she saw that in whatever part of the church she placed herself the prince had mass said quite near it, she went no more to that church, but to the most distant one she could find. Moreover, when the prince's sister often sent for her, she always excused herself on the plea of indisposition.

The prince, seeing he could not have access to her, had recourse to his butler, and promised him a large reward if he served him in this affair. The butler, both to please his master and for the hope of lucre, promised to do so cheerfully. He made it a practice to relate daily to the prince all she said and did, and assured him, among other things, that she avoided as much as possible all opportunities of seeing him. The prince's violent desire for an interview with her set him upon devising another expedient. As he was

already beginning to be a very good horseman, he bethought him of going to ride his great horses in a large open place of the town, exactly opposite to the house of the butler, in which Françoise resided. One day, after many courses and leaps, which she could see from her chamber window, he let himself fall off his horse into a great puddle. Though he was not hurt, he took care to make great moans, and asked if there was no house into which he might go and change his clothes. Every one offered him his own; but some one having remarked that the butler's was the nearest and the best, it was chosen in preference to any of the others. He was shown into a well-furnished chamber, and as his clothes were all muddy, he stripped to his shirt and went to bed. Every one except his gentleman having gone away to fetch other clothes for the prince, he sent for his host and hostess, and asked them where was Françoise.

They had a good deal of trouble to find her, for as soon as she had seen the prince come in, she had gone and hid herself in the remotest corner of the house. Her sister found her at last, and begged her not to be afraid to come and see so polite and worthy a prince.

"What! sister," said Françoise, "you, whom I regard as my mother, would you persuade me to speak to a young prince of whose intentions I cannot be ignorant, as you well know!"

But her sister used so many arguments, and promised so earnestly not to leave her alone, that Françoise went with her, with a countenance so pale and dejected, that she was an object rather to inspire pity than love. When the young prince saw her at his bedside, he took her cold and trembling hand, and said, "Why, Françoise, do you think me such a dangerous and cruel man that I eat the women I look at? Why do you so much fear a man who desires only your honor and advantage? You know that I have everywhere sought in vain for opportunities to see and speak to you. To grieve me the more, you have shunned the places where I had been used to see you at mass, and thereby you have deprived me of the satisfaction of my eyes and tongue. But all this has availed you nothing. I have done what you have seen in order to come hither, and have run the risk of breaking my neck in order to have the pleasure of speaking to you without restraint. I entreat you then, Françoise, since it would be hard for me to have taken all this pains to no purpose, that as I have so much love for you, you will have a little for me."

After waiting a long while for her reply, and seeing she had tears in her eyes, and durst not look up, he drew her towards him and almost succeeded in kissing her. "No, my lord, no," she then said, "what you ask cannot be. Though I am but a worm in comparison with you, honor is so dear to me that I would rather die than wound it in the least degree for any pleasure in the world; and my fear, lest those who have seen you come in conceive a false opinion of me, makes me tremble as you see. Since you are pleased to do me the honor to address me, you will also pardon the liberty I take in replying to you as honor prescribes. I am not, my lord, so foolish or so blind as not to see and know the advantages with which God has endowed you, and to believe that she who shall possess the heart and person of such a prince will be the happiest person in the world. But what good does that do me? That happiness is not for me or for any woman of my rank; and I should be a downright simpleton if I even entertained the desire. What reason can I believe you have for addressing yourself to me, but that the ladies of your house, whom you love, and who have so much grace and beauty, are so virtuous that you dare not ask of them what the lowness of my condition makes you expect of me? I am sure that if you had of such as me what you desire, that weakness would supply you with matter to entertain your mistresses for two good hours; but I beg you to believe, my lord, that I am not disposed to afford you that pleasure. I was brought up in a house in which I learned what it is to love. My father and mother were among your good servants. Since then it has not pleased God that I should be born a princess to marry you, or in a rank sufficiently high to be your friend, I entreat you not to think of reducing me to the rank of the unfortunates of my sex since there is no one who esteems you more than I, or more earnestly desires that you may be one of the happiest princes in Christendom. If you want women of my station for your diversion, you will find plenty in this

town incomparably handsomer than myself, and who will spare you the trouble of soliciting them so much. Attach yourself, then, if you please, to those who will gladly let you buy their honor, and harass no longer a poor girl who loves you better than herself; for if God were this day to require your life or mine, it would be a happiness to me to sacrifice mine in order to save yours. If I shun your person, it is not for want of love, but rather because I too well love your conscience and mine, and because my honor is more precious to me than my life. I ask you, my lord, if you please, to continue to honor me with your good will, and I will pray to God all my life for your health and prosperity. It is true that the honor you do me will give me a better opinion of myself among persons of my own station; for after having seen you, where is the man of my own condition whom I would deign to regard? Thus my heart will be free and under no obligation, except that which I shall ever acknowledge, to pray to God for you, which is all I can do for you while I live."

Contrary as this reply was to the prince's desires, nevertheless he could not help esteeming her as she deserved. He did all he could to make her believe he would never love any one but herself; but she had so much sense that he never could bring her to entertain so unreasonable a notion. Though during the course of this conversation it was often intimated to the prince that fresh clothes had been brought him, he was so glad to remain where he was that he sent back word he was asleep. But at last, supper time being come and not daring to absent himself from respect for his mother, who was one of the most correct ladies in the world, he went away, more impressed than ever with the excellence of Françoise. He often talked of her to the gentleman who slept in his chamber. That person imagining that money would be more effectual than love, advised him to present a considerable sum to the girl in consideration of the favor he solicited. As the young prince's mother was his treasurer, and his pocket-money was not much, he borrowed, and out of his own funds and those of his friends he made up a sum of five hundred crowns, which he sent to Françoise by his gentleman, commissioning him to beg that she would change her mind.

"Tell your master," she said, when the gentleman offered her the present, "that my heart is too noble and generous, and were it my humor to do what he desires, his good looks and his pleasing qualities would have already made a conquest of me; but since these are incapable of making me take the slightest step at variance with honor, all the money in the world could not do it. You will take back his money to him, if you please, for I prefer honest poverty to all the wealth he could bestow upon me."

Baffled by this downright refusal, the gentleman was tempted to think that a little violence might succeed, and he dropped threatening hints of her master's influence and power. "Make a bugbear of the prince," she said, laughing in his face, "to those who do not know him; but I who know him to be wise and manly, can never believe that you say this by his order; and I am persuaded that he will disavow it all if you repeat it to him. But even were it true that you had his authority for what you say, I tell you that neither torments nor death could ever shake my resolution, for, as I have said before, since love has not changed my heart, no earthly good or evil can ever effect what that has failed to accomplish."

It was with indescribable vexation that the gentleman who had undertaken to harmonize her carried back this answer to his master, whom he urged to carry his point by all possible means, representing to him that it would be shameful for him to have undertaken such a conquest and not achieve it. The young prince, who wished to employ only fair means, and who was afraid, besides, of his mother's anger if the story got abroad and reached her ears, durst not take any further step, until at last the gentleman suggested to him an expedient which seemed to him so good that he felt already as if the fair one was his own. To this end he spoke to the butler, who, being ready to serve his master on any terms, consented to everything required of him. It was arranged, then, that the butler should invite his wife and his sister-in-law to go see their vintage at a house he had near the forest. He did so, and they agreed to the proposal. The appointed day being come, he gave notice to the prince, who was to go to the same place accompanied only by his gentleman. But it pleased God that his mother was that day adorning a most beautiful cabinet,

and had all her children to help her, so that the proper time passed by before the prince could get away. This was no fault of the butler's, who had fully performed his part; for he made his wife counterfeit illness, and when he was on horseback with his sister-in-law on the croup, she came and told him she could not go. But the hour having passed by and no prince appearing, "I believe," said he to his sister-in-law, "we may as well go back to town."

"Who hinders us?" said Françoise.

"I was waiting for the prince, who had promised to come," said the butler.

His sister, clearly discerning his wicked purpose, replied: "Wait no longer for him, brother; for I know that he will not come to-day."

He acquiesced, and took her home again. On arriving there she let him know her dissatisfaction, and told him plainly that he was the devil's valet and did more than he was commanded; for she was sure that it was his work and the gentleman's, not the prince's; that they both liked better to flatter his weaknesses and gain money than to do their duty as good servants; but that, since she knew this, she would no longer remain in his house. Thereupon she sent for her brother to take her away to his own country, and immediately quitted her sister's house.

The butler, having missed his blow, went to the château to know why the prince had not come, and met him on the way, mounted on his mule, with no other attendant than his confidential gentleman.

"Well," said the prince the moment he saw him, "is she still there?"

The butler told him what had happened, and the prince was greatly vexed at having missed the rendezvous, which he regarded as his last hope. However, he took such pains to meet Françoise that at last he fell in with her in a company from which she could not escape and upbraided her strongly for her cruelty to him and for quitting her brother-in-law's house. Françoise told him she had never known a more dangerous man, and that he, the prince, was under great obligations to him, since he employed in his service not only his body and substance, but also his soul and his conscience. The prince could not help feeling that there was no hope for him, and he therefore resolved to press her no more, and he continued all his life to entertain a great esteem for her. One of his domestics, charmed by her virtue, wished to marry her; but she could never bring herself to consent without the approbation and command of the prince, on whom she had set her whole affection. She had him spoken to on the subject; he consented to the marriage, and it took place. She lived all her life in good repute, and the prince did her much kindness.

[The young lord spoken of in this novel is evidently Francis I., and it has been said that his appreciation of her worth is evidenced in the poem given below, styled "Epitaph on Françoise de Foix."]

ON THE DEATH OF HER BROTHER, FRANCIS THE FIRST.

'Tis done! a father, mother, gone,
A sister, brother, torn away,
My hope is now in God alone,
Whom heaven and earth alike obey.
Above, beneath, to him is known,—
The world's wide compass is his own.

I love,—but in the world no more,
Nor in gay hall, or festal bower;
Not the fair forms I prized before,—
But Him, all beauty, wisdom, power,
My Saviour, who has cast a chain
On sin and ill, and woe and pain!

I from my memory have effaced
All former joys, all kindred, friends;
All honors that my station graced
I hold but snares that fortune sends:
Hence! joys by Christ at distance cast,
That we may be his own at last!

MARGARET DE VALOIS.

EPITAPH ON FRANÇOISE DE FOIX.

[Francis I., King of France, whose love and support of learning procured him the appellation of the "Father of Literature," was born at Cognac in 1494. He ascended the throne in 1515. The political and military events of his reign, which occupy a large space

in the history of France, are foreign to the purpose of this work. He established the Royal College, and laid the foundation of the Library at Paris. He introduced into France the remains of ancient literature, which the revival of learning was just recalling to the notice of the world. He was also a powerful protector of the arts and sciences.]

Beneath this tomb De Foix's fair Frances lies,
On whose rare worth each tongue delights to dwell;
And none, while fame her virtue deifies,
Can with harsh voice the meed of praise repel.
In beauty peerless, in attractive grace,
Of mind enlightened, and of wit refined;
With honor, more than this weak tongue can trace,
The Eternal Father stored her spotless mind.
Alas! the sum of human gifts how small!
Here *nothing* lies, that once commanded all!

[This little tribute is said to refer to the Frances of the *Heptameron* story, page 243.]

EPITAPH ON AGNÈS SOREL.

Here lies entombed the fairest of the fair;
To her rare beauty greater praise be given,
Than holy maids in cloistered cells may share,
Or hermits that in deserts live for heaven!
For by her charms recovered France arose,
Shook off her chains, and triumphed o'er her foes.

FRANCIS I.

PROVIDENCE.

[**Vincenzo Da Filicaja.** This excellent poet and estimable man was born at Florence, in 1642. He commenced his studies in the public schools of his native city, and continued them at the University of Pisa, where he gave proof of rare abilities, insatiable eagerness for learning, and ardent piety. On his return to Florence, he was chosen a member of the Della Cruscan Academy. At the age of thirty-one, he married Anna Capponi. After the death of his father, he retired to the country, where he lived in tranquillity, dividing his time between the study of poetry, the education of his children, and the duties of religion. He wrote a great number of Latin and Italian poems; but his modesty was so great that he hardly ventured to show them to a few friends, who, however, made the secret known.]

Just as a mother, with sweet, pious face,
Yearns towards her little children from her seat,
Gives one a kiss, another an embrace,
Takes this upon her knees, that on her feet:
And while from actions, looks, complaints, pretences,
She learns their feelings and their various will,
To this a look, to that a word, dispenses,
And, whether stern or smiling, loves them still;—
So Providence for us, high, infinite,
Makes our necessities its watchful task,
Hearkens to all our prayers, helps all our wants,
And even if it denies what seems our right,
Either denies because 'twould have us ask,
Or seems but to deny, or in denying grants.

Translated by LEIGH HUNT.

FREDERICA SOPHIA WILHELMINA,

Margravine of Baireuth, and Princess Royal of Prussia, was born in 1709, and died in 1748. She is chiefly noted for the story of her life contained in her *Memoirs*, first published in 1810, which some critics have called one of the most fascinating books in the world, though this is extravagant praise. She tells the story of the hard life of repression and oppression she suffered at the German court. Carlyle, in his *Life of Frederick the Great* (whose sister she was), often expresses his obligations to the autobiography of the "little girl, Wilhelmina, of almost too sharp wits." Sainte-Beuve says of her: "She was a most distinguished person—*spirituelle*, natural, piquant, capable of satire, and still more capable of affection. She had the soul of a Portia or a Roland. She was of the race of the sisters of genius, gifted with the happiest intelligence, with a wit full of light and of movement, but from her childhood up one of the most unfortunate persons, the most cruelly ill-used who could be found in any class of society."

I must now begin with my account of 1732.

A new epoch in my life began with this year. I had not for some little time been feeling well, but thought it was the consequence of all the sorrow I had been through. I had constant fainting attacks.

The doctor I consulted accounted for my condition by holding out hopes of my having a child. The queen let me know that she wished to spend Twelfth Night with me, and that I was to invite all the princes and princesses, who would then be able to take leave of me. This little reception proved a very dull one. Everybody had tears in his eyes, and seemed much affected at the thoughts of my departure. I took a tender farewell of the Margravine Philip. Our friendship had in nowise suffered by my marriage. I could not say "Good-bye" to so many kind friends without feeling deeply affected.

Next day we went to Potsdam. The king received me most kindly. He was highly delighted at the prospect of becoming a grandfather, and made me many affectionate speeches on the subject. They, however, produced but little effect on me, as I felt far too ill to notice anything.

Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld had three nieces, the daughters of General Marwitz, a great favorite of the king. The eldest of these girls was fourteen, and would one day be a rich heiress. Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld had taken charge of her nieces' education since the death of their mother. My former governess was most anxious to take the eldest with her to Baireuth, but did not dare to ask the king's permission. He had only lately published an order which forbade all heiresses or rich young girls to leave his country. I induced my father, however, to grant Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld's request. I mention this fact, as it stands in close connection with future events. The day of my departure was fixed for the 11th of January. I determined to make one last effort to soften the king's heart towards me. I chose a moment when the queen was not present. I reminded him of past times, and justified my behavior during the time of my disgrace, but without doing the queen harm. I represented to him my present condition in the most touching manner, and finally implored his protection and help. He burst out crying and clasped me in his arms, and was too much overcome to speak. At last my father said: "I am in utter despair. I have never really known you. People have represented you to me in the blackest colors, so that I hated you as much as I now love you. Now, I see that had I spoken to you sooner I should have saved myself much sorrow. I often wished to do so, but others always prevented me. I have been deceived on all sides, and no one is more to blame than your mother." I here ventured to interrupt the king, and told him that the queen had always had the best intentions, and that her love for me and my brother had influenced her actions. "Well, then, that may be so," my father replied; "what has been, has been. But as to yourself, you shall ever be my dearest child, and I will favor you most of any of my children. Continue to put confidence in me, and you can always count on my help and protection." He then gave me some fatherly advice, and ended by saying: "It grieves me to part from you. Now, go and take leave of your mother, while I embrace your husband, and then you must start." I went sobbing to my mother, whom I entreated to restore me to her affection. I did all I could to move her, but in vain. She answered me civilly, and I could but too well feel that none of her words came from her heart.

The Duke of Holstein then led me to my carriage, in which Prince Henry and Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld were already sitting. We reached Klosterzina safely that evening, and started again next morning. We had not driven two stations when one of the horses fell down, and the carriage was overturned. There were two loaded pistols and some heavy boxes in the carriage, and these fell upon me, but happily did not injure me. Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld cried out incessantly, "Have mercy on me!" I asked her if she were hurt; she answered, "No," but still continued screaming. Prince Henry had jumped out of the carriage, and I saw that he was not hurt. The whole occurrence was so ridiculous that I could not help laughing. I was nearly smothered by all the things that were lying on me. At last I was with some trouble dragged out from the carriage, and the servants carried me into a field covered with snow and ice, where they left me standing. I could not move, as I feared to slip on the ice, and thought I was to be overtaken by the same terrible fate as befell Lot's wife when she left Sodom, and that I should freeze into an ice pillar. Happily the carriage containing my ladies and gentlemen drove up at this moment. My ladies were terribly frightened, and ran about

the field calling out, "But where is her royal highness?" I answered them in vain; they were in such a state that they ran past me, and asked where I was. I was much amused at their fright, and at last persuaded them that it was really I who was speaking to them. These poor girls were in great distress lest this accident should cause a premature confinement, and offered me smelling salts and a hundred other remedies, all of which I refused. Prince Henry was no less perturbed. At last we continued our journey.

I forgot to say that the king had desired M. von Burstell to accompany me to Baireuth in the capacity of a Prussian minister. We had no sooner reached Torgau, where we spent the night, than Burstell went to Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld and begged her to entreat me to remain a day or two at Torgau, not only to rest, but to counteract any ill effects of the carriage accident. Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld quite agreed with him, and they both made my husband such representations on the subject that he was quite panic-stricken. They now came to me with their entreaties. I had noticed them approaching, and was determined to have some fun from our adventure.

About this time the great fair at Leipsic was being held, which is one of the largest in all Germany. Everybody that cares for amusement visits it. In this town I was to pass the next night; and on the pretext that there was no good doctor in Torgau, and that the lodgings there were uncomfortable, I arranged with Prince Henry to make a further stay of two days.

We arrived next day at Leipsic. This town is in Saxony, and is celebrated for its university, as well as for the fair which I have just mentioned. The town is prettily situated, and, being surrounded by gardens, has a cheerful aspect. Though I was neither "sick nor sorry," I went to bed as soon as I arrived, in order not to give cause for complaint, and to be able to go out next day. My first question was, if there were many people at Leipsic at that moment. But, oh! disappointment, cruel disappointment; I was told every one had left the week before. I was in despair at this, for it had put an end to all my little hopes. I spent two terribly dull days at Leipsic, and was obliged to endure patiently all the marks of honor with which I was overwhelmed.

We went on next day as far as Gera. I had never seen mountains, as there are none in my father's country, and I had never travelled. When I saw these heights and precipices I opened my eyes, and the perspiration stood in great drops on my face. As we proceeded on our way the road grew worse and worse, and I was shaken to pieces. In spite of every entreaty I got out and walked; the fear of the precipices gave me strength. Surrounded as I was by snow-clad mountains, I fancied myself in Lapland. Seeing nothing but a few woods in the distance, I sighed, and asked when these dreadful mountains would end. I received no comfort, for I was told they continued the whole way to Baireuth.

At last, nine days after I had left Berlin, we reached Hof, the first town in the principality of Baireuth. Three salutes were fired as we entered the town, where all the burghers received us. We drove to the Castle. The lord chamberlain, von Reitzenstein, with several other gentlemen and the nobility of the country, received me at the foot of the stairs—if I can call stairs something which looked more like a ladder.

As soon as I reached my room M. von Reitzenstein welcomed me in the name of the Margrave on my arrival in his country. I then listened to an address from the nobles, whom I had been asked to receive kindly. The higher nobility enjoy a great many rights and privileges in the empire, and claim to be responsible to the emperor alone. They behave as if they were small sovereigns. Their pretensions are most absurd, and are the cause of constant quarrels among them. The gentry of the Baireuth district had had a dispute with their neighbors, and in the course of the endless differences, the Margrave of Baireuth had added fuel to the fire by wishing to interfere with the privileges of his nobles. They rose up in arms, and most unpleasant consequences might have ensued. Peace was restored only after much trouble, and the Margrave was obliged to give up his intention of intervening. M. von Voit, my lord chamberlain, belonged to the aristocracy of this portion of Baireuth, but his property was in the Margravate itself. He explained to the Margrave that, if he desired to win over

this section of his subjects to his side, he must treat them loyally and kindly. I had been told that these nobles were all of very old, wealthy families, and hoped I should get to see and know them. But I made a great mistake in thinking this possible. I must here describe some of those who received me at Hof.

There were about thirty who had presented themselves to welcome me. They belonged mostly to the family of Reitzenstein. Their faces would have frightened little children, and to add to their beauty they had arranged their hair to resemble the wigs that were then in fashion. Their dresses clearly denoted the antiquity of their families, as they were composed of heirlooms, and were cut accordingly, so that most of them did not fit. In spite of their costumes being the "Court dresses," the gold and silver trimmings were so black that you had a difficulty in making out of what they were made. The manners of these nobles suited their faces and their clothes. They might have passed for peasants. I could scarcely restrain my laughter when I first beheld these strange figures. I spoke to each in turn, but none of them understood what I said, and their reply sounded to me like Hebrew, because the dialect of the empire is quite different from that spoken in Brandenburg.

The clergy also presented themselves. These were totally different creatures. Round their necks they wore great ruffs, which resembled washing baskets. They spoke very slowly, so that I might be able to understand them better. They said the most foolish things, and it was only with much difficulty that I was able to prevent myself from laughing. At last I got rid of all these people, and we sat down to dinner. I tried my best to converse with those at table, but it was useless. At last I touched on agricultural topics, and then they began to thaw. I was at once informed of all their different farmsteads and herds of cattle. An almost interesting discussion took place as to whether the oxen in the upper part of the country were fatter than those in the lowlands. When dinner was half over, I was told that the moment had come to drink the Margrave's health. They brought me an enormous goblet to drink from, which was so large I could have put my head into it, and so heavy that I nearly let it fall. After this, the lord chamberlain drank my health. There were forty people at dinner, and I thought I should have strained my back with the many bows I had to make. I was at last so tired that I got up and left the dining-room.

I was told that as the next day was Sunday I must spend it at Hof and listen to a sermon. Never before had I heard such a sermon! The clergyman began by giving us an account of all the marriages that had taken place from Adam's time to that of Noah. We were spared no detail, so that the gentlemen all laughed and the poor ladies blushed. The dinner went off as on the previous day. In the afternoon all the ladies came to pay me their respects. Gracious heaven, what ladies, too! They were all as ugly as the gentlemen, and their head-dresses were so curious that swallows might have built their nests in them. They really looked most ridiculous. Some of these ladies had been to Court, and it was amusing to notice what airs they gave themselves in consequence. No, I really think I never saw anything funnier than the way in which they looked at us. I spent the whole day in this Noah's Ark. Next morning we went on to Gefres, which is about three hours' ride from Hof. The Margrave of Baireuth met me here. He received me in a wretched little inn, but was extremely civil, and overwhelmed his son and myself with assurances of friendship. That evening, after dinner, he took me to my room, and remained standing there for two hours, talking to me of Telemachus and Amelot de la Houssaye's Roman History. As the amiable Margrave was very slow and precise, his conversation resembled that of a sermon read aloud for the purpose of sending the listener asleep. I felt so unwell that had not my father-in-law called the servants I should have fallen down on the floor. As it was I fainted, and remained unconscious for three hours. They wanted to induce me to remain another day in this dreadful little inn, but I insisted on continuing our journey to Baireuth, which was only three miles off. The Margrave had already preceded us. We left after dinner and arrived at Baireuth at six in the evening, on the 22d of January. About half a mile from the town I received an address from the chief magistrate, M. von Dabeneck. He was very tall and thin,

and had I not known that he was of good birth I should have taken him for an actor. He declaimed exactly like one. At last we reached the town, amid the firing of cannon. My carriage, drawn by six wretched post-horses, headed the procession ; then came the carriage with my ladies, then one in which the lord chamberlain was seated. Two others followed with my servants, and then six or seven large luggage-carts, which closed this imposing triumphal entry. I do not think any royal personage was ever received in such a fashion. Somehow or other curious things are always happening to me, even though they be but trifles. I was very much put out at my reception, but did not show it. The Margrave, his two daughters, and the whole of his Court, received me at the foot of the stairs. I was at once led to my apartment. These were so beautiful I must describe them.

A large, dirty ante-chamber led into a large room, of which the ceiling was the greatest ornament. The paper that covered it must once have been very handsome. Now you required a microscope to discover the pattern on it. I at last made out that it represented the story of Moses and Aaron. Out of this room I went into a boudoir, which was hung with a kind of brocade, of which I never could discover the color. The next room was covered with green damask, full of holes. At last I reached my bedroom. This was also hung with damask, and decorated here and there with a little gold. It was all so brand new that after a fortnight there were no longer any curtains to my bed ; they were so rotten that every day a piece fell from them when they were drawn. I was struck dumb by the state and appearance of my rooms. I had never seen anything to equal it. The rooms themselves were fine and large. No sooner had I reached my bedroom than the Margrave placed an arm-chair for me. We sat down and conversed for an hour, which seemed to me like a century. After this all the ladies and gentlemen of the Court and the guests staying in the Castle were presented to me. I will break off here in my narrative to give a short account of the Court of Baireuth as it was at that time.

The Margrave was fifty-four years of age. He was of middle height, neither handsome nor the reverse. There was nothing remarkable in the expression of his face, beyond that on looking closely at him you discovered his eyes had a false look in them. The Margrave was excessively thin, had crooked legs and a very awkward gait, though he tried to appear graceful. He was very narrow-minded, and his conversation very dull. He was extremely vain, and talked incessantly of his powers, his justice, and his great determination and firmness. He really had a weak character, no head for business, and was false, distrustful, suspicious, and jealous. Telemachus and Amelot de la Houssaye were his only topics of conversation, and on these he was really rather mad. My father-in-law was always thirsting after glory. On the one hand, he acted as unbefitting his rank, and on the other stooped to the basest actions. He was neither generous nor stingy, but never gave anything unless pressed to do so. In spite of not being clever he was a great discerner of character, and knew those intimately who came to his Court. He kept a number of paid spies, and these villains did endless mischief, and I had much to suffer from their slander.

The elder of the two daughters, Princess Charlotte, who was unmarried, was very beautiful. She had fine large blue eyes, a good nose, and a small mouth ; she also had a very pretty figure. All these attractions were not enhanced by cleverness. She was really quite silly. She had been educated by the Margravine of Anspach, who had given herself endless trouble with her. It had, however, all been in vain. Indeed, as soon as you spoke with the poor princess you discovered that she was not right in her head.

The second daughter, Wilhelmine, was tall and well-grown, but not the least good-looking. She was very pale, and had unpleasant features. She was very clever, intriguing, a coquette, and jealous. Wilhelmine was her father's favorite, and up to the time of my arrival at Baireuth had ruled him completely. Madame von Gravenrenter, the lady-in-waiting to the princesses, was a kind old soul. She was in a great measure their companion.

Baron von Stein, first minister of the state, was of a very good old family. His appearance at once impressed you with his being a man of the world. He was not blessed with much cleverness. He always said "yes" to everything. Baron von

Voit, my lord chamberlain, was second minister. He was a gentleman by birth and breeding, and had travelled a good deal. He had a very cultivated mind, and his conversation was pleasant and agreeable. He was both upright and honest. Voit made many enemies by his haughty, determined manner. He loved to rule, but was wanting in firmness. We called him "Father Difficulty," for he always perceived difficulties everywhere and in everything.

M. von Fischer, another minister of state, had worked his way up, step by step, till he had obtained his present position and rank. He was of a very intriguing nature, and gave himself the airs of a very great gentleman. He was altogether a bad man and very ambitious. The hatred he had always born M. von Voit had now fallen on me, because Voit had helped in bringing about my marriage to Prince Henry, and Fischer feared that he would be a support to me.

M. von Korff belonged to an old Courland family. He was a fool, more stupid than the stupid, but entirely convinced of his own cleverness. He was selfish and intriguing, and a tale-bearer.

M. von Gleichen, another Court official, was an honest man, but very tiresome. His face plainly showed that Actæon's fate was his doom.

Colonel von Reitzenstein had a love of intrigue, and yet I never saw a duller member of society. His heart was black; he was selfish, ill-natured, and ready to sacrifice everything to his ambition. He drank deeply, and was very coarse.

M. von Vittingshofen resembled Colonel von Reitzenstein in everything, with the exception of his being more amiable and accommodating. He had a most uncharitable tongue, and spared no one. Everybody, both prince and beggar, had to suffer from it.

The other members of the Court I pass over in silence, and I have mentioned only those who have any connection with these memoirs. One and all they were, with the exception of Von Voit, insupportable. It was impossible to converse with any of them on other subjects than horses and cattle. They could in no way count as belonging to good society. Their chief amusement was drinking from morning till night. It is easily imagined what my feelings were on this point.

The dinner was badly served, and I could scarcely touch anything. Nearly all the dishes were cooked with vinegar and onions.

We were scarcely half through dinner when I became indisposed, and had to retire to my room. No one had taken the least trouble to make things comfortable for me. My rooms were not warmed, the windows were broken, and the cold was intolerable. I spent a miserable night, and made many sad reflections on my present position. I loved the prince passionately, but seemed transplanted to a new world, among people who were peasants rather than gentlemen. Poverty was everywhere apparent, and I sought in vain for the riches I had been promised. There was nothing left but to hide my aching heart under a smiling face.

I held a reception next day. I thought the ladies very unamiable and tiresome. Baroness von Stein insisted on taking precedence of Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld, which annoyed me very much. I complained to the Margrave about it, and he said he would try to bring her to reason. He did not, however, succeed, and Baroness von Stein never appeared again at any Court ceremony when Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld was present. There were many Court functions held in my honor, and I will describe one of them.

The ceremony was ushered in by the blowing of trumpets at three stated times —viz., eleven and half-past eleven in the morning and noon. The second time the trumpets sounded the hereditary prince, accompanied by the Court, proceeded to the Margrave's apartments, while the two princesses came to mine. Soon afterwards the Margrave and Court, all in state dress, joined me. The lord chamberlain, carrying his wand of office, then announced that all was in readiness, upon which the Margrave offered me his hand and led me to the dining-room. This room was hung with the same kind of brocade as my boudoir, and the color was equally faded. A table laid for twenty people was placed on a dais under a canopy, and round it stood a company of soldiers. I sat at the upper end. All the nobility and Court officials remained standing behind the table till after the first course had been served. It had been wished that my ladies should do the same, but I would not hear of it. Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld, the foreign envoys, the

ministers and chief officials alone dined at my table. I drank the Margrave's health out of a large goblet, and the health of the whole House of Brandenburg was drank with all possible honors. This intolerable magnificence lasted three hours, and would have gone on still longer had I not felt ill. I was feeling very unwell, and grew daily weaker. Several fêtes were given in my honor, but I was able to be present at them only for a quarter of an hour. At last I craved the Margrave's permission to stay in my own rooms, and not to appear any more at any of these functions. Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld kept me company. I also made an excuse for no longer receiving the Margrave's visits. He would sit all day moralizing in my room. He really did it for the purpose of observing how my husband and I got on together.

Up to this time I had no reason to complain of my father-in-law, and flattered myself that with a little patience I should get on quite well with him. But I did not know him. Princess Wilhelmine was very jealous of the influence I was gaining over her father, and Fischer was equally vexed at it. These two set to work to counteract the good understanding that existed between the Margrave and myself, and I was stupid enough to give them the opportunity. It will be observed that in these memoirs I do not hesitate to mention my failings and the mistakes I made.

Through my father's interposition, M. von Voit had been appointed chamberlain in my household. Hitherto he had stood high in the Margrave's favor. As soon, however, as he saw how devoted Voit was to Prince Henry and myself, he became jealous of him, and began to take a dislike to him. The Margrave, however, managed not to let Voit perceive this. M. Fischer, who hated him, stirred up the Margrave's anger still more against him. He told him that as M. von Voit belonged to the older nobility he would win the hereditary prince over to their side, which might lead to deplorable results. This portion of the nobility, which was very powerful, might form a party, Fischer proceeded to say, who might force the Margrave to abdicate. They might do so with less risk as they knew that the king, my father, would be sure to support Prince Henry. From all he had heard, Fischer continued, I was very fond of intrigue, besides being very clever. The Margrave, therefore, ran the risk of sharing the fate of Victor Amadeus, of Sardinia.

The emperor was a firm ally of my father's, and would certainly help him. It is easy to see that this was all pure invention on M. von Fischer's part, without a semblance of truth. Yet it fulfilled its object. It was to Fischer's influence I owed my beautiful reception on my entry into Baireuth.

I had scarcely been a fortnight in my new home before M. von Voit told me that he had received no reward or mark of favor from the Margrave, though he had been instrumental in bringing about my marriage. He did not either receive any salary, while his position as lord chamberlain had caused him many great expenses. Voit, therefore, begged me to intercede with the Margrave for him, and to obtain for him the post of great lord chamberlain. He would, in that case, waive all further pecuniary advantages. I thought his demand reasonable, and promised him to speak with the Margrave when a favorable opportunity presented itself.

Before leaving Berlin my father had given me a service of silver plate. The Margrave was very anxious to see it, and I said jokingly to him he should do so when he came to dine with me. A few days later I gave a dinner on purpose. I heard afterwards that my father-in-law was in a very bad temper that day. My service of silver plate was much richer than his, and that irritated him. He, however, forced himself to be very civil to me, and praised me incessantly. Thinking this a good moment I gave him M. von Voit's letter, supporting his petition as strongly as I dared. The Margrave changed color and answered me very angrily that he begged that I would never in future ask favors for any one. He was quite able to judge for himself in these matters without being reminded by others. This answer fortunately took me so much by surprise that I was unable to speak. I was, nevertheless, furious with my father-in-law, and though I kept my tongue in bounds, my face showed unmistakably what I felt. He, on the other hand, looked like a madman, and we soon left the dinner table. Many that had observed the occurrence and wished to preserve peace endeavored to restore the

Margrave's good temper by encouraging him to drink, for he was of very intemperate habits. He accordingly sat down with several people belonging to his court, and remained there for three hours, drinking wine with them. The hereditary prince was never present on these occasions, but always retired to his rooms as soon as dinner was over.

After dinner there was a ball. I was almost choking with rage at what had taken place, and longed badly to vent it on some one. At last I found Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld and M. von Burstell, who were conversing together in my boudoir. I told them what had happened, and how I had been treated. I was excessively annoyed and so were they. Burstell only made me more so, and Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld, who was of a very lively temperament, added to my anger. In her zeal and devotion for me, she went to the Margrave and reproached him very respectfully for his conduct towards me. He answered her coldly, and she replied to him again, till a quarrel ensued. It ended in my father-in-law leaving the ball in a great rage, without even bidding me good-night.

Burstell had informed the hereditary prince of all that had taken place, and as he was young and fiery, a "devil of a row" ensued in my room. Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld cried, and the prince, Burstell and I all spoke at once. I must confess to my own weakness. I had been brought up in Berlin with grand ideas, and had been destined to wear four crowns. How these prospects were destroyed my narrative has already shown. I imagined that my father could make laws for all other princes, and that my marriage had been a great honor for the Margrave; also, that he could never treat me with enough respect. Burstell labored under the same idea. He was very clever but too hot tempered. We were unable that evening to arrive at any conclusion. Voit, who was very timid, and was fearful I might be induced to take some hasty step which would ruin him, prevailed on us to separate.

Next day von Voit received a written reprimand from the Margrave, on account of his having chosen me as the medium for obtaining favor from him. To humiliate him still more, my father-in-law ordered him to return him the order he had given him. He said that, as he was a Knight of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, he could not wear two orders at the same time. Chamberlain von Reitzenstein was intrusted with the delivery of this message. After he had fulfilled his task he begged M. von Voit to tell us that the Margrave was extremely angry with me, but still more so with Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld, and that he would write to the king and ask him to recall her from Baireuth. Voit told us all this in Burstell's presence, who wished at once to send a messenger to Berlin with letters informing the king of this annoying occurrence. I quite agreed with his suggestion, mistaken as it was. Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld, however, prevented its being carried out. She advised Burstell, in the presence of several of the Margrave's spies, to tell my father-in-law that he had meant to write to the king, but at my request had refrained from doing so.

The Margrave now pretended to be very ill. Our plan, however, had fulfilled its purpose. Burstell's anger and my apparent generosity pacified the Margrave. My father-in-law wrote me a most amiable letter next day, which I answered in the same tone, and the matter—outwardly, at least—was set at rest. The Margrave did not love me, nor I him.

THE MIDNIGHT REVIEW.

[**Josef Christian Freiherr von Zedlitz,** born February 28th, 1790, at the Castle Johannisberg, in Austria, served from 1806–11 in the army of his country and held from 1837 an office in the Department of the Exterior. He died March 16th, 1862, at Vienna.]

At midnight from his grave
The drummer woke and rose,
And, beating loud the drum,
Forth on his errand goes.

Stirred by his fleshless arms
The drumsticks rise and fall;
He beats the loud retreat,
Reveillé and roll-call.

So strangely rolls that drum,
So deep it echoes round,
Old soldiers in their graves
To life start at the sound:

Both they in furthest north,
  Stiff in the ice that lay,
And they who warm repose
  Beneath Italian clay:

Below the mud of Nile,
  And 'neath Arabian sand,
Their burial place they quit,
  And soon to arms they stand.

And at midnight from his grave
  The trumpeter arose,
And, mounted on his horse,
  A loud, shrill blast he blows.

On airy coursers then
  The cavalry are seen,
Old squadrons, erst renowned,
  Gory and gashed, I ween.

Beneath the casque, their skulls
  Smile grim, and proud their air,
As in their bony hands
  Their long, sharp swords they bare.

And at midnight from his tomb
  The chief awoke and rose,
And, followed by his staff,
  With slow steps on he goes.

A little hat he wears,
  A coat quite plain as he,
A little sword for arms
  At his left side hangs free.

O'er the vast plain the morn
  A paly lustre threw:
The man with the little hat
  The troops goes to review.

The ranks present their arms,
  Deep rolls the drum the while;
Recovering then, the troops
  Before the chief defile.

Captains and generals round
  In circles formed appear;
The chief to the first a word
  Now whispers in his ear.

The word goes round the ranks,
  Resounds along the line;
That word they give is,—*France!*
  The answer,—*Saint Hélène!*

'Tis there, at midnight hour,
  The grand review, they say,
Is by dead Cæsar held,
  In the *Champs-Élysées!*

Translator Anonymous.

FROM THE HINDOO DRAMA MALATI AND MADHAVA.

[The story of *Málatí* and *Mádhava* is one of pure invention, and the piece belongs to the class of compositions termed *Prakaraṇa*. It is referred to as an example of the class by all the works on *Rhetoric*, the oldest of which it consequently precedes. The history of the drama, however, or more correctly of its author, is attended with more certainty than most of topics of the literary history of the Hindús.

By the introductions to *Málatí* and *Mádhava*, and the other dramas of the same writer, the *Uttara Rama Cheritra* and the *Vina Cheritra*, we are made fully acquainted with his origin and family. It appears from these accounts that **Bhavabhuti**, also named *Śrikantha*, or he in whose throat eloquence resides, was the son of a native of the South of India, a Brahman of Berar or Beder, and a member of the tribe of Brahmans who pretend to trace their descent from the sage *Kasyassa*, of whom it is said that some are still to be found in the vicinity of Condavir. The site of Bhavabhúti's birthplace is fully corroborated by the peculiar talent he displays in describing nature in her magnificence, a talent very unusual in Hindú bards, who delight to portray her minuter beauties, and one which he no doubt derived from his early familiarity with the eternal mountains and forests of Gondwana.

It appears, however, that the place of Bhavabhúti's nativity was not the scene of his literary triumphs, and that these were attained under the patronage of the princes of Hindústan. The precision with which he delineates the topographical features of Ujayin and its vicinity, leaves little doubt of his having spent some time at that city, for accuracy in this respect could have been obtained at any time in India only by actual observation. The *Bhoja Prabandha*, indeed, includes Bhavabhúti amongst the writers at the court of *Bhoja* at Dhár, but as intimated elsewhere, this work can only be received as an authority for the priority of the writers described in it to the date of its own composition; the grouping, whether as regards place or time, being altogether fanciful. A preferable authority, the text of the *Dasa Rúpaka*, refers Bhavabhúti to some period anterior to *Munja*, the predecessor of *Bhoja*, by its alluding clearly to *Málatí* and *Mádhava*, and from it therefore we gather that the play was composed before the eleventh century. How long anterior to that date we have also evidence to substantiate, and from the *History of Cashmir* we learn that Bhavabhúti flourished in the eighth century, being patronized by *Yasovermá*, the sovereign of Kanoj, who reigned about A. D. 720.

The date thus given to the compositions of Bhavabhúti is quite in harmony with their internal evidence. The manners are purely Hindú without any foreign admixture. The appearance of women of rank in public, and their exemption from any personal restraint in their own habitations, are very incompatible with the presence of Mohammedan rulers. The licensed existence of *Banddha* ascetics, their access to the great,

and their employment as teachers of science, are other peculiarities characteristic of an early date, whilst the worship of *Siva* in his terrific forms, and the prevalence of the practices of the Yoga are indications of a similar tendency.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ APPEARING IN THE FIRST ACT.

Women.

MÁLATÍ, *daughter of Bhúrivasu, in love with Mádhava.*
KÁMANDAKI, *Priestess of Buddah, nurse of Málatí and preceptress of Mádhava.*
AVALOKITÁ, *disciple of Kámandaki.*

Men.

KALAHANSA, *Mádhava's servant.*
MÁDHAVA, *son of Devaráta, the prince in love with Málatí.*
MAKARANDA, *his friend, in love with Madayantika.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—KÁMANDAKI'S *House.*

Enter KÁMANDAKI *and* AVALOKITÁ.

KÁMANDAKI.

Daughter, Avalokitá.

AVALOKITÁ.

Mistress, your commands?

KÁMANDAKI.

I have a task in hand: connubial rites
Must join the amiable progeny
Of Bhúrivasu and of Devaráta,
Long cherished friends: fair Málatí the maid,
And Mádhava the youth. Auspicious signs
Forerun a happy fate, and even now
My throbbing eye-ball tells propitious destiny
Shall crown my schemes.

AVALOKITÁ.

In truth an anxious care
This business proves; and much it moves my wonder,
How it should happen, one in rank and power
High raised, as Bhúrivasu, should require,
To wed his child, the services of one
Arrayed in tattered weeds, whose humble food
Is the scant dole of charity, and whose thoughts
Disdain the obstacles that worldly troubles
Oppose to sanctity and final bliss.

KÁMANDAKI.

Thou errest, daughter. That the minister
Appoints me to such duty, is the fruit
Of his regard and confidence, and with prayers
And penances, and life, I am prepared
All that my friend ordains me to fulfil.
Recall you not, when from far-distant realms
Assembling students crowded to our school
To gather science? Then, before my friend
Saudámini and me, it was convened
By these two statesmen—at that time associate
In amity and study—that their children,
When ripe in years, in love should be united
Hence Devaráta, *Viderbha's* king,
The pious councillor, sends from the capital,
Kundinipur, to study in our schools,
His son the blooming Mádhava, a youth
Of more than common merit, to acquit
The troth erst plighted, thus by him recalled
To the remembrance of his ancient friend.

AVALOKITÁ.

But why this mystery? Why should not wed
The youth and maiden as their state becomes them;
And why to you their stolen loves entrusted?

KÁMANDAKI.

The favorite of the sovereign, Nandana,
Sues him for Málatí. The king demands
The maiden of her father. To evade
His anger if the suit should be rejected,
Is this ingenious device adopted.

AVALOKITÁ.

Yet why thus strange to Mádhava? his name
Seems even to the minister unknown.
Small proof of his regard.

KÁMANDAKI.

A mere pretext. He knows youth indiscreet,
And fears to trust the lovers with his councils.
Let the world deem their union was the work
Of mutual passion only; so the king
And Nandana are foiled, nor we to blame.
A wise man veils his projects from the world;
Silent effects his schemes; whilst all his acts
Bespeak indifference, and his cheerful manners
Shew to suspicion's eye a heart at ease.

AVALOKITÁ.

I comprehend your plans—'tis for this cause,
That by your orders I so often Mádhava
Have sent on various pleas along the road
By Bhúrivasu's palace.

KÁMANDAKI.

True; and as I learn,
The princess from her casement has beheld
The youth—he graceful as the god of love,
Herself love's blooming bride—nor seen in vain.

Her waning form too faithfully betrays
The lurking care she now first learns to suffer.

AVALOKITÁ.

To soothe that care, then, has her skill portrayed
The lineaments of Mádhava, to-day
Left by her foster sister with Mándariká.

KÁMANDAKI.

In sooth not ill devised. Lavangiká
Knows that the youth's attendant, Kalahansa,
Doth love Mándariká, and shrewdly deems
That from her hands he will obtain the portrait
To shew his master.

AVALOKITÁ.

I have borne my part;
And to the garden of love's god directed
The steps of Mádhava at early dawn.
It is the festival of Madana. The princess
And damsel train will to his groves proceed,
And thus the youthful pair to-day will meet.

KÁMANDAKI.

Thanks, daughter, for your kindly zeal to aid
The object of my wishes. But now inform me,
If you have tidings of Saudámini,
Mine ancient pupil?

AVALOKITÁ.

I learn that upon mount *Sri Parvata*
She now resides, where, won by desp'rate penance,
Power more than earthly waits upon her will.

KÁMANDAKI.

Whence is this information?

AVALOKITÁ.

The formidable deity *Chámundá*
Is worshipped near the city cemetery.

KÁMANDAKI.

She whom her miscreant votaries aver
Delights in living sacrifice?

AVALOKITÁ.

The same.
From one of these, Kapála Kundalá,
I learnt the news, as I encountered her
By chance at eve. She is the pupil
Of a skull-bearing seer, Aghoraghanta,
A wandering mendicant, but dwelling now
Amidst the neighboring forest. He has late
Come from *Sri Parvata*.

KÁMANDAKI.

'Tis like Sáudámini.

AVALOKITÁ.

Of her enough.
More pleasing themes attend, for Makaranda,
The early friend of Mádhava, adores
The lady Madayantiká, the sister
Of the king's favorite, and to secure
His happiness will yield to Mádhava
Scarce less delight than to ensure his own.

KÁMANDAKI.

It has not been forgotten. Buddharakshitá
Attends that charge.

AVALOKITÁ.

This, mistress, was well done.

KÁMANDAKI.

Come, daughter, let us forth, and having learnt
How Mádhava has fared, repair to Málatí.
I know her spirit lofty: we must proceed
With prudence if we would obtain success.
May mighty *Brahmá*, whose consummate skill
With sympathizing merit has endowed
The graceful pair, perfect his high design.
May our devices prosper: may the youth
Obtain his wishes, and his love be crowned
With the fair maid's affection: as the lotus
Buds in full beauty to the tender light
The moon autumnal sheds upon its leaves.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Garden.*

Enter KALAHANSA (*with a picture*).

I wonder where my master is to be found: he may well think his person equal to that of love himself, since it has made an impression upon the heart of Málatí. I feel rather weary, and shall take the liberty of reposing myself in this grove till I see my master and his friend. [*Retires.*

MAKARANDA. [*Enters.*

I learn from Avalokitá, my friend
Is in the grove of Madana, and thither
I go to seek him. Ha! he comes this way:
Yet something sure disturbs him, for his step
Has not its wonted nimbleness—his eyes
Are fixed on vacancy—his whole attire
Is disarrayed, and heaves his frequent sigh.
Has love been busy here, whose potent will,
By every lovely attribute administered,
Pervades the world, and on the form of youth
Works sad and wondrous change?

MÁDHAVA. [*Enters.*

'Tis strange—'tis passing strange, my vagrant thoughts
No more return to me. Deserting shame,
Or self-respect, or fortitude, or judgment,
They dwell perverse upon one fond idea,
The lovely image of the moon-faced maid.
Wonder alone each faculty engrossed
As rapt I gazed upon her, and my heart,
As if immersed in heavenly nectar, glowed
Delusive ecstasy: too late I feel
I nursed a burning coal within my bosom.

MAKARANDA.—[*Coming forward.*

Mádhava!
The sun is high, and darts his fiercest rays
Upon the aching brow: here let us enter,
And rest a while beneath the garden's shades.

MÁDHAVA.

Even as you please. [*Exeunt.*

KALAHANSA. [*Advances.*

My master and his friend are undoubtedly the two greatest ornaments of this garden. Well; shall I now take him this picture of himself?—the delight of the eyes of Málatí and solace of her amorous pain; perhaps I had better let him repose himself a while. It shall be so. [*Exit.*

Another part of the Garden.

Enter MÁDHAVA *and* MAKARANDA.

MAKARANDA.

Here, at the foot of this wide-spreading tree,
Amidst the fragrance that the breezes waft
Abroad from every bud, let us recline.
[*They lie down.*
To-day was one of peril, Mádhava;
You could not sure behold the num'rous concourse
Of all our city's beauty, bound to pay
Their annual homage at the shrine of love,
And 'scape unharmed. In sooth, to me it seems
The shaft has lighted, and has grazed thy heart.
Nay, never droop the lotus of thy face:
If struck, reveal thy hurt: why shame to bear it?
Who can resist the heart-born deity?
Creatures of passion, all confess his power,
And gods themselves are impotent as we.

MÁDHAVA.

I own my weakness—listen to its cause.
By Avalokitá advised, I went
To *Kámadeva's* temple, where I strayed,
Till weary, I reclined beside a fountain
That laves the deep roots of a stately tree,
Whose clustering blossoms wooed the wanton bees
To cull their sweet inebriating fragrance.
Lulled by their songs, and tempted by the shade,
I laid me down, and in pure idleness,
To while away the time, I gathered round me
The new-fall'n blossoms, and assiduous wove
A flowery garland. Whilst I was thus employed
There issued from the fane a beautiful maid.
Stately her gait—yet graceful as the banner
Love waves in triumph o'er a prostrate world.
Her train bespoke a princely rank—her garb
With youth's appropriate ornaments was graced—
Her form was beauty's shrine, or of that shrine
Radiant she moved the guardian deity.
To mould her charms, whatever nature offers
Fairest and best, had surely been assembled,
And love omnipotent was her creator.
Led by her maidens to collect the flowers
That thickly hung on my o'ershadowing tree,
She neared the spot. Ah! then too plain I noted
The signs of passion, for some happy youth
Long entertained, the lovely maid revealed.
As slender as the lotus stalk her shape;
Her pallid cheeks, like unstained ivory,
Rivalled the beauty of the spotless moon;
And still her prompt compliance with the wishes
Of her attendant damsels showed herself
Indifferent to all. I scarce had gazed
Upon her, but my eye felt new delight,
As bathed with nectar, and she drew my heart
As pow'rfully as attracts the magnet gem
The unresisting ore, at once towards her.
That heart, though causeless be its sudden passion,
Is fixed on her forever, chance what may,
And though my portion be henceforth despair.
The goddess destiny decrees at pleasure
The good or ill of all created beings.

MAKARANDA.

Nay, Mádhava, this cannot be, believe me,
Without some cause. Behold! all nature's sympathies

Spring not from outward form, but inward virtue.
The lotus buds not till the sun has risen
Nor melts the moon-gem till it feels the moon.
What then ensued?

MÁDHAVA.

When her fair train beheld me, they exchanged
Expressive looks and smiles, and each to each,
As if they knew me, murmured,—"This is he!"
The music of their tinkling zones was stilled,
Repressed the silver echo of their anklets
Sharp clanging to their undulating motion.
Hushed was the melody their bracelets made,
Whilst their fair lotus palms, in sportive mood,
Were beating measure to their merriment.
Silent they stood, and with extended fingers,
As if they said, "The fates have favored us,
Lady, behold *him* here!"

MAKARANDA. [*To himself.*

This is indeed
A proof of preconceived regard.

KALAHANSA. [*Advancing.*

What is all this about? some pleasing story of which woman is the object?

MAKARANDA.

Proceed, my friend.

MÁDHAVA.

What words shall picture what those looks conveyed?
The lore of love those lotus eyes revealed.
What firmness could resist the honest warmth
Of nature's mute expressiveness, nor fall
Before those orbs, that now like opening buds,
Beneath the creeper of the tremulous brow
Expansive bloomed, and now retiring shrunk
But half averted from the answering gaze,
Then dropped the veiling lashes o'er their brightness.
I felt their influence, and those looks of love,
Beaming with mild timidity, and moist
With sweet abandonment, bore off my heart—
Nay plucked it from my bosom by the roots
All pierced with wounds.
Incredulous of my happiness, I sought
To mark her passion nor display my own,
Though every limb partook the fond emotion.
Thence I resumed my task, and wove my wreath,
Seeming intent, till she at length withdrew
Attended by her maidens and a guard
Of eunuchs armed with staves and javelins.
A stately elephant received the princess
And bore her towards the city. Whilst they moved,
As winds the lily on its slender stalk,
So turned her head towards the grove of *Káma*,
And from her delicate lids she shot retiring
Glances with venom and ambrosia tipped.
My breast received the shafts. A mingled flame
And deathly chilliness, since alternate spread
Throughout my form, and doom me to such agony
Words cannot paint, the world has never witnessed.
Perception dimly pictures present objects,
And past perceptions fade from recollection!
Vain were the lunar ray or gelid stream
To cool my body's fever, whilst my mind
Whirls in perpetual round and knows not rest.

KALAHANSA.

The object of this passion must assuredly be Málatí.

MAKARANDA. [*To himself.*

My friend is lost, my counsels were but vain:
And e'en the wish were idle, that the deity,
Self-born, should spare his years, nor with sad change
Soil his pure mind. The flow'ry bow is strung,
And ardent youth is reckless of the peril.
[*To Mádhava.*
Know you the name and race of that fair lady?

MÁDHAVA.

Hear how I learnt them. Ere she had departed,
One of her train, apparently intent
On gathering flowers, privately approached me,
And borrowing from the garland I had woven
A cover for her meaning, thus addressed me—
"Well has been strung this string of blooming beauty,
And pleasing is it in our lady's sight,
Who in like excellence herself excels—
May then success reward such high desert,
And this bright produce of creative art
Bear richest fruit, exalted to that station
Its merit claims—suspended round the neck
Of Bhurivasu's daughter, Málatí,
Whose foster-sister, and whose nearest friend,
Lavangiká, now stands before you."

KALAHANSA.

This is as we wish, and fortune favors the design of the flower-armed deity.

MAKARANDA.

Málatí, the daughter of the minister,
A mark for elevated rank, her name
Is ever in the mouth of our preceptress;
And rumor adds, the king solicits her
In marriage for his favorite, Nandana.

MÁDHAVA.

Requested by Lavangiká, I gave her
The flow'ry wreath. She took it with respect,
As 'twere a precious gift, and all the while
The eyes of Málatí were fixed on her.
Bowing with reverence, she then retired,
And quickly disappeared amidst the throng.
The princess and the people left the grove
And I directed hitherward my steps.

MAKARANDA.

Your story, Mádhava, most plainly shows,
That Málatí's affection is your own;
And the soft cheek, whose pallid tint denoted
Love preconceived, is pale alone for you.
She must have seen you, though we know not where;
But maidens of her rank do not allow
Their eyes to rest on one to whom they have not
Already given their hearts: and then those looks
That passed among her maidens, plainly showed
The passion you had wakened in their mistress.
Then comes her foster-sister's clear enigma,
And tells intelligibly whose her heart.

KALAHANSA. [*Advancing.*

Look at this picture.

MAKARANDA.

Mádhava's counterfeit—whose work is this?

KALAHANSA.

Hers who has stolen his heart.

MAKARANDA.

What, Málatí?

KALAHANSA.

The same.

MÁDHAVA.

This gives me faith, dear friend, in your conjectures.

MAKARANDA.

But, Kalahansa, how came you by this?

KALAHANSA.

Mandáriká gave it to me. She had it from Lavangiká.

MAKARANDA.

And what induced the princess to delineate this picture? did Mandáriká inform you?

KALAHANSA.

She painted it to amuse and relieve her distress.

MAKARANDA.

What say you, Mádhava?—this lovely maid,
The soft light of your eyes, assuredly
Regards you bound to her in love's alliance.
What should prevent your union? Fate and love
Combined seem laboring to effect it. Come,
Let me behold the wondrous form that works
Such change in yours,—you have the skill; portray her.

MÁDHAVA.

To please you I will try. Bring me the pencil.

[*To Kalahansa.*

[*Draws.*]

Hard is the task you have assigned me.—
A chilly tremor spreads through all my frame,
Damp dews distil from every opening pore,
And starting fast, my tears repeatedly
Dim the faint outline that my trembling hand,
Oh, how unworthily! attempts to picture:
Yet with what skill I have, 'tis done.

MAKARANDA.—[*Taking the drawing.*

Most excellent and worthy of your passion.
It may be said of her—

[*Writes on the drawing.*

"Whatever nature's loveliness displays
May seem to others beautiful and bright;
But since these charms have broke upon my gaze,
They form my life's sole exquisite delight."

Enter MANDÁRIKÁ *hastily.*

MANDÁRIKÁ.

Ha! Kalahansa, you are at last overtaken. Makaranda, Mádhava, sirs, I salute you.

MAKARANDA.

Approach, Mandáriká; what brings you hither?

MANDÁRIKÁ.

I followed Kalahansa to recover a picture.

KALAHANSA.

[*Gives her the one Mádhava has.*]

Here it is, take it.

MANDÁRIKÁ.

Málatí's picture, I protest. How came this here? who has painted it?

KALAHANSA.

He whom she delineated, and with much the same intention.

MAKARANDA.

He tells you truth; and now do you be honest.
Inform us how, and where, first Málatí
Saw Mádhava?

MANDÁRIKÁ.

She was called to the lattice by Lavangiká to look at him as he passed the palace.

MAKARANDA.

So I supposed. We frequently have passed in that direction.

MANDÁRIKÁ.

With your permission, I will communicate these events to my friend Lavangiká.

MAKARANDA.

You have free leave. [*Exit Mandáriká.*

MAKARANDA.

The monarch of a thousand beams now darts
His hottest rays; 'tis noon, let us go home.

MÁDHAVA.

Willingly—
The day's warm influence surely washes off
The careful labors of the morning toilet,
Aud steals those sandal marks, so neatly laid
In graceful lines across the flowery cheek.
Play o'er my limbs, ye soft refreshing breezes,
Whose previous homage has been paid to beauty,
And wrap in soft embrace my fair one's charms,
Diffusing o'er her form the honied fragrance
Shook from the jasmine's scarce-unfolded blossom.

MAKARANDA.

Alas! the flow'r-armed and resistless deity
Has sadly changed the person of my friend;
Like the young elephant, when fever preys
On his yet tender frame. Our only hope
Is now Kámandakí.

MÁDHAVA.

'Tis strange, most strange!
Where'er I turn, the same loved charms appear
On every side. Bright as the golden bud
Of the young lotus gleams her beauteous face,
Though oft averted from my fond regards.
Alas! my friend, this fascination spreads
O'er all my senses, and a feverish flame
Consumes my strength—my heart is all on fire,
My mind is tossed with doubt—and every faculty
In one fond thought absorbed, I cease to be
Myself, or conscious of the thing I am.

[*Exeunt.*

THE CHRONICLE OF THE BOOT.

[One of the most eminent names among the modern Italian poets is that of Giuseppe Giusti. As a humorous and satirical writer he stands first of all, and is particularly dear to the hearts of Tuscans, as the representative of Tuscan thought and speech.

He was born at Mansummano, a little town in the Val di Nievole, among the Apennines, in 1809; in 1826 went to Pisa as a law-student; and in 1834 to Florence, nominally to practise his profession, but really to abandon it for poetry and politics, to which he devoted himself till the day of his death in 1850.]

I was not made of common calf,
Nor ever meant for country loon;
If with an axe I seem cut out,
The workman was no cobbling clown;
A good jack-boot with double sole he made,
To roam the woods, or through the rivers wade.

Down from the thigh unto the heel
I'm ever wet,[1] and stand it well;
Good for the chase, or spurring hard,
As many jackasses can tell.
Sewn strong with solid stitching, you must know,
At top a *hem*, all down a *seam* I show.[2]

But then, to don I'm rather hard;
Unfit for wear of hucksters small,
I tire and gall a feeble foot,
And most men's legs don't fit at all.
To wear me long has been the lot of none;
A little while has satisfied each one.

I'll give you here no catalogue
Of all who wished to try their foot;
But here and there, merely for fun,
The most illustrious I'll quote.

[1] The peninsular form of Italy.
[2] The Alps and Apennines.

How torn and maimed I've been I'll tell in brief,
And then how passed along from thief to thief.

'Twill seem incredible; but once
I set off at a gallop round,
And traversed all the world full speed;
But running over too much ground,
I lost my balance and I fell down smack
By my own weight, full-length upon my back.

Then was a rumpus and a row;
Men of all nations, greatest, least,
Poured down some thousand thousand miles,
Led by the Devil and a priest:
Some caught the leg, some held the tasselled tie;
And "touch and take" was on all sides the cry.

A priest, regardless of the faith,
Helped or unhelped would put me on,
Then found I did not fit his foot,
So let me out to any one;
And thus at last in the first comer's hands
He leaves me, and for boot-hook only stands.

A German braggart with the priest
Played *pikes* to put his heel in me;
But homewards on St. Francis' nag[1]
Full many a time I've seen him flee.
Again he hither came; but sore of foot;
Nor has he ever yet quite donned the Boot.

Unworn for one whole age or more,
Then pulled on by a merchant plain,
He greased me fresh, and made me trot
To the Levant and back again.
Unpolished, true;—but not one jot I failed,
With rare good hobs and sparables well nailed.

The merchant throve; then thought it right
To polish up and smarten me;
I wore the spur, the fleece of gold;
But lost my old consistency.
Change followed change, that now I plainly see,
That my first nails were far the best for me.

I had nor rip nor wrinkle then;
When from the west a pilfering oaf
Jumped from his galley on my heel,
Tried even to insert his hoof.

[1] A proverbial expression, signifying barefoot.

But comfortably there he could not stay;
And at Palermo[2] *him* I lamed one day.

'Mongst ultramontane amateurs
A certain King of Spades essayed,
With feet and hands to put me on;
But like Berlicche[3] there he stayed,
When jealous of the roost a Capon[4] crowing,
Just threatened him to set the bells a-going.

My ruin to complete just then,
Or may be later, an M. D.,[5]
Leaving his drugs and shop, rushed forth;
Upon my upper leathers he
To help my case devised intrigues and lies,
Whose web was woven for three centuries.

He polished, gimcracked me all o'er,
And with emollients, glosses rare,
He rubbed me till I lost my skin;
And he who had me next in care
Still doctored me according to the rule
Of that iniquitous and cursed school.

Thus tossed about from hand to hand,
I every harpy's mark became.
Both Frank and Spaniard I endured,
Who played the "Devil and Baker's" game.
Don Quixote proved at length the lucky wight;
But rent and ridiculed he held me tight.

Who saw me on the Spaniard's foot,
Say that I sat "*malissimo*,"
Though greased and varnish-daubed, and styled,
"*Chiarissimo* — "*Illustrissimo*."
But on the sly he used the file so sore,
That I was left more ragged than before.

Thenceforth each one at his own will
Using the pincers and the awl
From frying-pan to fire I fell.
Rogues, Bullies, Barons, great and small,
To torture me had each a new idea,
"Et diviserunt vestimenta mea."

[2] Sicilian Vespers.

[3] Berlicche. A grotesque character of Italian farce, who stands open-mouthed and looks like a fool.

[4] The allusion is to the famous scene between Pietro Capponi and Charles the Eighth.

[5] The Medici.

Thus shuffled on from hoof to hoof
Of each untutored clownish brute,
I've come to lose the olden print
Of that upright, well-planted foot,
On which, without one single crooked tread,
The circuit of the Universe I made.

O wretched boot! I must confess
One foolish plan has me undone;
Of walking with another's legs
When it was time to use my own;
And more than this, the madness most unmeet,
Of hoping change of luck from change of feet.

With tears I say it; for I feel
Myself all shattered and awry;
Earth seems to shake beneath my tread
If but one single step I try.
By dint of letting bad guides lead me so,
I've lost the habit and the power to go.

But my worst foes have been the priests,
Unconscionable grasping race!
I'd have at certain poets too[1]
Who count their bead-roll nowadays,
Christ goes for nothing; the Decretal puts
A veto 'gainst the priesthood wearing "*boots*."

Torn and neglected now I lie,
And pawed by every dirty hand,
Long have I waited for some leg
To fill my wrinkles, make me stand;
No German leg or Frenchman's be it known,
But one within my native country grown.

A certain great man's once I tried,
Who, had he not gone strolling forth,
Might well have boasted he possessed
In me the strongest boot on earth.
But snowstorms, on his crooked course one day,
Froze both his legs just as he got half-way.

Refitted on the ancient last
And subject to the knife again,
Though once of mighty worth and weight,
My under-leathers scarce remain;
And as for patching holes both new and old,
It is not thread nor pegs will make *them* hold.

The cost is dear, the labor long;
You must patch over piece by piece;
Brush off the dirt in ancient mode,
Drive nails and brads; then by degrees
The calf and upper-leathers all remake:—
But to the cobbler go,[2] for Heaven's sake!

Find me but out some man; he'll do,
If only not a coward; when
I find myself upon his foot,
Should some kind sir, like former men,
Presume with me in the old way to treat,
We'll give him a sound kick on honor's seat.

Translated in Quarterly Review.

[1] The recently renewed Catholic tendencies in France and Germany have shown themselves also in Italy in the creation of a school of literature. Manzoni, and perhaps Silvio Pellico, etc., are the poets belonging to the class here alluded to.

THE HORIZON.

A CONVERSATION BETWEEN A CHILD AND ITS MOTHER.

[**Franz Franzen** was born at Uleaborg, in Finland, in 1772, and was educated at the University of Abo, where he afterward became Librarian and Professor of Literary History. Later he received the living of Kumla in the district of Orebro in Sweden. In 1835 he became incumbent of Santa Clara, in Stockholm; and in 1841 Bishop of Hörnösand, where he died in 1847.]

"See! where to earth bends down the sky!
See how the morning clouds up-rolled
Tinge the far forest with their gold.
And we delay—both thou and I,
To go to Heaven, my mother dear,
When every day it is so near."

"Come," said the mother, "no delaying—
Come, let us go then;" and they went,
On heavenly objects both intent,—
And onwards through the woodlands straying,
'Mid shadows soft and purple light
Seemed Paradise itself in sight.

"How beautiful! This sure must be
Eden itself; what fruit! what flowers;
And yet—Heaven is not in these bowers,
O'er church and moor it seems to flee.
Far off, I see the golden cloud
With splendor all the village shroud."

[2] But mind who the cobbler is.

"My child, while thou on earth sojournest
Will Heaven elude thy eager quest;
Where'er thy steps may be addressed;
Whether to North or South thou turnest.
Where the sun rises or descends
Still to Heaven's gate thy travel tends.

"Hear'st thou that voice in midair pealing?
Us doth it to God's house invite.
This is his day; on this his light,
Comfort and peace he is revealing.
There stands his church in day's clear flame;
Thy heart within it glow the same.

"Come, child, the world thou must explore,
From Paradise thou too must go;
And as we thus roam onward, so
Thy whole life's region travel o'er.
And when thy pilgrimage is done
Heaven will not fly thee, but be—won."

Translated by WM. AND MARY HOWITT.

THE ONE HUNDRED AND FOURTH PSALM.

[**Johan Clof Wallin**, the most renowned of the sacred poets of Sweden, was born in Dalecarlia in 1779, and was educated at the University of Upsala. He took orders in 1806, was created Archbishop of Upsala in 1833, and died in 1839. The following specimen is from the work of the Howitts.]

Sing, my soul,
The Eternal's praise!
Infinite!
Omnipotent!
God of all worlds!
In glorious light, all star-bestrewed
Thou dost thy Majesty invest;
The heaven of heavens is thine abode,
And worlds revolve at thy behest,
Infinite!
Omnipotent!
God of all worlds!
Thy chariot on the winds doth go;
The thunder follows thy career;
Flowers are thy ministers below,
And storms thy messengers of fear.
Infinite!
Omnipotent!
O thou, our God!

The Earth sang not thy peerless might
Amid the heavenly hosts of old;
Thou spakest—and from empty night
She issued forth, and on her flight
Of countless ages proudly rolled.
Darkness wrapped her, and the ocean
Wildly weltering on her lay;
Thou spakest—and with glad devotion,
Up she rose with queenly motion,
And pursued her radiant way.

High soared the mountains
Glittering and steep;
Forth burst the fountains,
And through the air flashing,
From rock to rock dashing,
'Mid the wild tempest's crashing,
Took their dread leap.

Then opened out the quiet dale,
With all its grass and flowers,
Then gushed the spring so clear and pale
Beneath the forest bowers.
Then ran the brooks from moorlands brown
Along the verdant lea;
And the fleet fowls of heaven shot down
Into a leafy sea.
'Mid the wild herd's rejoicing throng,
The nightingale's accord;
All Nature raised its matin song
And praised Thee—Nature's Lord:
. . . . . .
O Thou who wast, and art, and e'er shalt be!
Eternal One! all earth adoring stands,
And through the works of thy Almighty hands
Feels grace and wisdom infinite in Thee!

And answer gives the sea—
The fathomless ocean—
The waste without end,
Where in ceaseless commotion
Winds and billows contend.
Where myriads that live, without count, without name,
Crawling or swimming in strange meander,
Fill the deep, as it were, with a quivering flame,
Where the heavy whale doth wander
Through dumb night's hidden reign.
And man, unwearied with earth's wide strife,
Still hunts around death's grim domain
The over-flood of life.

To Thee! to Thee! Thou Sire of all,
  Our prayers in faith ascend.
All things that breathe, both great and small,
  On Thee alone depend.
Thy bounteous hand thou dost unclose,
And happiness unstinted flows
  In streams that know no end.

. . . . . .

WHEN THE SWALLOWS HOMEWARD FLY.

[**Karl Herrlossohn,** originally **Herloss,** was born 1804, at Prague, and died 1849, at Leipzig. Herrlossohn is the author of many hastily written historical and satirical novels, and of a great many lyrics, of which several are directed against religious and political despotism.]

When the swallows homeward fly,
When the roses scatter'd lie,
When from neither hill nor dale,
Chants the silv'ry nightingale,
In these words my bleeding heart
Would to thee its grief impart,
When I thus thy image lose
Can I, ah! can I e'er know repose?

When the white swan southward roves,
To seek at noon the orange groves,
When the red tints of the west
Prove the sun is gone to rest,
In these words my bleeding heart
Would to thee its grief impart;
When I thus thy image lose,
Can I, ah! can I e'er know repose?

Hush, my heart! why thus complain?
Thou must to thy woes contain;
Though on earth no more we rove,
Loudly breathing vows of love,
Thou my heart must find relief
Yielding to these words belief;
I shall see thy form again,
Though to-day we part again.

Tr. Anonymous.

MARRIAGE CUSTOMS IN CHINA AND JAPAN.

[**Andrew Carnegie,** author, philanthropist, millionaire and lecturer, was born at Dunfermline, Scotland, about 1836. He says, at the end of his *Four-in-Hand in Britain* (1880), page 333: "We landed at the Broomilaw (Glasgow), whither father and mother and Tom and I sailed thirty odd years ago to the land of promise, poor emigrants in quest of fortune; but, mark you, not without thoughts in the radical breasts of our parents that it was advisable to leave a land which tolerated class distinctions for the government of the people." After the family had drifted to Pittsburg, where his father died two years afterwards, Andrew was employed in the Ohio Telegraph Company's office, and, being a bright lad, gradually worked his way upwards into a position of great importance in the Pennsylvania Railroad Company's employ, which he resigned to enter the business of iron manufacturer, in which he associated his younger brother Tom, and together they made a large fortune. Andrew showed no particular promise as a literary man till he published his *Voyage Round the World* (1878–79), which immediately stamped him as an original thinker and writer of brilliancy and force. This work was followed by his *American Four-in-Hand in Great Britain in* 1880 (published 1883), which showed him in a lighter vein, and of descriptive powers of the first order—often touched with the most exquisite humor and pathos. These two books had the disadvantage of being written by an *amateur;* but when in 1885 appeared his more ambitious work, *Triumphant Democracy,* the reading public awoke to the fact that they had among them a new author, whose statement of facts about America in particular and civilization in general was true to the core, though pitched in a high note of patriotic pride. Yet the spirit of tender thankfulness for emancipation runs through the whole narrative, ranking him among the foremost thinkers of the age. Scott never more patriotically wrote,

"This is my own, my native land,"

than Mr. Carnegie in his pithy prose, backed by facts and figures unanswerable, says: "This broad American Republic, which has in a hundred years accomplished those grand results which place it now in the van of civilization, is the land of my adoption." In *Triumphant Democracy* Americans generally, for the first time, may clearly learn the plain reasons WHY they should prize their great country above all others; and, as Franklin's pamphlets, and Burns' poems, and Rousseau's essays, and Paine's *Rights of Man* had much to do with the march of liberty inaugurated at the end of the last and the beginning of the present century, so we predict that Carnegie's *Triumphant Democracy* will strike deep, in disturbance, to the rotten roots of systems of monarchy and despotism, in all Europe, and first of all, in England. Already some of our cities have shown their appreciation of its value by making it a text-book for study in the public schools. Carnegie is a man to push the car of progress *forward.* Wealthy beyond the fabled riches of Cræsus, and all won by his own enterprise and thrift: the poetic temperament marked by his appreciative sympathies with the poet in all his writings, he completely reverses our ideas of the shiftless, thriftless literary man. He endows libraries of from

$80,000 to half a million—witness Braddock, Dunfermline, Allegheny City, Pittsburg, and Edinburgh, all free libraries—with less parade than some men bestow a drinking fountain. A busy business man, of heavy responsibilities, wielding immense enterprises, he yet finds time to devote to lectures and to literature, with a success that would earn him independent means, were he not already abundantly blessed in that particular. We quote from three of his books.]

While bemoaning the absence of foreign young ladies here (in China) and in Japan, I may as well tell those at home something of the marriage customs of the East, for Japan, China, and India all have much in common here. First and foremost, then, please understand that the couple about to be married have nothing whatever to do with the affair. The match has been made by the parents, and as a rule neither has seen the other until after the contract has been closed; and, in many cases, it is thought advisable that they should meet for the first time when the ceremony begins. It is considered one of the most important duties of a mother to select a wife for each of her sons as he arrives at maturity, as a failure to do this might involve the fearful catastrophe of a break in the worship of the family's ancestors, and indeed, of her own and her husband's ashes, for there might be no men to perform the sacred rites over them. The parents of the young men take the initiative, but how to propose is said to be even more embarrassing than it would be to the son himself, as a refusal implies that the lady's parents consider the proposal much beneath them. There exists, therefore, a class of "marriage brokers," who keep themselves informed of the eligible sons and daughters in their circle, and can sound the parents, name the *dot* to be given or required, and suggest and finally bring about a satisfactory alliance without wounding the family pride upon either side. The Chinese are very superstitious, and no union takes place without the astrologer's sanction. He must consult the stars, and see that there is proper conjunction. If all is favorable, the marriage takes place.

But now, my lady friends, don't imagine that the happy pair set up a separate establishment, as you expect to do when you marry. No; the wife goes in every case to reside with her mother-in-law, to whom, as also to her husband's father, she renders implicit obedience. This obedience to parents is the most conspicuous duty in their religion. Should the daughter-in-law be disrespectful, even to her husband's parents, these would be upheld in putting her away, even against the wish of her husband, and unless the son happened to have an independent income or means of support, which is very rarely the case, his parents would select for him another wife who knew her duty better. The deference exacted and bestowed not only by children but by grown men and women to their parents, is wholly inconceivable by Americans; but, remember, their religion teaches them that those from whom they derive existence are entitled to their worship. No priest is required at a marriage. The ceremony always takes place at the man's house, the bride coming from her parents in grand procession through the streets in a sedan chair, with its blinds closely drawn, the presents being ostentatiously displayed by men carrying them in front. We saw several of these processions. I cannot give a tithe of all the customs observed; they would fill pages. But one is significant: the bride is required to kneel before the husband's family tablet, and to worship his ancestors, her own being from that moment apparently of no account to her, and her father gives her, as his parting injunction, the command to yield hereafter to her new parents the obedience and reverence hitherto his due.

When the entire day has been spent in the ceremonies required, dinner for the couple is announced, and they are left alone with each other for the first time in their lives; but she may not partake one morsel of the feast, and, harder still, perhaps, not one syllable must she speak. Etiquette demands that she "sit in silence, grave and dignified," and she cannot break fast upon her wedding day. The woman's chief study is a book giving minute instructions for her guidance through life. In this are prescribed the three great duties of woman: (1) obedience when a child to her parents; (2) obedience when a wife to her husband; (3) obedience when a widow to her eldest son. The government of man is thus secured for the weaker vessel from the cradle to the grave. No Eastern man could be made to believe that the influence of the masculine intellect is not abso-

lutely essential for the well-being of the female; and so it undoubtedly will be in the East as long as woman is uneducated. It is in America we find woman in her highest development—higher even than the English standard—simply because in the best circles she receives an education nearer to that of man than is given her elsewhere.

By many such curious customs is secured the entire absorption of the woman, her total eclipse as a separate individuality; there is nothing left of her as far as law and usage can destroy her rights. This is the Eastern idea. But she has her triumph later. As a wife, she knows there is little for her. Divorce is almost sure unless she bears a son; but when, in the language of Scripture, "a man-child is born," presto, change! she is a mother—supreme—invested with a halo of sanctity which secures rank and reverence from all. She becomes by this the equal of her lord, and must be worshipped like him, and jointly with him, by succeeding generations, for Confucius enjoins upon every son the erection of the family tablets, to father and mother alike. Nor is her rule confined to her own children, but, as before stated, to their children as well to the latest day of her life, and the older she becomes the more she is reverenced, as being nearer to heaven, dearer to the gods; and it is concluded of much moment to any family to be able to boast a great-great-grandmother living.

Do not mourn too much over the sad fate of a young Chinaman compelled to marry one whom he has never seen, for indeed there seems little difference between the young ladies of China. Thousands of years of seclusion, of unvarying customs, have at last moulded women into the same form, mentally and physically, and anything like individuality can exist only to a small degree, and in exceptional nature. They are as like as peas, and one may as well marry one as another. If the husband has not the joys of love, neither has he the anxieties pertaining to that super-sensitive condition; for she is not to be his constant companion, nor his companion at all if he has not drawn a prize.

The position of woman would seem, therefore, to be almost entirely different from what it is with us: in youth she is nothing there, in old age everything; with us it is the opposite. The "just mean" between the two would probably yield better results than either. In China a man may marry more than one woman, but the first only is recognized as his legal wife; all others are her servants, and bound to wait upon and obey her; and should there be children, these are considered as children of the legal wife only, and it is her they must worship, and not their real mother. Among the masses wives are invariably bought from the parents, about ninety dollars being a fair market price among the poor people. This sum is supposed to recompense them for the outlay involved in rearing the young girl. But this custom is valuable in this, that the possession of so large a sum by a young workingman is the best possible guarantee that the son-in-law has acquired steady habits, and is competent to provide for his family. If a test of this nature could be applied with us, I think paterfamilias would not regard it as the worst of institutions. These Chinese have ideas that are sometimes worth thinking over.—*From Round the World.*

CASTLES IN SPAIN.

[Mr. Carnegie thus moralises on starting on his tour through Great Britain to lay the foundation stone of a Free Library and Public Baths in Dunfermline. He no doubt had been for years dreaming of this his castle in Spain (and what a noble castle it was), and now on the eve of realization how naturally and kindly he discourses of "Castles in Spain," with a playful badinage reminding one of Thackeray—minus the vinegar.]

The world, in my opinion, is all wrong on the subject of air-castles. People are forever complaining that their Chateaux en Espagne are never realized. But the trouble is with them—they fail to recognize them when they come. "To-day," says Carlyle, "is a king in disguise," and most people are in possession of their air-castles, but lack the trick to see it.

Look around you! See Vandy, for instance. When we were thus doing Merrie England on foot, he with a very modest letter of credit stowed away in a belt around his sacred person—for Vandy it was who always carried the bag (and a

faithful treasurer and a careful one too—good boy, Vandy!); he was a poor student then, and you should have heard him philosophize and lord it over us two, who had been somewhat fortunate in rolling mills, and were devoted to business. "Great Cæsar! boys, if I ever get fifteen hundred dollars a year income!" (This was the fortune I was vaguely figured up to be worth under ordinary conditions.) "Great Cæsar! boys"—and here the fist would come down on the hard deal table, spilling a few drops of beer—"fifteen hundred dollars a year! Catch me working any more like a slave, as you and Harry do!" Well, well, Vandy's air-castle was fifteen hundred dollars a year; yet see him now when thousands roll in upon him every month. Hard at it still—and see the goddess laughing in her sleeves at the good joke on Vandy. He has his air-castle, but doesn't recognize the structure.

There is Miss Fashion. How fascinating she was when she descanted on her air-castle—then a pretty cottage with white and red roses clustering beside the door and twining over in a true-lover's knot, symbolizing the lover's ideal of mutual help and dependence—the white upon the red. No large establishment for her, nor many servants. One horse (I admit it was always to be a big one), and an elegant little vehicle; plenty of garden and enough of pin money. On this point there was never to be the slightest doubt, so that she could really get the best magazines and one new book every month—any one she chose. A young hard-working husband, without too much income, so that she might experience the pleasure of planning to make their little go far. Behold her now! her husband a millionnaire, a brown-stone front, half a dozen horses, a country place, and a box at the opera! But, bless your heart! she is as unconscious of the arrival of her castle as she is that years creep upon her apace.

The Goddess Fortune, my friends, rarely fails to give to mortals all they pray for and more; but how she must stand amazed at the blindness of her idolaters, who continue to offer up their prayers at her shrine, wholly unconscious that their first requests have been granted! It takes Fortune a little time to prepare the gifts for so many supplicants—the toys each one specially wants; and lo and behold! before they can be delivered (though she works with speed betimes) the unreasonable mortals have lost conceit of their prizes, and their coming is a mockery: they are crying for something else. If the fates be malignant, as old religions teach, how they must enjoy the folly of man!

Imagine a good spirit taking Fortune to task for the misery and discontent of mortals, as she gazes with piteous eyes upon our disappointments, our troubles, and, saddest of all, our regrets, charging her with producing such unhappiness. "Why have you done this?" would be the inquiry. Listen to the sardonic chuckle of the Fate: "Hush! I've only given them what they asked (chuckle—chuckle—chuckle)! Not my fault! See that unhappy wretch, sleeplessly and feverishly tossing on his pillow, and in his waking hours absorbing all his lofty faculties in gambling at the Stock Exchange—wife, children, home, music, art, culture, all forgotten. He was once a bright, promising, ingenuous youth. He was born among trees and green fields, spent the morn of life in the country, sensitive and responsive to all nature's whisperings; lay in cool, leafy shades, wandered in forest glades, and paddled in the 'complaining brooks which make the meadow green.' Nay, not many years ago he returned at intervals to these scenes, and found their charm had still power over him—felt the truth of the poet's words, that

> "'To him who in the love of nature holds
> Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
> A various language: for his gayer hours
> She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
> And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
> Into his darker musings, with a mild
> And healing sympathy, that steals away
> Their sharpness, ere he is aware.'

"He asked for enough to live honorably upon among his fellows," continues the Fate, "and to keep his parents comfortable in their old age—a matter of a few hundreds a year—and I gave him this and thousands more. Ha, ha, ha! Silence! Look at him; he doesn't see the joke. Oh, yes, you may try to tell it

to him, if you like. He has no time to listen, nor ears to hear, nor eyes to see; no, nor soul to understand your language. He's 'short' on New Jersey Central or 'long' on Reading, and, bless you! he must strain every fibre if he would save himself from ruin.

"He could commune with you in your youth, you say; he had your language then. No doubt! no doubt! so did he then know his Latin and whisper his prayers at his mother's knee. The Latin has gone; his praying continues—nay has increased, for his fears and selfish wants have multiplied since he was an innocent, ignorant child, and he has much more to ask from God for his own ends, now that he is a wise man, and is supposed to know much (chuckle—chuckle—chuckle).

"There is another mortal," we hear the Fate saying to the Good Fairy. "Look at her, decked out in all the vagaries of changeable fashion; note her fixed-up look, her conventional air, her nervous, unmeaning, simpering smile, the same to-day, yesterday, and forever—something to all men, much to none. See her at home in her chamber! Why mopes she, looking so haggard, with features expressionless and inane? What worm gnaws at her heart and makes her life so petty? She, too, came into the world a bright and happy thing, and grew up fond of music and of birds, and with a passion for flowers and all of Nature's sweets; so careful, too, of mother and of father, the very embodiment of love to all around her. You should have seen her in her teens, a glorious ray from heaven—'making a sunshine in a shady place'—so natural, so hearty, with a carolling laugh like the falling of waters. In her most secret prayers she asked only for a kind lover with a fair competence, that they might live modestly, without ostentation. She was a good girl and I granted her wish and more," says Fate. "Her air-castle was small, but I sent her a magnificent one. She is courted, flattered, has every gift in my power to bestow; yet she pines in the midst of them. The fruits of rare gardens have no flavor for her—Dead Sea fruits indeed, which fall to ashes on her lips. She has entered for the race of Fashion, and her soul is absorbed in its jealousies and disappointments. You may speak to her as of old; tell her there is something noble in that domain of human life where duties grow—something not only beyond but different from Fashion, higher than dress or show. She understands you not.

"Hand her a bunch of violets. Does she learn their lesson with their odor (which her dog scents as well as she)? Comes there to her the inner meaning, the scent of the new-mown hay that speaks of past hours of purity, of the fresh breeze that fanned her cheek in childhood's halcyon days, the love of all things of the green earth and the sense of the goodness of God which his flowers ever hold within their petals for those who know their language? 'They will decorate me to-night for the ball!' That is the be-all and the end-all of her ladyship's love for flowers.

"Show her a picture with more of heaven than earth in it, and glimpses of the light that never shone on sea or shore. If the artist be in fashion she will call it 'pretty,' when it is grand. Give her music. Is it the opera? Oh, yes, she will attend. It is the fashion. But place within her reach the soul-moving oratorio (with more religion in it than in twenty sermons) or the suggestive symphony. No, a previous engagement prevents. Why, just think of it—*one can't talk there!* Yet this woman could once play with feeling and sing with expression, delighting her young companions. Of her one could truly say:

> "'Oh! to see or hear her singing! Scarce I know which is divinest—
> For her looks sing too—she modulates her gestures on the tune;
> And her mouth stirs with the song, like song; and when the notes are finest,
> 'Tis the eyes that shoot out vocal light, and seem to swell them on.'

"And now she has fallen to this!"

"Has she children?" inquires the Good Spirit.

"No," says Fate, "we are not altogether relentless. How could we give such a woman children and look you in the face? It is sometimes thought necessary even to go as far as this, but in such cases we commend the poor infants to the special care of the great Father, for mother they have none. But look! there is a man now who did so pray for a son

and heir that we gave him one, and yonder goes the result. God in heaven! why are men so rash in their blindness as to pray for anything! Surely 'Thy will be done' were best."—*An American Four-in-Hand in Britain.*

THE ABBEY BELL.

[Let us carefully contemplate the following touching picture—as already related in our biographical sketch, and in the introduction to the preceding extract—the poor boy, now the American millionnaire, has returned to Dunfermline, his native city, and accompanied by his mother still active and vigorous. On this *day of days* "The Queen Dowager"[1] is to lay the foundation-stone of the Public Baths and Library, the princely gift of her generous son. Let the savant read this description, and he may answer for himself his question: Is life worth living?]

DUNFERMLINE, July 27–28, 1880.

Put all the fifty days of our journey together, and we would have exchanged them all for rainy ones if we could have been assured a bright day for this occasion. It came, a magnificent day. The sun shone forth as if glad to shine upon this the most memorable day of my mother's life or of mine, as far as days can be rendered memorable by the actions of our fellow-men. We left Edinburgh and reached Queensferry in time for the noon boat. Here was the scene so finely given in "Marmion," which I tried, however, in vain to recall as I gazed upon it. If Dunfermline and its thunders had not been in the distance, I think I could have given it after a fashion, but I failed altogether that morning.

"But northward far, with purer blaze,
On Ochil mountains fell the rays,
And as each heathy top they kissed,
It gleamed a purple amethyst.
Yonder the shores of Fife you saw,
Here Preston Bay, and Berwick Law;
And broad between them rolled,
The gallant Firth the eye might note,
Whose islands on its bosom float,
Like emeralds chased in gold."

And truly it was a morning in which nature's jewels sparkled at their best. Upon reaching the north shore we were warmly greeted by Uncle and Aunt, and Maggie and Annie. It was decided better not to risk luncheon in the ruins of Rosythe Castle, as we had intended, the grass being reported damp from recent rains. We accordingly drove to the inn, but we were met at the door by the good landlady, who, with uplifted hands, exclaimed: "I'm a' alane! There's naebody in the house! They're a' awa' to Dunfermline! There'll be great goings on there the day."

A hotel without one servant. The good woman, however, assured us we might come in and help ourselves to anything in the house; so we managed to enjoy our luncheon, though some of us only after a fashion. There were three gentlemen, a wife, and a cousin, who for the first time did not care much for anything in the form of luncheon. Speeches, speeches, these are what troubled Harry, Davie, and me; and I had cause for grave alarm, of which they could form little idea, for I felt that if Dunfermline had been touched and her people had determined to give us a public reception, there was no saying to what lengths they might go.

If I could decently have stolen away and gone round by some circuitous route, sending my fellow-townsmen an apology, and telling them that I really felt myself unable to undergo the ordeal, I should have been tempted to do so. I was also afraid that the Queen Dowager would break down, for if ever her big black eyes get wet it's all over with her. How fortunate it was that Mrs. H. was with her to keep her right! It was wisely resolved that she should take her inside of the coach and watch over her. I bit my lip, told the Charioteers they were in for it and must go through without flinching, that now the crisis had come I was just bound to stand anything. I was past stage-fright, and I assured myself that they could do their worst—I was callous and would not be moved—but to play the part of a popular hero even for a day, wondering all the time what you have done to deserve the outburst, is fearful work. When I did get time to think of it, my tower of strength lay in the knowledge that the spark which had set fire to their hearts was the Queen Dowager's return and her share in the day's proceedings.

[1] Mr. Carnegie in his story playfully and lovingly names his mother "The Queen Dowager."

Grand woman, she has deserved all that was done in her honor even on that day.

A man stopped us at the junction of the roads to inform us that we were expected to pass through the ancient borough of Innerkeithing; but I forgot myself there. It seemed a fair chance to escape part of the excitement (we had not yet begun the campaign as it were); at all events I dodged to escape the first fire, as raw troops are always said to do, and so we took the direct road. When the top of the Ferry Hills was reached we saw the town, all as dead as if the holy Sabbath lay upon it, without one evidence of life. How beautiful is Dunfermline seen from the Ferry Hills, its grand old abbey towering over all, seeming to hallow the city and to lend a charm and dignity to the lowliest tenement. Nor is there in all broad Scotland, nor in many places elsewhere, that I know of, a more varied and delightful view than that obtained from the park upon a fine day. What Benares is to the Hindoo, Mecca to the Mohammedan, Jerusalem to the Christian, all that Dunfermline is to me.

But here I must stop. If you want to learn how impulsive and enthusiastic the Scotch are when once aroused, how dark and stern and true is the North, and yet how fervid and overwhelming in its love when the blood is up, I do not know where you will find a better evidence of it than in what followed. See how a small spark kindled so great a flame. The Queen Dowager and I are still somewhat shamefaced about it, but somehow or other we managed to go through with our parts without breaking down.

The Queen Dowager had been chosen to lay the Memorial Stone of the Free Library, and the enthusiasm of the people was aroused by her approach. There was something of the fairy tale in the fact that she had left her native town, poor, thirty odd years before, with her loved ones, to found a new home in the great Republic, and was to-day returning in her coach, to be allowed the privilege of linking her name with the annals of her beloved native town in one of the most enduring forms possible; for whatever agencies for good may rise or fall in the future, it seems certain that the Free Library is destined to stand and become a never-ceasing foundation of good to all the inhabitants. Well, the future historian of that ancient town will record that on this day, under bright sunshine, and amidst the plaudits of assembled thousands, the Queen Dowager laid the Memorial Stone of the building, an honor, compared with which, I was charged to tell the citizens, in the Queen Dowager's estimation, Queen Victoria has nothing in her power to bestow. So say also the sons of the Queen Dowager. The ceremonies passed off triumphantly. The procession, workingmen and address, banquet, and all the rest of it may be summed up in the remark of the Dunfermline press: "The demonstration may be said to be unparalleled in the history of Dunfermline."

I will not be tempted to say anything further about this unexpected upheaval except this: after we had stopped and saluted the Stars and Stripes, displayed upon the Abbey Tower in graceful compliment to my American friends (no foreign flag ever floated there before, said our friend, Mr. R——, keeper of the ruins), we passed through the archway to the Bartizan, and at this moment came the shock of all that day to me. I was standing on the front seat of the coach with Provost Walls when I heard the first toll of the abbey bell. My knees sank from under me, the tears came rushing before I knew it, and I felt as if I were about to faint. Fortunately I saw that there was no crowd before us for a little distance. I had time to regain control, and biting my lips till they actually bled, I murmured to myself, "no matter, keep cool, you must go on;" but never can there come to my ears on earth, nor enter so deep into my soul, a sound that shall haunt and subdue me with its sweet, gracious melting power like that.

By that curfew bell I had been laid in my little couch to sleep the sleep of childish innocence. Father and mother, sometimes the one, sometimes the other, had told me, as they bent lovingly over me night after night, what that bell said as it tolled. Many good words has that bell spoken to me through their translations. No wrong thing did I do through the day which that voice from all I knew of heaven and the Great Father there did not tell me kindly about ere I sank to sleep, speaking the very words so plainly that I knew that the power that moved it had seen all and was not angry, never angry, never, but so very, *very* sorry. Nor

is that bell dumb to me to-day when I hear its voice. It still has its message, and now it sounded to welcome back the exiled mother and son under its precious care again.

The world has not within its power to devise, much less to bestow upon us, such a reward as that which the abbey bell gave when it tolled in our honor. But my brother Tom should have been there also; this was the thought that came. He, too, was beginning to know the wonders of that bell ere we were away to the newer land.

Rousseau wished to die to the strains of sweet music. Could I choose my accompaniment, I could wish to pass into the dim beyond with the tolling of the abbey bell sounding in my ears, telling me of the race that had been run, and calling me, as it had called the little white-haired child for the last time—*to sleep.—An American Four-in-Hand in Britain.*

TRIUMPHANT DEMOCRACY.

The old nations of the earth creep on at a snail's pace; the Republic thunders past with the rush of the express. The United States, the growth of a single century, has already reached the foremost rank among nations, and is destined soon to out-distance all others in the race. In population, in wealth, in annual savings, and in public credit; in freedom from debt, in agriculture, and in manufactures, America already leads the civilized world.

France, with her fertile plains and sunny skies, requires a hundred and sixty years to grow two Frenchmen where one grew before. Great Britain, whose rate of increase is greater than that of any other European nation, takes seventy years to double her population. The Republic has repeatedly doubled hers in twenty-five years.

In 1831 Great Britain and Ireland contained twenty-four millions of people, and fifty years later (1881) thirty-four millions. France increased, during the same period, from thirty-two and a half to thirty-seven and a half millions. The Republic bounded from thirteen to fifty millions. England gained ten, France five, the United States thirty-seven millions! Thus the Republic, in one half-century, added to her numbers as many as the present total population of France, and more than the present population of the United Kingdom. Think of it! A Great Britain and Ireland called forth from the wilderness, as if by magic, in less than a span of a man's few days upon earth, almost

> "As if the yawning earth to heaven,
> A subterranean host had given."

Truly the Republic is the Minerva of nations; full-armed has she sprung from the brow of Jupiter Britain. The thirteen millions of Americans of 1830 have now increased to fifty-six millions—more English-speaking people than exist in all the world besides; more than in the United Kingdom and all her colonies, even were the latter doubled in population!

. . . . . .

CONDITIONS OF LIFE.

Amid so much that is marvellous in American history, nothing stands out with greater prominence than the rapid amelioration of the conditions of life. A century ago the continent of America was for the most part a wilderness. A long strip of the Atlantic coast was sparsely populated, and a few towns were unevenly sprinkled over the narrow territory. But behind this the country was in the same wild condition as when the Pilgrim Fathers landed, a hundred and fifty years before. There were few roads through the backwoods, and the inhabitants of Massachusetts were as widely divided from those of Virginia as from those of the old home, all intercommunication of the colonies being by coasting vessels. After Independence (1776), however, the young nation, full of the enthusiasm and hot blood of youth, vigorously applied itself to the development of the country. Canals and turnpike roads were built, and by 1830 there were open for use one hundred and fifteen thousand miles of highway, and upwards of two thousand miles of canals, the latter costing upwards of $65,000,000 (£13,000,000). Canals and turnpikes were then the mighty forces of civilization, the wonderful means of locomotion.

Eight miles per hour by the mail-coach and six miles per hour by the express packet upon the "raging canal!" What was the world coming to!

Notwithstanding this, the country was

very backward, and there was little, considered in the light of modern comforts, to make life worth living. In the newspapers of the time, and in books written by travellers, we get faint glimpses of the inconveniences under which the past generation labored; but the full significance of many a little statement written fifty years ago, is not to be realized in these days of luxurious refinement and elegant ease. Here, for example, is an extract from *Niles' Register*, March 20th, 1830:

"A letter written in Baltimore has been replied to from Norfolk in forty-one hours, a distance of about four hundred miles—by steam!"

The note of exclamation appended to the statement seems oddly incongruous in these days of telegraphs, telephones and penny postage. The difficulty of communication in those early days is further exemplified by the statement in the *American Quarterly Observer* for July, 1834, that:

"A package of books can be more readily sent from Boston to London than to Cincinnati. A book printed in Boston has been republished in Edinburgh before it has reached Cincinnati."

And here are a few passages from Miss Martineau's *Society in America*, date 1834–5:

"The great cities are even yet ill supplied from the country. Provisions are very dear: . . . butcher's meat throughout the country is far inferior to what it will be when an increased amount of labor and means of transport shall encourage improvements in the pasturage and care of stock. While fowls, butter and eggs are still sent from Vermont into Boston, there is no such thing to be had there as a joint of tender meat. In one house in Boston, where a very numerous family lives in handsome style, and where I several times met large dinner parties, I never saw an ounce of meat, except ham. The table was covered with birds, in great variety, and well cooked; but all winged creatures. The only tender, juicy meat I saw in the country was a sirloin of beef at Charleston, and the whole provision of a gentleman's table in Kentucky. At one place there was nothing but veal on the table for a month; in a town where I staid ten days nothing was to be had but beef; and throughout the South the traveller meets with little else than pork, under all manner of disguises, and fowls."

Miss Martineau, writing from Philadelphia, further remarks that:

"All the ladies of a country town, not very far off, were wearing gloves too bad to be mended, or none at all, because none had come up by the canal for many weeks.

"At Washington I wanted some ribbon for my straw bonnet; and in the whole place, in the season, I could find only six pieces of ribbon to choose from. (She would find sixty shops to-day each filled with ribbon.)

"Throughout the entire country (out of the cities), I was struck with the discomforts of broken windows which appeared on every side. Large farm-houses, flourishing in every other respect, had dismal-looking windows. Persons who happen to live near a canal, or other quiet watery road, have baskets of glass of various sizes sent to them from the towns, and glaze their own windows. But there is no bringing glass over a corduroy, or mud, or rough limestone road; and those who have no other highways must get along with such windows as it may please the weather and the children to leave them."

Even so late as 1845 this isolation was the lot of all who lived at a distance from the coast. Sir Charles Lyell, visiting Milledgeville, Georgia, in that year, relates that the landlady of the hotel regarded Lady Lyell as quite a curiosity because she did not know how to make soap; and the good dame told her how the maids "make almost everything in the house, even to the caps I wear." And it appears from contemporary records that soap and candles were home-made for many years after, and homespun cloth was largely worn by the people. In the rural districts of New England at present many houses still have in their garrets the old family spinning-wheel and loom.

William Cobbett, writing in 1823, of Long Island, says:

"There, and indeed all over the American States, north of Maryland, and especially in the New England States, almost the whole of both linen and woollen used in the country, and a large part of that used in towns, is made in the farm-houses. There are thousands and thousands of families who never use either, except of their own making. All but the

weaving is done by the family. There is a loom in the house, and the weaver goes from house to house. I once saw about three thousand farmers, or rather country people, at a horse-race in Long Island, and my opinion was that there were not five hundred who were not dressed in homespun coats. As to linen, no farmer's family thinks of buying linen."

The discomforts of life to those in settled districts were few and slight compared with those experienced by settlers who went West. Of these a writer in *De Bow's Review*, in 1825, says:

"Their journey was made after long preparation, and was toilsome, slow and expensive. They were compelled to bring their heavy tools and bulky implements of husbandry, their kitchen utensils and fragile furniture, by a difficult navigation and over heavy roads; several years were required to make a small clearing, rude improvements, and enough coarse food for domestic use."

And after all this effort the conditions of life often accorded with those indicated in the following laconic dialogue:

"Whose land was that you bought?"
"Moggs'."
"What's the soil?"
"Bogs."
"What's the climate?"
"Fogs."
"What do you get to eat?"
"Hogs."
"What do you build your house of?'
"Logs."
"Have you any neighbors?"
"Frogs."

Though this is a playful exaggeration, there were many settlers whose lot was scarcely more enviable than that of the man who lived amid the bogs he bought of Moggs. Far removed from all means of communication, the western pioneer was practically cut off from the world. No ubiquitous postal system enabled him to keep up communication with his friends "down East," or in the "old country." Newspapers rarely penetrated into the wild regions where he lived; and if he wished to visit his nearest neighbor he had to ride many miles across a rough and often hostile country. The traveller on the western rivers occasionally saw a solitary individual, perhaps a woman, paddling up stream in a canoe to visit a neighbor twenty or thirty miles off. Letters to the settlers were sent to the nearest town, perhaps a hundred miles away, where they lay for months until the person they were destined for, or some neighbor, could find time to go for them.

The rates of postage in those days were very high. A letter of one sheet was carried any distance not exceeding thirty miles for six cents; and this sum was doubled or trebled if the letter consisted of two or three sheets. For any distance exceeding four hundred miles the charge was twenty-five cents (one shilling) per sheet—a sum which then had double the purchasing power it has to-day.

Primitive simplicity prevailed in municipal arrangements where these existed. A notice copied from the walls of the bar-room of the village inn at Sandisfield, Massachusetts, in 1833, well illustrates this:

"All persons who have neglected to pay their taxes or bills committed to Josiah H. Sage, collector, are hereby notified that, in consequence of the sickness of the said collector, the bills are at my house, where those who are willing can have opportunity to pay their taxes if they improve it *soon;* and those who neglect may expect to pay a constable with fee for collecting."

Scavenging was done by pigs which were allowed to run at large through the streets. Sir Charles Lyell describes them as going about Cincinnati in large numbers, no person in particular claiming ownership of them. Even in New York these scavengers were long tolerated on the side-walks because of their supposed usefulness. It was no uncommon thing thirty-five years ago for pedestrians to be thrust into the road by the dirty snout of some city hog; a newly imported Irishman declared, on being so pushed into the gutter, that it was "a sthrange counthry where the pigs were all loose and the stones all tied."

The streets of towns were usually unlighted at night. New York, however, used in 1830 thirty-five thousand gallons of oil for two hundred and ninety-nine street lamps, "besides gas." In a description of Cincinnati in 1831 a writer in the *New England Magazine* says:

"Every citizen who ventures abroad when the moon is absent carries his own lantern or runs the risk of breaking his neck. It is a curious sight to see the

lights hurrying in all directions, passing, repassing, and flitting to and fro, as if dancing at a masquerade of genii."

New York, in 1837, was destitute of a supply of good and wholesome water. There were numerous wells with pumps in all parts of the city; but the pump water was generally considered deleterious. Rain water was largely used by the citizens, most of the houses being provided with good cisterns. A contemporary writer says:

"Many parts of the city are now supplied with water for the table brought from the upper wards in casks. On the East and North Rivers, in some instances, it is pure, and in others its goodness is but little better than the present well water. The tables of the wealthy are supplied from this source, while the poorer classes have to resort to such wells and pumps as are in their neighborhood. It has been ascertained that there are now brought to the city by water-carts six hundred hogsheads, for which there is paid one dollar and twenty-five cents for each hogshead (or about one cent per gallon), amounting to $750 per day, or $273,750 per annum, for water from that source."

It is not surprising that under such conditions New York, now one of the best-watered cities in the world, suffered several severe epidemics of cholera, which in 1832 "raged to a fearful extent, nearly depopulating it." The water supply of New York is equal to that of monster London; so that the New Yorker uses more than double the quantity of water used by the Londoner. The stupendous character of the works undertaken in America is shown by this water supply question of New York. A sub-way, averaging two hundred and fifty feet below the surface, large enough for a double-track railway, and more than thirty miles long, is now being constructed to increase the supply of the Empire City. Five miles are already done, and it is expected that the entire work will be finished in three years from the date of letting the contract. In a couple of years, therefore, the water supply of New York will be four hundred million gallons per diem, or four times that now consumed by London. The world has long heard of a projected channel tunnel between Dover and Calais. Here is a longer tunnel of equal size being quietly constructed, and scarcely anything said about it.

Other towns were as badly off in regard to water supply; a circumstance which acquires prominence when viewed in connection with the great fires which periodically destroyed large portions of the towns of the Union. Contributing to these frequent disasters was the imperfect apparatus at that date for extinguishing fires. So inoperative were the fire-engines, that in the report of a fire at New Orleans, in *Niles' Register* for May 8th, 1830, it is related that, though within one hundred yards of the Mississippi, little water was to be had. It was not until 1853 that the steam fire-engine was made a practical machine, and it was much later before it came into general use. Now, the equipment of the fire brigade of America is the most perfect in the world. Electric communication between all quarters of towns, and between many houses, and numerous fire-stations exist everywhere; and a minute after a fire is reported by pressing an electric button, half a dozen steam fire-engines are speeding from different quarters towards the fire. In many towns the same pressure of an electric button, which is made to sound an alarm on gongs in a dozen different fire-stations, also starts machinery which releases horses from their halters, allows the harness to fall on their backs, and raises the stable-gates.

In the early days, when man had an entire continent to bring into subjection, and when the work of doing this was doubly difficult through the imperfection of machinery, the business of life was work—work in its most Carlylean sense of intense, unrelaxed labor. Men had no time to waste in fashionable frivolity; and even the graver kinds of amusements were, except in the older cities of the East, little indulged in. Mrs. Trollope, a name long discordant to American ears, commented on this circumstance:

"I never saw any people who appeared to live so much without amusement as the Cincinnatians. Billiards are forbidden by law, so are cards. To sell a pack of cards in Ohio subjects the seller to a penalty of $50. They have no public balls, excepting, I think, six during the Christmas holidays. They have no concerts, they have no dinner parties."

To this emphatic "*never*" is probably required the Sullivan-Gilbert qualification "hardly ever." To say that the people

of Cincinnati, fifty years ago, *never* went to balls, *never* attended concerts, *never* dined out, is obviously straining the literal truth. Still it is unquestionable that social recreations were few and far between in those days.

Although facts prove that the general standard of comfort was necessarily very much lower in the early part of the period we are considering than now, there yet prevailed a degree of general well-being unknown at the same time in Europe. Arfedson, a Swedish traveller, who visited the country in 1832–34, has thus placed on record his impressions:

"A European, travelling in this direction (New York State), cannot help admiring the general appearance of comfort and prosperity so singularly striking. To an inhabitant of the Scandinavian peninsula, accustomed to different scenes, it is peculiarly gratifying to witness, instead of gorgeous palaces by the side of poor huts, a row of neat country houses, inhabited by independent farmers."

A Swedish servant, lately arrived in America, at the date in question, on looking round and perceiving the happy state so generally diffused, exclaimed, with surprise and characteristic simplicity, "Sir, have the goodness to inform me where the peasantry live in this country?"

In works on America written about this period, we everywhere find expressions of surprise at the absence of beggars. Sir Charles Lyell, inquiring in his "First Visit" in 1840, "to what combination of causes the success of national education is to be attributed," and replying to his own query, makes a statement which is here relevant. He says:

"First there is no class in want or extreme poverty here, partly because the facility of migrating to the West, for those who are without employment, is so great, and also, in part, from the check to improvident marriages, created by the high standard of living to which the lowest people aspire, a standard which education is raising higher and higher from day to day."

As a further result of this universal prosperity, there was less crime than in the older countries, where life was difficult.

"The number of persons apprehended by the police of the city of London, in 1832, was seventy-two thousand eight hundred and twenty-four. The population of London being twenty times that of Boston, the same proportion would give for Boston thirty-six hundred and forty-one, instead of the actual number, nineteen hundred and four."

But probably the greatest contrast of all was that between the low status of the factory operatives in England and the high status of the same class in America. In England, forty years ago, the factory hand was a mere machine—a drudge, ill-fed, ill-housed, addicted to low pleasures, with no hope on earth, and scant knowledge of heaven. In America the female operatives were usually farmers' daughters, who entered the factory to make a little money with which to set up housekeeping when they married. Their intellectual status is shown by the fact that at Lowell, Massachusetts, a magazine was published consisting entirely of articles and poems written by girls employed in the factories. By a judicious superintendence their morals were cared for, none being permitted to live in unauthorized lodging houses; and the result was that the girls of the Lowell factories were celebrated as much for their virtue as for their intellectual superiority. Unfortunately all this is changed. Immigrant operatives from Europe came in, and supplanted those of New England; and at the present time the condition of the American factory hand, though decidedly better than that of the European operative, is said to be not nearly so high as it was forty years ago.

The glimpses we are thus able to obtain of this period of fifty-five years ago (1830), show us a people scattered for the most part along the Atlantic seaboard. A few aggregations of people at Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore had made good their claim to rank as cities. The roads of America, still, with some exceptions, the worst, perhaps, in the civilized world, were then only dirt lanes, almost impassable during the rainy season, but excellent in summer and during the hard frosts in winter. Stage-coaches ran between the cities at intervals which to us seem absurdly rare; and sailing packets, propelled by steam, and on the canals express packets, drawn by horses, divided the passenger traffic with the stage-coaches. Enterprising pioneers had pushed westward beyond the Alleghenies into the

Ohio valley, and even as far as the plains of Illinois. The emigrant travelled in his own wagons to his new home in the then "far" West. During the long and hazardous journey his family lived the life of roaming gypsies.

The people's dress was of the cheapest and simplest character. A rough casinet cloth was used for the best dress of the men, and few women out of the principal cities aspired to a silk gown. In 1830 cotton calico was worn by most women, even of the well-to-do class. The servant problem, to-day such a difficult one to the American housewife, was much easier of solution then; for, as there were fewer foreign women available for domestic service, native Americans had to be employed. These were not called servants, but "help," and it was the custom for them to sit at the family table and in other ways to be treated as equals and members of the family. Such an arrangement was hardly an inconvenience where so much simplicity of life prevailed. A repugnance then existed to all distinctions in dress. No coachman was ever seen in livery, nor did servants dress in any prescribed fashion. Concerning this trait Miss Martineau writes:

"One laughable peculiarity at the British Legation (at Washington) was the confusion of tongues among the servants, who ask you to take fish, flesh and fowl in Spanish, Italian, German, Dutch, Irish, or French. The foreign ambassadors are terribly plagued about servants. No American will wear livery, and there is no reason why any American should. But the British ambassador must have livery servants. He makes what compromise he can, allowing his people to appear without livery out of doors, except on state occasions; but he is obliged to pick up his domestics from among foreigners who are in want of a subsistence for a short time, and are sure to go away as soon as they can find employment in which the wearing a livery is not a requisite."

Such was the repugnance to livery that policemen dressed like ordinary citizens. Even New York city did not give its police a distinctive dress until 1845. Other cities followed later, until now it would be difficult to distinguish the police force in any American city from the metropolitan police of London. Coachmen's liveries are less gaudy in America than in Europe. We have not yet adopted powdered-haired coachmen and flunkeys with stuffed calves, nor brilliantly colored coaches.

I remember well that when the Pennsylvania Railroad Company decided that conductors and passenger-train men upon its lines should be distinguished from passengers by a uniform official dress, serious doubts were entertained whether the requirement would not lead to universal refusal to wear livery. In this case, as with the police force, the obvious advantage of the men in authority being known at once by their uniform was finally recognized by the employees.

It is a sentiment well worth humoring, however—this dislike to distinctive badges, except when clearly useful. Unless so, let republican citizens be independent and differ even in dress.

There was scarcely a private carriage in Western cities in those days. People rode on horseback or in rude wagons, or, at best, in one-horse chaises. An old lady, living not long since, and one whom I knew well and honored, kept the first carriage in Pittsburgh; and the lady who first had a coachman in livery (he was a colored man fond of display) died only recently. If the dress, conveniences and homes of the people were of the simplest character, so was the food. It was, however, very cheap. Eggs were three halfpence a dozen, and a leg of lamb cost only a shilling. Foreign wine was so rare and costly as to be almost unknown. The importations of wine in 1831 amounted to only a million and a half dollars. Barter was a common mode of payment. Workmen, even in cities, received orders upon a store for their labor. Wages were generally low. Laborers received sixty-two cents (three shillings) per day, and two dollars (eight shillings) per day was long considered remarkably high wages, and was given only to very skilful workmen. Salaries were even lower in proportion. The late President of the great Pennsylvania Railway received only $1,500 (£300) per annum as late as 1855, when he was superintendent of the western division of the line. I was overwhelmed when, as his successor, I received £50 more per annum. Notwithstanding low wages, the regularity of work and the simplicity of life enabled the people to save considerable sums every year.

Such as there was of fashion was in the

direction of the plainest living, and in opposition to ostentation in residence, furniture, dress, food or equipage. It was republican to be plain, simple, unaffected and of the people. Kid-gloves, dress coats and silk dresses were hardly known west of the Alleghenies. There were no millionaires in those days. Men with fifty or a hundred thousand dollars (£10,000 to £20,000) were spoken of throughout the country as the millionaire is now. Indeed, there are probably more millionaires in New York city to-day than there were men in the whole country in 1830 who were worth a hundred thousand dollars. The first pianoforte manufactory was founded in 1822, but was so insignificant that in 1853 it turned out only fifteen pianos a week. Few carriages were made till 1840. Works of art were rarely seen. The first picture gallery of any consequence was that of the Pennsylvania Academy, Philadelphia, opened in 1811. Other cities remained till a recent date without important art collections. Libraries existed in colleges and in the public buildings of the State capital, but few collections of books were accessible to the people. Previous to 1830 only three or four cities had such libraries, and these were unimportant.

In those days every village and country district had its universal genius who could turn his hand to anything, from drawing a tooth to mending a clock. The doctor of divinity had usually the functions of doctor of medicine as well. The doctor of the body had no brother doctor of the soul; he was both himself. The lawyer was attorney, counsellor, real estate agent, banker and barrister in one. With increasing population, handicrafts and professions have become specialized; and communities, however small, are now generally well supplied with men trained to their special vocations, to which they confine themselves.

A community of toilers with an undeveloped continent before them, and destitute of the refinements and elegancies of life—such was the picture presented by the Republic fifty years ago. Contrasted with that of to-day we might almost conclude that we were upon another planet and subject to different primary conditions. If the roads throughout the country are yet poor compared with those of Europe, the need of good roads has been rendered less imperative by the omnipresent railroad. It is the superiority of the iron highway in America which has diverted attention from the country roads. Macaulay's test of the civilization of the people by the condition of their roads must be interpreted, in this age of steam, to include railroads. Communication between places is now cheaper and more comfortable than in any other country. Upon the principal railway lines the cars —luxurious drawing-rooms by day and sleeping chambers by night—are ventilated by air, warmed and filtered in winter, and cooled in summer. Passenger steamers upon the lakes and rivers are of gigantic size and models of elegance. The variety and quality of the food of the people of America excels that found elsewhere, and is a constant surprise to Europeans visiting the States. The dress of the people is now of the richest character —far beyond that of any other people, compared class for class. The comforts of the average American home compare favorably with those of other lands, while the residences of the wealthy classes are not equalled anywhere. The first-class American residence of to-day in all its appointments excites the envy of the foreigner. One touch of the electric button calls a messenger; two touches bring a telegraph boy; three summon a policeman; four give the alarm of fire. Telephones are used to an extent hardly dreamed of in Europe, the stables, gardeners' houses and other outbuildings being connected with the mansion; and the houses of friends are joined by the talking wire almost as often as houses of business. Speaking-tubes connect the drawing-room with the kitchen; and the dinner is brought up "piping hot" by an elevator. Hot air and steam pipes are carried all over the house; and by the turning of a tap the temperature of any room is regulated to suit the convenience of the occupant. The electric light is coming into use throughout the country as an additional home comfort. Indeed there is no palace or great mansion in Europe with half the conveniences and scientific appliances which characterize the best American mansions. New York Central Park is no unworthy rival of Hyde Park and the Bois de Boulogne in its display of fine equipages; and in winter the hundreds of graceful sleighs dashing along the

drives form a picture prettier than anything London can boast. The opera houses, theatres and public halls of the country excel in magnificence those of other lands, if we except the later constructions in Paris and Vienna, with which the New York and Philadelphia opera houses rank. The commercial exchanges, and the imposing structures of the life insurance companies, newspaper buildings, hotels, and many edifices built by wealthy firms, not only in New York, but in the cities of the West, never fail to excite the European's surprise. The postal system is equal in every respect to that of Europe. Mails are taken up by express trains, sorted on board, and dropped at all important points without stopping. Letters are delivered several times a day in every considerable town. The uniform rate of postage for all distances, often exceeding three thousand miles, is only two cents (one penny) per ounce.

In short, the conditions of life in American cities may be said to have approximated those of Britain during the fifty years of which we are speaking. Year by year, as the population advances, the general standard of comfort in the smaller Western cities rises to that of the East. Herbert Spencer was astonished beyond measure at what he saw in American cities. "Such books as I had looked into," said he, "had given me no adequate idea of the immense developments of material civilization which I have everywhere found. The extent, wealth and magnificence of your cities, and especially the splendor of New York, have altogether astonished me. Though I have not visited the wonder of the West, Chicago, yet some of your minor modern places, such as Cleveland, have sufficiently amazed me, by the marvellous results of one generation's activity. Occasionally, when I have been in places of some ten thousand inhabitants, where the telephone is in general use, I have felt somewhat ashamed of our own unenterprising towns; many of which, of fifty thousand inhabitants and more, make no use of it."

OUR CONSTITUTION.

[**Benjamin Bartis Comegys** was born at Dover, Delaware, May 9th, 1819—son of Cornelius P. Comegys, late Governor of Delaware. Benjamin came to Philadelphia when about seventeen years of age, and after engaging for some time as a dry goods clerk, he entered the Philadelphia Bank, and soon became cashier, which place he held till elected Vice President and afterward President, which position he still holds. He is a director of the Philadelphia Trust Company, of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, of the Western Saving Fund Society, of the Sunday School Union of America, and of the Philadelphia City Trusts, including the Girard Estate, in which capacity his lecture, delivered to the boys in the chapel of the Girard College, October, 1887, was made, and which has attracted much attention because of its clear and eloquent explanation of our glorious Constitution, and the reasons he so plainly points out why we all should prize it. Mr. Comegys, like Mr. Carnegie (see *Triumphant Democracy*, page 273 in this vol.), though a very busy man, finds time to teach, in the manner of the lecture here given, in words of sober pith gained from experience and careful observation, lessons which cannot but be of great benefit to all—especially the young.]

I am about to do what I have never done—what has probably never been done by any other person in this chapel. I propose to give you a political speech, but not a partisan speech; indeed, I hardly think you will be able to guess, from anything I say, to which of the two great political parties I belong.

I do not go to the Bible for a text—though there are many passages in the Holy Scriptures which would answer my purpose very well—but I take for my text the following passage from the will of Mr. Girard:

"And especially I desire that by every proper means, a pure attachment to our republican institutions, and to the sacred rights of conscience as guaranteed by our happy Constitution, shall be formed and fostered in the minds of the scholars."

A few weeks ago our city was filled to overflowing with strangers. They came from all parts of the land, and some from distant parts of the world. Our railways and steamboats were crowded to their utmost capacity. Our streets were thronged; our hotels and many private dwellings were full. It was said that there were half a million of strangers here. The President of the United States, the members of the Cabinet, many members of the national Senate and House of Representatives, the General of the army and many other generals, the highest navy officers, judges of the Supreme Court of the United States and of the State courts, the Gov-

ernors of most of the States—each with his staff—soldiers and sailors of the United States, and many regiments of State troops (the Girard College cadets among them)—a military and naval display of twenty-five thousand men—representatives of foreign states, an exhibition of the industrial and mechanic arts, in a procession miles in extent, such as was never seen in all the world before; receptions and banquets, public and private; a general suspension of most kinds of business.

All this occurred in the streets of our city only a few weeks ago. What did it mean?

It was the One Hundredth Anniversary of the adoption of the Constitution of the United States, and it was considered to be an event of such importance that it was well worth while to pause in our daily work; to give holiday to our schools; to still the busy hum of industry; to stop the wheels of commerce; to close our places of business.

One hundred years ago the Constitution of the United States of America was adopted in this city.

What had been our government before this? Up to July, 1776, there had been thirteen colonies, all under the government of Great Britain. In the lapse of time the people of these colonies, owing allegiance to the king of England, and subjected to certain taxes which they had no voice in considering and imposing, because they had no representation in the Parliament which laid the taxes, became discontented and rebellious, and in a convention which sat in our own city of Philadelphia, on the 4th of July, 1776, they united in a Declaration of Independence of Great Britain, and announced the thirteen colonies as Free, Sovereign and Independent States.

This, however, was only a declaration; and it took seven long years of exhausting and terrible war (which would have been longer still but for the timely aid of the French nation) to secure that independence and have it acknowledged by the governments of Europe.

Before the declaration, each of the colonies had a State government and a written constitution, for the regulation of its internal affairs. Now these colonies had become States, with the necessity upon them (not at first admitted by all) of a general compact or agreement, by which the States, while maintaining their independence in many things, should become a confederated or general government.

More than a year passed before the Constitution, which the convention agreed upon, was adopted by a sufficient number of the States to make it binding on all the thirteen.

Now, what is the Constitution? How does it differ from the *laws* which the Congress enacts every winter in Washington?

First let me speak of other nations. There are two kinds of government in the world—monarchical and republican. And there are two kinds of monarchies—absolute and limited. An absolute monarch, whether he be called emperor or king, rules by his personal will—his will is the law. One of the most perfect illustrations of absolute or personal government is seen on board any ship, where the will of the chief officer, whether admiral or captain, or whatever his rank, is, and must be, the law. From his orders, his decisions, there is no appeal until the ship reaches the shore, when he himself comes under the law. This is a very ancient form of government, now known in very few countries calling themselves civilized.

The other kind of monarchy is limited by a constitution, *un*written, as in Great Britain, or *written*, as in some other nations of Europe. In these countries the sovereigns are under a constitution; in some instances with hardly as much power as our President. They are not a law unto themselves, but are under the common law.

The other kind of government is republican, democratic or representative. It is, as was happily said on the field of Gettysburg, long after the battle, by President Lincoln, "a government *of* the people, *by* the people, *for* the people." These few plain words are well worth remembering—"of," "by," "for" the people. These are the traits which distinguish our government from all kinds of monarchies, whether absolute or limited, hereditary or elective.

After the war between Germany and France, in 1870, the German kingdoms of Prussia, Hanover, Saxony, Wurtemberg, Bavaria, with certain small principalities, each with its hereditary sovereign, were consolidated or confederated as the German empire, and the king of Prussia,

the present Frederick William, was crowned emperor of Germany.

France, however, after that war, having had enough of kings and emperors, adopted the republican form of government. So that now there are three republics in Europe, viz., France, Switzerland, and a little territory on the east coast of Italy, San Marino.

So that almost all of Europe, all of Asia, and all of Africa (except Liberia), and the islands of Australia, and the northern part of North America (except Alaska), are under the government of monarchs; while the three countries of Europe already mentioned, and our own country, and Mexico, and the Central American States, and all South America except Brazil (and some small parts of the coast of South America under British rule), are republics.[1]

Now let us come back to our own government and see what it is, and whether it is better than any form of monarchy; and if so, why.

What is the Constitution of the United States? The first clause in it is the best answer I can give:

"We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America."

Then follow the articles and sections setting forth the principles on which it was proposed to build up a nation in this western world. The thirteen states each had its constitution and its laws, but *this instrument* was intended to serve as the foundation of the general government. Until these states had formed their constitutions there was no republican government in the world except Switzerland and San Marino, and these lived only on the sufferance of their powerful monarchical neighbors. All South America was under Spanish rule, and Mexico was a monarchy.

The great principle of a republic is that people *have a right to choose* their own rulers, and ought to do it. The divine right of hereditary monarchy we deny. It is often said, that the English government is as free as ours; but it is not quite true, and will not be true until every citizen is permitted to vote for his rulers. Whether so much liberty is perfectly safe for all people is well open to question; but it is a fact here, and if people would only behave themselves properly there would be no danger whatever in it. And if there is danger here, it comes not from native-born citizens trained under our free institutions. The sun does not shine on a broader, fairer land than this; and under that divine Providence, without whose gracious aid we could not have achieved and cannot maintain our Constitution, we have nothing whatever to fear for the present or to dread in the future, but the evil men among us—the Anarchists and Socialists, the scum and offscouring of Europe—who, with no fear of God before their eyes, so far forget the high aims of this government and their own obligations to it as to seek to overthrow its very foundations.

The highest and best types of monarchical governments are in Europe, and it is with such that we seek comparison when we insist that ours is better.

Monarchies are hereditary. They descend from father to the oldest son, and to the oldest son of the oldest son where there are sons. England has rejoiced in two female sovereigns at least, Elizabeth and Victoria, the present sovereign; but they came to the throne because there was no son in either case to inherit. The heir apparent, whatever his character or want of character, must reign when the sovereign dies; because, as they say, he rules by divine right. We insist on electing our President for a term of years, and if we like him we give him another term; if we do not like him, we drop him and try another.

I wish the term of office of the President were longer, and that he could serve only one term. Perhaps it will come to that; and I think he would be a more independent, a better official under this condition.

What is the difference between the Constitution and the laws?

The Constitution is the great charter under which, and within which, the laws are made. No law that Congress may

[1] One of our most distinguished citizens said some years ago that he believed the tendency of things was towards the English language, the Christian religion, and republican government for the human race.

pass is worth the paper it is printed on if it is contrary to the Constitution. Such laws have been passed ignorantly, and have died.

A very simple illustration is at hand. The constitution of this College is Mr. Girard's will. This is our charter. The laws which the Directors make must be within the provisions of the will or they will not stand. For instance, the will directs that none but *orphans* can be admitted here; and the courts have decided that a child without a father is an orphan. The Directors, therefore, cannot admit the child who has a father living. The will says that only *boys* can be admitted; therefore no law that the Directors can make will admit a girl. Nor can the Directors make a law which will admit a colored boy; nor a boy under six nor over ten years of age; nor a boy born anywhere except in certain states of our country—Pennsylvania, New York and Louisiana. It would be unconstitutional. I think now you see the difference between the Constitution and the laws.

Now, again, is our government better than a monarchy? and why?

Because the men of the present time make it, and are not bound by the traditions of far-off times. There are improvements in the science of government as in all other human inventions, as the centuries come and go. Man is progressive; he would not be worth caring for if he were not. If the present age has not produced a higher and better development in all essentials, it is our own fault, and is not because men were perfect in the past or cannot be better in the present or in the future. Therefore when our Constitution is believed not to meet the requirements of the present day there is a way to amend it, although that way is so hedged up that it cannot possibly be altered without ample time for consideration. As a matter of fact the Constitution has been altered or amended fifteen times since its adoption; and it will be changed or amended as often as the needs of the people require it.

We believe our form of government to be better than any monarchy because *the people choose their own lawmakers.* The Congress is composed of two houses or chambers: the members of the Senate, chosen by the legislatures of the states, two from each state, to serve for six years; the members of the House of Representatives (chosen by the citizens), who sit for two years only unless re-elected. The Senate is supposed to be the more conservative body, not easily moved by popular clamor; while the Representatives, chosen directly and recently by the voters, are supposed to know the immediate wants of the people. The thought of two houses grew probably from the two houses of the British parliament.

We cannot have an *hereditary legislature* like the House of Lords in the British parliament, whose members sit as the sovereign rules, by divine right, as they say; and with the same result in some instances: for the sovereign may be a mere figure-head, or only the nominal ruler, while the cabinet is the real government, and the House of Lords long ago sunk far below the House of Commons in real influence. There is no better reason for this than the fact that the people have nothing to do with the House of Lords and the sovereign, except to depose and scatter them when they choose to rise in their power and assert themselves.

We can have no *orders of nobility* under our Constitution. There can be no privileged class. All men are equal under the law. I do not mean that all persons are equal in all respects. Divine Providence has made us unequal. Some are endowed naturally with the highest mental and physical gifts and distinctions; some are strong and others weak. This has always been so and always will be so. Some have inherited or acquired riches, while others have to labor diligently to make a bare living. Some have inherited their high culture and gentle manners and noble instincts, which, in a general sense, we sometimes call culture; and others have to acquire all this for themselves,—and it is not very easy to get it. So there is no such thing as absolute equality, and cannot be; but before the law, in the enjoyment of our rights and in the undisturbed possession of what we have, we are all equal, as we could not be under a monarchy. Here there is no legal bar to success; all places are open to all.

There can be no law of *primogeniture* under our Constitution. By this law, which still prevails in England, the eldest son inherits the titles and estates of the father, while the younger sons and all the daughters must be provided for in other

ways. Some of the sons are put in the church, in the army or the navy, or in the professions, such as law and medicine; but it is very rare indeed that any son of a noble house is willing to engage in any kind of business or trade, for they are not so well thought of if they become tradesmen.

There can be no *state church*, no *establishment*, under our Constitution. In England the Episcopal Church, and in Scotland the Presbyterian Church, are established by law; and until within the last seventeen years, the Church of England was by law established in Ireland, and it is now established in Wales; and in other countries of Europe the Roman Catholic Church and the Lutheran Church and the Greek Church are established by law. In countries where there is a national church it derives more or less of its support from taxing the people, many of whom do not belong to it; but in this land there is no established church, and there never can be, let us hope and believe.

Under our form of government we need no *standing army*. We owe this partly to the fact that we are so isolated geographically that we do not need to keep an army. I heard the general of our army say, a short time ago, that the regular army of the United States is a fiction —only 25,000 men. (You saw as many troops a few weeks ago in one day as are in all our army.) "The real army," he added, "is composed of every able-bodied citizen; for all are ready to volunteer in the face of a common enemy." Our territory is immensely large already and it will probably be larger, but it will not again be enlarged as the result of war. When we look at the nations of Europe, and see the immense numbers of men in their standing armies, we can't help thanking God that we are separated from them by the wide Atlantic and that we have a republican government and have no temptation to seek other territory, and are not likely to be attacked for any cause. In the armies of Great Britain, Germany, Russia, Austria, Italy, Turkey, are more than ten millions of men withdrawn from the cultivation of the soil and from the pursuits of commerce and manufactures. In Italy alone the standing army is said to be 750,000 men! The withdrawal of so many men from peaceful occupations makes it necessary to employ women to do work which in our country women are never asked to do. I have seen a woman drawing a boat on a canal, and a man sitting on the deck of that boat smoking his pipe and steering the boat. I have seen a woman with a huge load of fresh hay upon her head, and a man walking by her side and carrying his scythe. I have seen women yoked with dogs to carts, carrying the loads that here would be put in a cart and drawn by a horse. I have seen women carrying the hod for masons on their *heads*, filled with stone and mortar. I have seen women carrying huge baskets of manure on their backs to the field, and young girls breaking stone on the highway. Did you ever hear of such things here? See what a difference! The men in the army eat up the substance which the women produce from the soil.

But nowhere else in the world is the *dignity of labor* recognized as here. They do not know the meaning of the words. For in most other countries it is considered undignified, if not ungenteel, to be engaged in labor of any kind. A man who is not able to live without work is hardly considered a gentleman. To work with the hands is degrading, is what ought to be done by common people only, and by people who are not fit to associate with gentlemen and ladies. It is not so in this country. Here, a man who is well educated and well behaved, and upright and honorable in his dealings with men, who cultivates his mind by reading and observation, and is careful of the usages of good society, is fit company for any one. He may rise to any place within the gift of his fellow-citizens, and adorn it. This is not so elsewhere. And think of a young girl hardly out of her teens, with no special preparation for such a distinction, but educated and accomplished, becoming the wife of the President of the United States and proving herself entirely worthy of that high position! Could any other country match this?

Now what is the effect of all this freedom of thought and action on the people? Well, it is not to be denied that there are some disadvantages. There is danger that we may overestimate the individual in his personal rights and not give due weight to the people as a community. There is danger of selfishness, especially among

young people. There is not as much respect and reverence for age and for those above us, and for the other sex, as there ought to be. Young people are very rude at times, when they should always be polite to their superiors in age or position. At a little city in Bavaria the boys coming out of school one day all lifted their hats to me, a stranger! That would be an astounding thing in a Philadelphia street! In riding in the neighborhood of the city here, if I speak civilly to a boy by the roadside, I am just as likely as not to get an impudent answer.

But in spite of these defects, which we hope will never be seen in a Girard College boy, the true effect of training under our republican institutions is to make men. There is a wider, freer, fuller development of what is in man than is known elsewhere. Man is much more likely to become self-reliant, self-dependent, vigorous, skilful, here—not knowing how high he may rise, and consciously or unconsciously preparing himself for anything to which he may be called. And for woman, too, where else does she meet the respect that belongs to her? Where else in the world do women find occupation in government offices, on school boards, at the head of charitable and educational institutions? With few exceptions, such as Girton College, where are there in any other country such colleges as Vassar or Wellesley, and as the Woman's Medical College, almost under the walls of our own?

I have already kept you too long. But a few words and I am done. I am moved by the injunction of Mr. Girard in his will not only to say these things, but by this grave consideration also: every boy who hears me to-day, within fifteen years, if he lives, unless he is cut off by crime from the privilege, will be a voter. You will go to the polls to cast your votes for those who are to have the conduct of the government in all its parts. I want to make you feel, if I can, the high destiny that awaits you. You are distinctive in this respect—you are all American boys. This can be said of no other assembly as large as this in all this broad land. You have it in your power, and I want to help you to it, and God will if you ask him—you have it in your power to become American gentlemen. And I believe that an *American gentleman* is the very highest type of man.

God, give us men. A time like this demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and ready hands:
Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who have honor, men who will not lie;
Men who can stand before a demagogue
And scorn his treacherous flatteries without winking;
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog
In public duty and in private thinking.

WHAT CAN INDIA TEACH US?

[**Friedrich Maximilian Müller** (better known as Max Müller), a distinguished German Orientalist, born at Dessau, in Anhalt, 1823. Educated at Leipzig and Berlin, he gave himself exclusively to Sanskrit studies. Coming to Paris in 1845, he studied with Burnouf, and projected an edition of the *Rigveda*. He went to London in 1846, and was made professor of literary history and comparative grammar at Oxford University in 1850, and in 1868 elected professor of comparative philology, a department created expressly for him. Resigning this chair in 1875, he has since devoted himself with the zeal of an enthusiastic scholar to the literature and languages of the East. In the science of philology he has few rivals and no superior, and his learning in all Oriental subjects is most extensive and accurate.

Of Max Müller's numerous works the principal are: *The German Classics from the Fourth to the Nineteenth Century* (1859); *History of Sanskrit Literature* (1859); *Lectures on the Science of Language*, 2 vols. (1859); *The Science of Religion* (1873); and *Chips from a German Workshop*, 4 vols. (1868–75). His latest extensive work has been the editing, with careful introductions and notes, of all *The Sacred Books of the East*, translated by various Oriental scholars, of which thirty-three volumes have been published at Oxford up to 1887.]

If I were to look over the whole world to find out the country most richly endowed with all the wealth, power, and beauty that nature can bestow—in some parts a very Paradise on earth—I should point to India. If I were asked under what sky the human mind has most fully developed some of its choicest gifts, has most deeply pondered on the greatest problems of life, and has found solutions of some of them which well deserve the attention even of those who have studied Plato and Kant—I should point to India. And if I were to ask myself from what

literature we, here in Europe, we who have been nurtured almost exclusively on the thoughts of Greeks and Romans, and of one Semitic race—the Jewish—may draw that corrective which is most wanted in order to make our inner life more perfect, more comprehensive, more universal, in fact, more truly human—a life not for this life only, but a transfigured and eternal life—again I should point to India.

I know you will be surprised to hear me say this. I know that more particularly those who have spent many years of active life in Calcutta, or Bombay, or Madras, will be horror-struck at the idea that the humanity they meet with there, whether in the bazaars or in the courts of justice, or in so-called native society, should be able to teach *us* any lessons.

Let me, therefore, explain at once to my friends who may have lived in India for years, as civil servants, or officers, or missionaries, or merchants, and who ought to know a great deal more of that country than one who has never set foot on the soil of Aryâvarta, that we are speaking of two very different Indias. I am thinking chiefly of India such as it was a thousand, two thousand, it may be three thousand years ago; they think of the India of to-day. And again, when thinking of the India of to-day, they remember chiefly the India of Calcutta, Bombay, or Madras, the India of the towns. I look to the India of the village communities, the true India of the Indians.

What I wish to show to you, I mean more especially the candidates for the India Civil Service, is that this India of a thousand, or two thousand, or three thousand years ago, aye, the India of to-day also, if only you knew where to look for it, is full of problems, the solution of which concerns all of us, even us in this Europe of the nineteenth century.

If you have acquired any special tastes here in England, you will find plenty to satisfy them in India; and whoever has learnt to take an interest in any of the great problems that occupy the best thinkers and workers at home, need certainly not be afraid of India proving to him an intellectual exile.

If you care for geology, there is work for you from the Himâlayas to Ceylon.

If you are fond of botany, there is a flora rich enough for many Hookers.

If you are a zoölogist, think of Haeckel, who is just now rushing through Indian forests and dredging in Indian seas, and to whom his stay in India is like the realization of the brightest dream of his life.

If you are interested in ethnology, why India is like a living ethnological museum.

If you are fond of archæology, if you have ever assisted at the opening of a barrow in England, and know the delight of finding a fibula, or a knife, or a flint, in a heap of rubbish, read only *General Cunningham's Annual Reports of the Archæological Survey of India*, and you will be impatient for the time when you can take your spade and bring to light the ancient Vihâras or colleges built by the Buddhist monarchs of India.

If ever you amused yourselves with collecting coins, why the soil of India teems with coins—Persian, Carian, Thracian, Parthian, Greek, Macedonian, Scythian, Roman,[1] and Mohammedan. When Warren Hastings was governor-general, an earthen pot was found on the bank of a river, in the province of Benares, containing 172 gold Darics.[2] Warren Hastings considered himself as making the most munificent present to his masters that he might ever have it in his power to send them, by presenting those ancient coins to the Court of Directors. The story is that they were sent to the melting-pot. At all events they had disappeared when Warren Hastings returned to England. It rests with you to prevent the revival of such vandalism.

In one of the last numbers of the *Asiatic Journal of Bengal* you may read of the discovery of a treasure as rich in gold almost as some of the tombs opened by Dr. Schliemann at Mykenæ; nay, I should add, perhaps not quite unconnected with some of the treasures found at Mykenæ, yet hardly any one has taken notice of it in England!

The study of mythology has assumed an entirely new character, chiefly owing to the light that has been thrown on it by the ancient Vedic mythology of India.

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[1] *Pliny* (VI. 26) tells us that in his day the annual drain of bullion into India, in return for her valuable produce, reached the immense amount of "five hundred and fifty millions of sesterces." See E. Thomas, *The Indian Balharâ*, p. 13.

[2] Cunningham, in the *Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal* (1881), p. 184.

But though the foundation of a true science of mythology has been laid, all the detail has still to be worked out, and could be worked out nowhere better than in India.

Even the study of fables owes its new life to India, from whence the various migrations of fables have been traced at various times and through various channels from East to West.[1] Buddhism is now known to have been the principal source of our legends and parables. But here, too, many problems still wait for their solution. Think, for instance, of the allusion[2] to the fable of the donkey in the lion's skin, which occurs in Plato's *Cratylus*. Was that borrowed from the East? Or take the fable of the weasel changed by Aphrodite into a woman who, when she saw a mouse, could not refrain from making a spring at it. This, too, is very like a Sanskrit fable, but how, then, could it have been brought into Greece early enough to appear in one of the comedies of Strattis, about 400 B. C.?[3] Here, too, there is still plenty of work to do.

We may go back even further into antiquity, and still find strange coincidences between the legends of India and the legends of the West, without as yet being able to say how they travelled, whether from East to West, or from West to East. That at the time of Solomon there was a channel of communication open between India, and Syria, and Palestine, is established beyond doubt, I believe, by certain Sanskrit words which occur in the Bible as names of articles of export from Ophir, articles such as ivory, apes, peacocks, and sandal-wood, which, taken together, could not have been exported from any country but India.[4] Nor is there any reason to suppose that the commercial intercourse between India, the Persian Gulf, the Red Sea, and the Mediterranean was ever completely interrupted, even at the time when the Book of Kings is supposed to have been written.

Now, you remember the judgment of Solomon, which has always been admired as a proof of great legal wisdom among the Jews.[5] I must confess that, not having a legal mind, I never could suppress a certain shudder when reading the decision of Solomon: "Divide the living child in two, and give half to the one, and half to the other."

Let me now tell you the same story as it is told by the Buddhists, whose sacred Canon is full of such legends and parables. In the Kanjur, which is the Tibetan translation of the Buddhist Tripiṭaka, we likewise read of two women who claimed each to be the mother of the same child. The king, after listening to their quarrels for a long time, gave it up as hopeless to settle who was the real mother. Upon this Visâkhâ stepped forward and said: "What is the use of examining and cross-examining these women? Let them take the boy and settle it among themselves." Thereupon both women fell on the child, and when the fight became violent, the child was hurt and began to cry. Then one of them let him go, because she could not bear to hear the child cry.

That settled the question. The king gave the child to the true mother, and had the other beaten with a rod.

This seems to me, if not the more primitive, yet the more natural form of the story—showing a deeper knowledge of human nature, and more wisdom than even the wisdom of Solomon.[6]

Many of you may have studied not only languages, but also the Science of Language, and is there any country in which some of the most important problems of that science, say only the growth and decay of dialects, or the possible mixture of

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[1] See *Selected Essays*, Vol. I., p. 500, "The Migration of Fables."

[2] *Cratylus*, 411 A: "Still, as I have put on the lion's skin, I must not be faint-hearted." Possibly, however, this may refer to Hercules, and not to the fable of the donkey in the lion's or the tiger's skin. In the *Hitopadesa*, a donkey, being nearly starved, is sent by his master into a cornfield to feed. In order to shield him he puts a tiger's skin on him. All goes well till a watchman approaches, hiding himself under his gray coat, and trying to shoot the tiger. The donkey thinks it is a gray female donkey, begins to bray, and is killed. On a similar fable in *Æsop*, see *Benfey, Pantschatantra*, Vol. I., p. 463; M. M. *Selected Essays*, Vol. I., p. 513.

[3] See *Fragmenta Comic.* (Didot), p. 302; *Benfey*, l. c. Vol. I., p. 374.

[4] *Lectures on the Science of Language*, Vol. I., p. 231.

[5] I Kings iii. 25.

[6] See some excellent remarks on this subject in Rhys Davids' *Buddhist Birth Stories*, Vol. I., pp. xiii and xliv. The learned scholar gives another version of the story from a Singhalese translation of the Gâtaka, dating from the fourteenth century, and he expresses a hope that M. Fausböll will soon publish the Pâli original.

languages, with regard not only to words, but to grammatical elements also, can be studied to greater advantage than among the Aryan, the Dravidian and the Munda inhabitants of India, when brought in contact with their various invaders and conquerors, the Greeks, the Yue-tchi, the Arabs, the Persians, the Moguls, and lastly the English.

Again, if you are a student of Jurisprudence, there is a history of law to be explored in India, very different from what is known of the history of law in Greece, in Rome, and in Germany, yet both by its contrasts and by its similarities full of suggestions to the student of Comparative Jurisprudence. New materials are being discovered every year, as, for instance, the so-called Dharma or Samayâkârika Sûtras, which have supplied the materials for the later metrical law-books, such as the famous Laws of Manu. What was once called "The Code of Laws of Manu," and confidently referred to 1200, or at least 500 B. C., is now hesitatingly referred to perhaps the fourth century A. D., and called neither a Code, nor a Code of Laws, least of all, the Code of Laws of Manu.

If you have learnt to appreciate the value of recent researches into the antecedents of all laws, namely the foundation and growth of the simplest political communities—and nowhere could you have had better opportunities for it than here at Cambridge—you will find a field of observation opened before you in the still existing village estates in India that will amply repay careful research.

And take that which, after all, whether we confess or deny it, we care for more in this life than for anything else—nay, which is often far more cared for by those who deny than by those who confess—take that which supports, pervades, and directs all our acts and thoughts and hopes—without which there can be neither village community nor empire, neither custom nor law, neither right nor wrong—take that which, next to language, has most firmly fixed the specific and permanent barrier between man and beast—which alone has made life possible and bearable, and which, as it is the deepest, though often hidden spring of individual life, is also the foundation of all national life,—the history of all histories, and yet the mystery of all mysteries—take religion, and where can you study its true origin, its natural growth, and its inevitable decay better than in India, the home of Brahmanism, the birthplace of Buddhism, and the refuge of Zoroastrianism, even now the mother of new superstitions—and why not, in the future, the regenerate child of the purest faith, if only purified from the dust of nineteen centuries?

You will find yourselves everywhere in India between an immense past and an immense future, with opportunities such as the old world could but seldom, if ever, offer you. Take any of the burning questions of the day—popular education, higher education, parliamentary representation, codification of laws, finance, emigration, poor-law, and whether you have anything to teach and to try, or anything to observe and to learn, India will supply you with a laboratory such as exists nowhere else. That very Sanskrit, the study of which may at first seem so tedious to you and so useless, if only you will carry it on as you may carry it on here at Cambridge better than anywhere else, will open before you large layers of literature, as yet almost unknown and unexplored, and allow you an insight into strata of thought deeper than any you have known before, and rich in lessons that appeal to the deepest sympathies of the human heart.

Depend upon it, if only you can make leisure, you will find plenty of work in India for your leisure hours.

India is not, as you may imagine, a distant, strange, or, at the very utmost, a curious country. India for the future belongs to Europe, it has its place in the Indo-European world, it has its place in our own history, and in what is the very life of history, the history of the human mind.

You know how some of the best talent and the noblest genius of our age has been devoted to the study of the development of the outward or material world, the growth of the earth, the first appearance of living cells, their combination and differentiation leading up to the beginning of organic life, and its steady progress from the lowest to the highest stages. Is there not an inward and intellectual world also which has to be studied in its historical development, from the first appearance of predicative and demonstrative roots, their combination and differentia-

tion, leading up to the beginning of rational thoughts in its steady progress from the lowest to the highest stages? And in that study of the history of the human mind, in that study of ourselves, of our true selves, India occupies a place second to no other country. Whatever sphere of the human mind you may select for your special study, whether it be language, or religion, or mythology, or philosophy, whether it be laws or customs, primitive art or primitive science, everywhere, you have to go to India, whether you like it or not, because some of the most valuable and most instructive materials in the history of man are treasured up in India, and India only.

And while thus trying to explain to those whose lot will soon be cast in India the true position which that wonderful country holds or ought to hold in universal history, I may perhaps be able at the same time to appeal to the sympathies of other members of this University, by showing them how imperfect our knowledge of universal history, our insight into the development of the human intellect, must always remain, if we narrow our horizon to the history of Greeks and Romans, Saxons and Celts, with a dim background of Palestine, Egypt, and Babylon, and leave out of sight our nearest intellectual relatives, the Aryans of India, the framers of the most wonderful language, the Sanskrit, the fellow-workers in the construction of our fundamental concepts, the fathers of the most natural of natural religions, the makers of the most transparent of mythologies, the inventors of the most subtle philosophy, and the givers of the most elaborate laws.

There are many things which we think essential in a liberal education, whole chapters of history which we teach in our schools and universities, that cannot for one moment compare with the chapter relating to India, if only properly understood and freely interpreted.

In our time, when the study of history threatens to become almost an impossibility—such is the mass of details which historians collect in archives and pour out before us in monographs—it seems to me more than ever the duty of the true historian to find out the real proportion of things, to arrange his materials according to the strictest rules of artistic perspective, and to keep completely out of sight all that may be rightly ignored by us in our own passage across the historical stage of the world. It is this power of discovering what is really important that distinguishes the true historian from the mere chronicler, in whose eyes everything is important, particularly if he has discovered it himself. I think it was Frederick the Great, who, when sighing for a true historian of his reign, complained bitterly that those who wrote the history of Prussia never forgot to describe the buttons on his uniform. And it is probably of such historical works that Carlyle was thinking when he said that he had waded through them all, but that nothing should ever induce him to hand even their names and titles down to posterity. And yet how much is there even in Carlyle's histories that might safely be consigned to oblivion!

Why do we want to know history? Why does history form a recognized part of our liberal education? Simply because all of us, and every one of us, ought to know how we have come to be what we are, so that each generation need not start again from the same point, and toil over the same ground, but, profiting by the experience of those who came before, may advance towards higher points and nobler aims. As a child when growing up, might ask his father or grandfather, *who* had built the house they lived in, or who had cleared the field that yielded them their food, we ask the historians whence we came, and how we came into possession of what we call our own. History may tell us afterwards many useful and amusing things, gossip, such as a child might like to hear from his mother or grandmother; but what history has to teach us before all and everything, is our own antecedents, our own ancestors, our own descent.

Now our principal intellectual ancestors are, no doubt, the *Jews*, the *Greeks*, the *Romans*, and the *Saxons*, and we, here in Europe, should not call a man educated or enlightened who was ignorant of the debt which he owes to his intellectual ancestors in Palestine, Greece, Rome, and Germany. The whole past history of the world would be darkness to him, and not knowing what those who came before him had done for him, he would probably care little to do anything for those who are to come after him. Life would be to him a chain of sand, while it ought to be a kind

of electric chain that makes our hearts tremble and vibrate with the most ancient thoughts of the past, as well as with the most distant hopes of the future.

Let us begin with our religion. No one can understand even the historical possibility of the Christian religion without knowing something of the Jewish race, which must be studied chiefly in the pages of the Old Testament. And in order to appreciate the true relation of the Jews to the rest of the ancient world, and to understand what ideas were peculiarly their own, and what ideas they shared in common with the other members of the Semitic stock, or what moral and religious impulses they received from their historical contact with other nations of antiquity, it is absolutely necessary that we should pay some attention to the history of Babylon, Nineveh, Phœnicia, and Persia. These may seem distant countries and forgotten people, and many might feel inclined to say, "Let the dead bury their dead; what are those mummies to us?" Still, such is the marvellous continuity of history, that I could easily show you many things which we, even we who are here assembled, owe to Babylon, to Nineveh, to Egypt, Phœnicia, and Persia.

Every one who carries a watch owes to the Babylonians the division of the hour into sixty minutes. It may be a very bad division, yet such as it is, it has come to us from the Greeks and Romans, and it came to them from Babylon. The sexagesimal division is peculiarly Babylonian. Hipparchos, 150 B.C., adopted it from Babylon, Ptolemy, 150 A.D., gave it wider currency, and the French, when they decimated everything else, respected the dial plates of our watches, and left them with their sixty Babylonian minutes.

Every one who writes a letter owes his alphabet to the Romans and Greeks; the Greeks owed their alphabet to the Phœnicians, and the Phœnicians learnt it in Egypt. It may be a very imperfect alphabet—as all the students of phonetics will tell you; yet, such as it is, and has been, we owe it to the old Phœnicians and Egyptians, and in every letter we trace, there lies imbedded the mummy of an ancient Egyptian hieroglyphic.

What do we owe to the Persians? It does not seem to be much, for they were not a very inventive race, and what they knew, they had chiefly learnt from their neighbors, the Babylonians and Assyrians. Still, we owe them something. First of all, we owe them a large debt of gratitude for having allowed themselves to be beaten by the Greeks; for think what the world would have been, if the Persians had beaten the Greeks at Marathon, and had enslaved, that means, annihilated, the genius of ancient Greece. However, this may be called rather an involuntary contribution to the progress of humanity, and I mention it only in order to show how narrowly, not only Greeks and Romans, but Saxons and Anglo-Saxons too, escaped becoming Parsis or Fire-worshippers.

But I can mention at least one voluntary gift which came to us from Persia, and that is the relation of silver to gold in our bi-metallic currency. That relation was, no doubt, first determined in Babylonia, but it assumed its practical and historical importance in the Persian empire, and spread from there to the Greek colonies in Asia, and thence to Europe, where it has maintained itself with slight variation to the present day.

A *talent*[1] was divided into sixty *minæ*, a mina into sixty *shekels*. Here we have again the Babylonian sexagesimal system, a system which owes its origin and popularity, I believe, to the fact that *sixty* has the greatest number of divisors. Shekel was translated into Greek by *Stater*, and an Athenian gold stater, like the Persian gold stater, down to the times of Crœsus, Darius, and Alexander, was the sixtieth part of a mina of gold, not very far therefore from our sovereign. The proportion of silver to gold was fixed as 13 or 13⅓ to 1; and if the weight of a silver shekel was make as 13 to 10, such a coin would correspond very nearly to our florin.[2] Half a silver shekel was a *drachma*, and this was therefore the true ancestor of our shilling.

Again you may say that any attempt at fixing the relative value of silver and gold is, and always has been, a great mistake. Still it shows how closely the world is held together, and how, for good or for evil, we are what we are, not so much by ourselves as by the toil and moil of those who

[1] See Cunningham, *Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal*, 1881, pp. 162–168.

[2] *Sim*, the Persian word for silver, has also the meaning of one-thirteenth; Cunningham, l. c. p. 165.

came before us, our true intellectual ancestors, whatever the blood may have been composed of that ran through their veins, or the bones which formed the rafters of their skulls.

And if it is true, with regard to religion, that no one could understand it and appreciate its full purport without knowing its origin and growth, that is without knowing something of what the cuneiform inscriptions of Mesopotamia, and hieroglyphic and hieratic texts of Egypt, and the historical monuments of Phœnicia and Persia can alone reveal to us, it is equally true, with regard to all the other elements that constitute the whole of our intellectual life. If we are Jewish or Semitic in our religion, we are *Greek* in our philosophy, *Roman* in our politics, and *Saxon* in our morality, and it follows that a knowledge of the history of the Greeks, Romans, and Saxons, or of the flow of civilization from Greece to Italy, and through Germany to these isles, forms an essential element in what is called a liberal, that is, an historical and rational education.

But then it might be said, Let this be enough. Let us know by all means, all that deserves to be known about our real spiritual ancestors in the great historical kingdoms of the world; let us be grateful for all we have inherited from Egyptians, Babylonians, Phœnicians, Jews, Greeks, Romans, and Saxons. But why bring in India? Why add a new burden to what every man has to bear already, before he can call himself fairly educated? What have we inherited from the dark dwellers on the Indus and the Ganges, that we should have to add their royal names and dates and deeds to the archives of our already overburdened memory?

There is some justice in this complaint. The ancient inhabitants of India are not our intellectual ancestors in the same direct way as Jews, Greeks, Romans, and Saxons are; but they represent, nevertheless, a collateral branch of that family to which we belong by language, that is, by thought, and their historical records extend in some respects so far beyond all other records and have been preserved to us in such perfect and such legible documents, that we can learn from them lessons which we can learn nowhere else, and supply missing-links in our intellectual ancestry far more important than that missing link (which we can well afford to miss), the link between Ape and Man.

I am not speaking as yet of the literature of India as it is, but of something far more ancient, the language of India, or Sanskrit. No one supposes any longer that Sanskrit was the common source of Greek, Latin, and Anglo-Saxon. This used to be said, but it has long been shown that Sanskrit is only a collateral branch of the same stem from which spring Greek, Latin, and Anglo-Saxon; and not only these, but all the Teutonic, all the Celtic, all the Slavonic languages, nay, the languages of Persia and Armenia also.

What, then, is it that gives to Sanskrit its claim on our attention, and its supreme importance in the eyes of the historian?

First of all, its antiquity,—for we know Sanskrit at an earlier period than Greek. But what is far more important than its merely chronological antiquity is the antique state of preservation in which that Aryan language has been handed down to us. The world had known Latin and Greek for centuries, and it was felt, no doubt, that there was some kind of similarity between the two. But how was that similarity to be explained? Sometimes Latin was supposed to give the key to the formation of a Greek word, sometimes Greek seemed to betray the secret of the origin of a Latin word. Afterwards, when the ancient Teutonic languages, such as Gothic and Anglo-Saxon, and the ancient Celtic and Slavonic languages too, came to be studied, no one could help seeing a certain family likeness among them all. But how such a likeness between these languages came to be, and how, what is far more difficult to explain, such striking differences too between these languages came to be, remained a mystery, and gave rise to the most gratuitous theories, most of them, as you know, devoid of all scientific foundation. As soon, however, as Sanskrit stepped into the midst of these languages, there came light and warmth and mutual recognition. They all ceased to be strangers, and each fell of its own accord into its right place. Sanskrit was the elder sister of them all, and could tell of many things which the other members of the family had quite forgotten. Still, the other languages too had each their own tale to tell; and it is out of all their tales together

that a chapter in the human mind has been put together which, in some respects, is more important to us than any of the other chapters, the Jewish, the Greek, the Latin, or the Saxon.

The process by which that ancient chapter of history was recovered is very simple. Take the words which occur in the same form and with the same meaning in all the seven branches of the Aryan family, and you have in them the most genuine and trustworthy records in which to read the thoughts of our true ancestors, before they had become Hindus, or Persians, or Greeks, or Romans, or Celts, or Teutons, or Slavs. Of course, some of these ancient charters may have been lost in one or other of these seven branches of the Aryan family, but even then, if they are found in six, or five, or four, or three, or even two only of its original branches, the probability remains, unless we can prove a later historical contact between these languages, that these words existed before the great *Aryan Separation*. If we find *agni*, meaning fire, in Sanskrit, and *ignis*, meaning fire, in Latin, we may safely conclude that *fire* was known to the undivided Aryans, even if no trace of the same name of fire occurred anywhere else. And why? Because there is no indication that Latin remained longer united with Sanskrit than any of the other Aryan languages, or that Latin could have borrowed such a word from Sanskrit, after these two languages had once become distinct. We have, however, the Lithuanian *ugnis*, and the Scottish *ingle*, to show that the Slavonic, and possibly the Teutonic languages also, knew the same word for fire, though they replaced it in time by other words. Words, like all other things, will die, and why they should live on in one soil, and wither away and perish in another, is not always easy to say. What has become of *ignis*, for instance, in all the Romanic languages? It has withered away and perished, probably because after losing its final unaccentuated syllable it became awkward to pronounce; and another word, *focus*, which in Latin meant fireplace, hearth, altar, has taken its place.

Suppose we wanted to know whether the ancient Aryans before their separation knew the mouse: we should only have to consult the principal Aryan dictionaries, and we should find in Sanskrit *mûsh*, in Greek *μῦς*, in Latin *mus*, in Old Slavonic *myse*, in Old High German *mûs*, enabling us to say that, at a time so distant from us that we feel inclined to measure it by Indian rather than by our own chronology, the mouse was known, that is, was named, was conceived and recognized as a species of its own, not to be confounded with any other vermin.

And if we were to ask whether the enemy of the mouse, the *cat*, was known at the same distant time, we should feel justified in saying decidedly, No! The cat is called in Sanskrit *mârgâra* and *vidâla*. In Greek and Latin the words usually given as names of the cat, *γαλέη* and *αἴλουρος*, *mustella* and *feles*, did not originally signify the tame cat, but the weasel or marten. The name for the real cat in Greek was *κάττα*, in Latin *catus*, and these words have supplied the names for cat in all the Teutonic, Slavonic, and Celtic languages. The animal itself, so far as we know at present, came to Europe from Egypt, where it had been worshipped for centuries and tamed; and as this arrival probably dates from the fourth century A. D., we can well understand that no common name for it could have existed when the Aryan nations separated.

In this way a more or less complete picture of the state of civilization, previous to the Aryan Separation, can be and has been reconstructed, like a mosaic put together with the fragments of ancient stones; and I doubt whether, in tracing the history of the human mind, we shall ever reach to a lower stratum than that which is revealed to us by the converging rays of the different Aryan languages.

Nor is that all; for even that Proto-Aryan language, as it has been reconstructed from the ruins scattered about in India, Greece, Italy, and Germany, is clearly the result of a long, long process of thought. One shrinks from chronological limitations when looking into such distant periods of life. But if we find Sanskrit as a perfect literary language, totally different from Greek and Latin 1500 B. C., where can those streams of Sanskrit, Greek, and Latin meet, as we trace them back to their common source? And then, when we have followed these mighty national streams back to their common meeting point, even then that common language looks like a rock washed

down and smoothed for ages by the ebb and flow of thought. We find in that language such a compound, for instance, as *asmi*, I am, Greek ἐσμι. What would other languages give for such a pure concept as *I am?* They may say, *I stand*, or *I live*, or *I grow*, or *I turn*, but it is given to few languages only to be able to say *I am*. To us nothing seems more natural than the auxiliary verb *I am:* but, in reality, no work of art has required greater efforts than this little word *I am*. And all those efforts lie beneath the level of the common Proto-Aryan speech. Many different ways were open, were tried, too, in order to arrive at such a compound as *asmi*, and such a concept as *I am*. But all were given up, and this one alone remained, and was preserved forever in all the languages and all the dialects of the Aryan family. In *as-mi*, *as* is the root, and in the compound *as-mi*, the predicative root *as*, to be, is predicated of *mi*, I. But no language could ever produce at once so empty, or if you like, so general a root as *as*, to be. *As* meant originally *to breathe*, and from it we have *asu*, breath, spirit, life, also *âs*, the mouth, Latin *ôs*, *ôris*. By constant wear and tear this root *as*, to breathe, had first to lose all signs of its original material character before it could convey that purely abstract meaning of existence, without any qualification, which has rendered to the higher operations of thought the same service which the nought, likewise the invention of Indian genius, has to render in arithmetic. Who will say how long the friction lasted which changed *as*, to breathe, into *as*, to be? And even a root *as*, to breathe, was an Aryan root, not Semitic, not Turanian. It possessed an historical individuality—it was the work of our forefathers, and represents a thread which unites us in our thoughts and words with those who first thought for us, with those who first spoke for us, and whose thoughts and words men are still thinking and speaking, though divided from them by thousands, it may be by hundreds of thousands of years.

This is what I call *history* in the true sense of the word, something really worth knowing, far more so than the scandals of courts, or the butcheries of nations, which fill so many pages of our Manuals of History. And all this work is only beginning, and whoever likes to labor in these the most ancient of historical archives will find plenty of discoveries to make—and yet people ask, what is the use of learning Sanskrit?

We get accustomed to everything, and cease to wonder at what would have startled our fathers and upset all their stratified notions, like a sudden earthquake. Every child now learns at school that English is an Aryan or Indo-European language, that it belongs to the Teutonic branch, and that this branch, together with the Italic, Greek, Celtic, Slavonic, Iranic, and Indic branches, all spring from the same stock, and form together the great Aryan or Indo-European family of speech.

But this, though it is taught now in our elementary schools, was really, but fifty years ago, like the opening of a new horizon of the world of the intellect, and the extension of a feeling of closest fraternity that made us feel at home where before we had been strangers, and changed millions of so-called barbarians into our own kith and kin. To speak the same language constitutes a closer union than to have drunk the same milk; and Sanskrit, the ancient language of India, is substantially the same language as Greek, Latin, and Anglo-Saxon. This is a lesson which we should never have learnt but from a study of Indian language and literature, and if India had taught us nothing else, it would have taught us more than almost any other language ever did.

It is quite amusing, though instructive also, to read what was written by scholars and philosophers when this new light first dawned on the world. They would not have it, they would not believe that there could be any community of origin between the people of Athens and Rome, and the so-called Niggers of India. The classical scholars scouted the idea, and I myself still remember the time, when I was a student at Leipzig and began to study Sanskrit, with what contempt any remarks on Sanskrit or comparative grammar were treated by my teachers, men such as Gottfried Hermann, Haupt, Westermann, Stallbaum, and others. No one ever was for a time so completely laughed down as Professor Bopp, when he first published his Comparative Grammar of Sanskrit, Zend, Greek, Latin, and Gothic. All hands were against him; and if in comparing Greek and Latin with Sanskrit,

Gothic, Celtic, Slavonic, or Persian, he happened to have placed one single accent wrong, the shouts of those who knew nothing but Greek and Latin, and probably looked in their Greek Dictionaries to be quite sure of their accents, would never end. Dugald Stewart, rather than admit a relationship between Hindus and Scots, would rather believe that the whole Sanskrit language and the whole of Sanskrit literature—mind, a literature extending over three thousand years and larger than the ancient literature of either Greece or Rome,—was a forgery of those wily priests, the Brahmans. I remember too how, when I was at school at Leipzig, (and a very good school it was, with such masters as Nobbe, Forbiger, Funkhaenel, and Palm,—an old school too, which could boast of Leibnitz among its former pupils) I remember, I say, one of our masters (Dr. Klee) telling us one afternoon, when it was too hot to do any serious work, that there was a language spoken in India, which was much the same as Greek and Latin, nay, as German and Russian. At first we thought it was a joke, but when one saw the parallel columns, of Numerals, Pronouns, and Verbs in Sanskrit, Greek, and Latin written on the black-board, one felt in the presence of facts, before which one had to bow. All one's ideas of Adam and Eve, and the Paradise, and the tower of Babel, and Shem, Ham, and Japheth, with Homer and Æneas and Virgil too, seemed to be whirling round and round, till at last one picked up the fragments and tried to build up a new world, and to live with a new historical consciousness.

Here you will see why I consider a certain knowledge of India an essential portion of a liberal or an historical education. The concept of the European man has been changed and widely extended by our acquaintance with India, and we know now that we are something different from what we thought we were. Suppose the Americans, owing to some cataclysmal events, had forgotten their English origin, and after two or three thousand years found themselves in possession of a language and of ideas which they could trace back historically to a certain date, but which, at that date, seemed, as it were, fallen from the sky, without any explanation of their origin and previous growth, what would they say if suddenly the existence of an English language and literature were revealed to them, such as they existed in the eighteenth century—explaining all that seemed before almost miraculous, and solving almost every question that could be asked! Well, this is much the same as what the discovery of Sanskrit has done for us. It has added a new period to our historical consciousness, and revived the recollections of our childhood, which seemed to have vanished forever.

Whatever else we may have been, it is quite clear now that, many thousands of years ago, we were something that had not yet developed into an Englishman, or a Saxon, or a Greek, or a Hindu either, yet contained in itself the germs of all these characters. A strange being, you may say. Yes, but for all that a very real being, and an ancestor too of whom we must learn to be proud, far more than of any such modern ancestors, as Normans, Saxons, Celts, and all the rest.

And this is not all yet that a study of Sanskrit and the other Aryan languages has done for us. It has not only widened our views of man, and taught us to embrace millions of strangers and barbarians as members of one family, but it has imparted to the whole ancient history of man a reality which it never possessed before.

We speak and write a great deal about antiquities, and if we can lay hold of a Greek statue or an Egyptian Sphinx or a Babylonian Bull, our heart rejoices, and we build museums grander than any Royal palaces to receive the treasures of the past. This is quite right. But are you aware that every one of us possesses what may be called the richest and most wonderful Museum of Antiquities, older than any statues, sphinxes, or bulls? And where? Why, in our own language. When I use such words as *father* or *mother*, *heart* or *tear*, *one*, *two*, *three*, *here* and *there*, I am handling coins or counters that were current before there was one single Greek statue, one single Babylonian Bull, one single Egyptian Sphinx. Yes, each of us carries about with him the richest and most wonderful Museum of Antiquities; and if he only knows how to treat those treasures, how to rub and polish them till they become translucent again, how to arrange them and read them, they will tell him marvels more marvellous than all hieroglyphics and cuneiform inscriptions

put together. The stories they have told us are beginning to be old stories now. Many of you have heard them before. But do not let them cease to be marvels, like so many things which cease to be marvels because they happen every day. And do not think that there is nothing left for you to do. There are more marvels still to be discovered in language than have ever been revealed to us; nay, there is no word, however common, if only you know how to take it to pieces, like a cunningly contrived work of art, fitted together thousands of years ago by the most cunning of artists, the human mind, that will not make you listen and marvel more than any chapter of the Arabian Nights.

But I must not allow myself to be carried away from my proper subject. All I wish to impress on you by way of introduction is that the results of the Science of Language, which, without the aid of Sanskrit, would never have been obtained, form an essential element of what we call a liberal, that is an historical education,—an education which will enable a man to do what the French call *s' orienter*, that is, "to find his East," "his true East," and thus to determine his real place in the world; to know, in fact, the port whence man started, the course he has followed, and the port towards which he has to steer.

We all come from the East—all that we value most has come to us from the East, and in going to the East, not only those who have received a special Oriental training, but everybody who has enjoyed the advantages of a liberal, that is, of a truly historical education, ought to feel that he is going to his "old home," full of memories, if only he can read them. Instead of feeling your hearts sink within you, when next year you approach the shores of India, I wish that every one of you could feel what Sir William Jones felt, when, just one hundred years ago, he came to the end of his long voyage from England, and saw the shores of India rising on the horizon. At that time young men going to the wonderland of India were not ashamed of dreaming dreams, and seeing visions: and this was the dream dreamt and the vision seen by Sir William Jones, then simple Mr. Jones:—

"When I was at sea last August (that is in August, 1783), on my voyage to this country (India), I had long and ardently desired to visit, I found one evening, on inspecting the observations of the day, that *India* lay before us, *Persia* on our left, whilst a breeze from *Arabia* blew nearly on our stern. A situation so pleasing in itself and to me so new, could not fail to awaken a train of reflections in a mind, which had early been accustomed to contemplate with delight the eventful histories and agreeable fictions of this Eastern world. It gave me inexpressible pleasure to find myself in the midst of so noble an amphitheatre, almost encircled by the vast regions of Asia, which has ever been esteemed the nurse of sciences, the inventress of delightful and useful arts, the scene of glorious actions, fertile in the productions of human genius, and infinitely diversified in the forms of religion and government, in the laws, manners, customs, and languages, as well as in the features and complexions of men. I could not help remarking how important and extensive a field was yet unexplored, and how many solid advantages unimproved."

India wants more such dreamers as that young Mr. Jones, standing alone on the deck of his vessel and watching the sun diving into the sea—with the memories of England behind and the hopes of India before him, feeling the presence of Persia and its ancient monarchs, and breathing the breezes of Arabia and its glowing poetry. Such dreamers know how to make their dreams come true, and how to change their visions into realities.

And as it was a hundred years ago, so it is now; or, at least, so it may be now. There are many bright dreams to be dreamt about India, and many bright deeds to be done in India, if only you will do them. Though many great and glorious conquests have been made in the history and literature of the East, since the days when Sir William Jones landed at Calcutta, depend upon it, no young Alexander here need despair because there are no kingdoms left for him to conquer on the ancient shores of the Indus and the Ganges.

ORLANDO'S MADNESS.

[Ludovico Ariosto, born at Reggio, 1474; died 1533; an illustrious Italian poet, patronized by Cardinal

d'Este, by whose interest he obtained several small and ill-paid employments. He entered into the service of Alfonso, Duke of Ferrara, who employed him diplomatically as ambassador to Pope Julius II., who at one time was very near ordering him to be killed. His most famous piece is entitled *Orlando Furioso*, in some respects a sequel to the famous *Orlando Innamorato* of an earlier poet, Boiardo. He also wrote some comedies, which were performed in the hall of Ferrara, before the duke and his court. He died of consumption.—Ariosto is considered among the best of Italian satirists, and he was one of the first writers of regular comedy in Italy. His *Orlando Furioso* has been translated into most continental languages, and the best in English is that by Mr. S. Rose.

The course in pathless woods, which, without rein,
The Tartar's charger had pursued astray,
Made Roland for two days, with fruitless pain,
Follow him, without tidings of his way.
Orlando reached a rill of crystal vein,
On either bank of which a meadow lay;
Which stained with native hues and rich he sees,
And dotted o'er with fair and many trees.

The mid-day fervor made the shelter sweet
To hardy herd as well as naked swain;
So that Orlando well beneath the heat
Some deal might wince, oppressed with plate and chain.
He entered, for repose, the cool retreat,
And found it the abode of grief and pain;
And place of sojourn more accursed and fell,
On that unhappy day, than tongue can tell.

Turning him round, he there, on many a tree,
Beheld engraved, upon the woody shore,
What as the writing of his deity
He knew, as soon as he had marked the lore.
This was a place of those described by me,
Whither ofttimes, attended by Medore,
From the near shepherd's cot had wont to stray
The beauteous lady, sovereign of Catay.

In a hundred knots, amid those green abodes,
In a hundred parts, their ciphered names are dight;
Whose many letters are so many goads,
Which Love has in his bleeding heart-core pight.
He would discredit, in a thousand modes,
That which he credits in his own despite;
And would perforce persuade himself, that rind
Other Angelica than his had signed.

"And yet I know these characters," he cried,
"Of which I have so many read and seen;
By her may this Medoro be belied,
And me, she, figured in the name, may mean."
Feeding on such like phantasies, beside
The real truth, did sad Orlando lean
Upon the empty hope, though ill-contented,
Which he by self-illusions had fomented.

But stirred and aye rekindled it, the more
That he to quench the ill suspicion wrought,
Like the incautious bird, by fowler's lore,
Hampered in net or lime; which, in the thought
To free its tangled pinions and to soar,
By struggling, is but more securely caught.
Orlando passes thither, where a mountain
O'erhangs in guise of arch the crystal fountain.

Here from his horse the sorrowing county lit,
And at the entrance of the grot surveyed
A cloud of words, which seemed but newly writ,
And which the young Medoro's hand had made.
On the great pleasure he had known in it,
This sentence he in verses had arrayed;
Which in his tongue, I deem, might make pretence
To polished phrase; and such in ours the sense:—

"Gay plants, green herbage, rill of limpid vein,
And, grateful with cool shade, thou gloomy cave,
Where oft, by many wooed with fruitless pain,
Beauteous Angelica, the child of grave
King Galaphron, within my arms has lain;
For the convenient harborage you gave,
I, poor Medoro, can but in my lays,
As recompense, forever sing your praise;

"And any loving lord devoutly pray,
Damsel and cavalier, and every one,
Whom choice or fortune hither shall convey,
Stranger or native,—to this crystal run,
Shade, caverned rock, and grass, and plants, to say,
'Benignant be to you the fostering sun
And moon, and may the choir of nymphs provide
That never swain his flock may hither guide!'"

In Arabic was writ the blessing said,
Known to Orlando like the Latin tongue,
Who, versed in many languages, best read
Was in this speech; which oftentimes from wrong,
And injury, and shame, had saved his head,
What time he roved the Saracens among.
But let him boast not of its former boot,
O'erbalanced by the present bitter fruit.

Three times, and four, and six, the lines impressed
Upon the stone that wretch perused, in vain
Seeking another sense than was expressed,
And ever saw the thing more clear and plain;
And all the while, within his troubled breast,
He felt an icy hand his heart-core strain.
With mind and eyes close fastened on the block,
At length he stood, not differing from the rock.

Then well-nigh lost all feeling,—so a prey
Wholly was he to that o'ermastering woe.
This is a pang—believe the experienced say
Of him who speaks—which does all griefs outgo.
His pride had from his forehead passed away,
His chin had fallen upon his breast below;
Nor found he—so grief barred each natural vent—
Moisture for tears, or utterance for lament.

Stifled within, the impetuous sorrow stays,
Which would too quickly issue; so to abide
Water is seen, imprisoned in the vase
Whose neck is narrow and whose swell is wide;
What time, when one turns up the inverted base,
Towards the mouth so hastes the hurrying tide,
And in the strait encounters such a stop,
It scarcely works a passage, drop by drop.

He somewhat to himself returned, and thought
How, possibly, the thing might be untrue;
That some one (so he hoped, desired, and sought
To think) his lady would with shame pursue;
Or with such weight of jealousy had wrought
To whelm his reason, as should him undo;
And that he, whosoe'er the thing had planned,
Had counterfeited passing well her hand.

With such vain hope he sought himself to cheat,
And manned some deal his spirits and awoke;
Then pressed the faithful Brigliadoro's seat,
As on the sun's retreat his sister broke.
Nor far the warrior had pursued his beat,
Ere eddying from a roof he saw the smoke,
Heard noise of dog and kine, a farm espied,
And thitherward in quest of lodging hied.

Languid, he lit, and left his Brigliador
To a discreet attendant: one undressed
His limbs, one doffed the golden spurs he wore,
And one bore off, to clean, his iron vest.
This was the homestead where the young Medore
Lay wounded, and was here supremely blest.
Orlando here, with other food unfed,
Having supped full of sorrow, sought his bed.

The more the wretched sufferer seeks for ease,
He finds but so much more distress and pain;
Who everywhere the loathed handwriting sees,
On wall, and door, and window: he would fain
Question his host of this, but holds his peace;
Because, in sooth, he dreads too clear, too plain,
To make the thing, and this would rather shroud
That it may less offend him, with a cloud.

Little availed the count his self-deceit,
For there was one who spake of it unsought;
The shepherd swain; who to allay the heat,
With which he saw his guest so troubled, thought:
The tale which he was wonted to repeat,—
Of the two lovers,—to each listener taught,
A history which many loved to hear,
He now, without reserve, 'gan tell the peer:—

How, at Angelica's persuasive prayer,
He to his farm had carried young Medore,
Grievously wounded with an arrow; where,
In little space, she healed the angry sore.
But while she exercised this pious care,
Love in her heart the lady wounded more
And kindled from small spark so fierce a fire,
She burnt all over, restless with desire:

Nor thinking she of mightiest king was born,
Who ruled in the East, nor of her heritage,
Forced by too puissant love, had thought no scorn
To be the consort of a poor foot-page.—
His story done, to them in proof was borne
The gem, which, in reward for harborage
To her extended in that kind abode,
Angelica, at parting, had bestowed.

A deadly axe was this unhappy close,
Which, at a single stroke, lopped off the head;
When, satiate with innumerable blows,
That cruel hangman, Love, his hate had fed.
Orlando studied to conceal his woes;
And yet the mischief gathered force and spread,
And would break out perforce in tears and sighs,
Would he, or would he not, from mouth and eyes.

When he can give the rein to raging woe,
Alone, by others' presence unrepressed,
From his full eyes the tears descending flow,
In a wide stream, and flood his troubled breast.
'Mid sob and groan, he tosses to and fro
About his weary bed, in search of rest;
And vainly shifting, harder than a rock
And sharper than a nettle found its flock.

Amid the pressure of such cruel pain,
It passed into the wretched sufferer's head,
That oft the ungrateful lady must have lain,
Together with her leman, on that bed:
Nor less he loathed the couch in his disdain,
Nor from the down upstarted with less dread,
Than churl, who, when about to close his eyes,
Springs from the turf, if he a serpent spies.

In him, forthwith, such deadly hatred breed
That bed, that house, that swain, he will not stay
Till the morn break, or till the dawn succeed,
Whose twilight goes before approaching day.
In haste Orlando takes his arms and steed,
And to the deepest greenwood wends his way;
And, when assured that he is there alone,
Gives utterance to his grief in shriek and groan.

All night about the forest roved the count,
And, at the break of daily light, was brought
By his unhappy fortune to the fount,
Where his inscription young Medoro wrought.
To see his wrongs inscribed upon that mount
Inflamed his fury so, in him was naught
But turned to hatred, frenzy, rage, and spite;
Nor paused he more, but bared his falchion bright;

Cleft through the writing; and the solid block
Into the sky, in tiny fragments, sped.
Woe worth each sapling and that caverned rock,
Where Medore and Angelica were read!
So scathed, that they to shepherd or to flock
Thenceforth shall never furnish shade or bed.
And that sweet fountain, late so clear and pure,
From such tempestuous wrath was ill secure.

For he turf, stone, and trunk, and shoot, and lop,
Cast without cease into the beauteous source;
Till, turbid from the bottom to the top,
Never again was clear the troubled course.
At length, for lack of breath, compelled to stop,—
When he is bathed in sweat, and wasted force
Serves not his fury more,—he falls, and lies
Upon the mead, and, gazing upwards, sighs.

So fierce his rage, so fierce his fury grew,
That all obscured remained the warrior's spright;
Nor, for forgetfulness, his sword he drew,
Or wondrous deeds, I trow, had wrought the knight:
But neither this, nor bill, nor axe to hew,
Was needed by Orlando's peerless might.
He of his prowess gave high proofs and full,
Who a tall pine uprooted at a pull.

He many others, with as little let
As fennel, wallwort-stem, or dill, uptore;
And ilex, knotted oak, and fir upset,
And beech, and mountain-ash, and elm-tree hoar:

He did what fowler, ere he spreads his net,
Does, to prepare the champagne for his lore,
By stubble, rush, and nettle-stalk; and broke,
Like these, old sturdy trees and stems of oak.

The shepherd swains, who hear the tumult nigh,
Leaving their flocks beneath the greenwood tree,
Some here, some there, across the forest hie,
And hurry thither, all, the cause to see.—
But I have reached such point, my history,
If I o'erpass this bound, may irksome be;
And I my story will delay to end,
Rather than by my tediousness offend.

Translated by S. Rose *in The London Magazine.*

PEASANT PAVO.

[**Johan Ludvig Runeberg**, the most distinguished of the modern Swedish poets, was born at Jacobstad, Finland, in 1804. In 1827 he completed his studies at the University of Abo; in 1830 became teacher of Æsthetics, and in 1844 Professor of Greek in the Gymnasium. His principal poems are, "The Stories of Ensign Stal;" "The Elk-Hunters," in nine cantos; "Idyl and Epigram;" "The Gypsy;" "Servian Folk-Songs;" and "Hanna," an idyllic poem in hexameters. He died in 1877.]

'Mid the high, bleak moors of Saarijärvis,
On a sterile farm, lived Peasant Pavo,
And its poor soil tilled with care untiring,
Trusting to the Lord to send the increase.
Here he lived with wife and little children,
With them of his sweat-earned bread partaking.
Dikes he dug, and ploughed his land and sowed it.
Spring-time came, and now the melting snow-drifts
Drenched the fields, and half the young crop perished:
Summer came, and the descending hail-storms
Dashed the early ears down, half destroying:
Autumn came, and frost the remnant blasted.
Pavo's wife she tore her hair, and spake thus:
"Pavo, Pavo! man, the most unhappy,
Take thy staff; by God we are forsaken;
Hard it is to beg; to starve is harder!"
Pavo took her hand, and thus he answered:
"God doth try his servant, not forsake him.
Bread made half of bark must now suffice us!
I will dig the dikes of twofold deepness,
But from God will I await the increase!"
She made bread of corn and bark together;
He dug lower dikes, with double labor,
Sold his sheep, and purchased rye and sowed it.
Spring-time came, again the melting snow-drifts
Drenched the fields, and half the young crop perished:
Summer came, and the descending hail-storms
Dashed the early ears down, half destroying:
Autumn came, and frosts the remnant blasted.
Pavo's wife, she smote her breast, exclaiming:
"Pavo, Pavo! man, the most unhappy,
Let us die, for God hath us forsaken!
Hard it is to die, to live is harder!"
Pavo took her hand, and thus he answered:
"God doth try his servant, not forsake him;
Bread made half of bark must still suffice us;
I will dig the dikes of double deepness;
But from Heaven I will expect the increase!"
She made bread of corn and bark together;
He dug lower dikes with double labor;
Sold his cattle, purchased rye and sowed it.
Spring-time came, but now the melting snow-drifts
Left the young crops in the field uninjured:
Summer came, but the descending hail-storms
Dashed not down the rich ears, naught destroying:
Autumn came, and saw, by frost unblighted,
Wave the golden harvest for the reaper.
Then fell Pavo on his knees, thus speaking:
"God hath only tried us, not forsaken!"
On her knees his wife fell, and thus said she:
"God hath only tried us, not forsaken!"
And then gladly spake she to her husband:
"Pavo, Pavo! take with joy the sickle;
We may now make glad our hearts with plenty.
Now may throw away the bark unsavory,
And bake rich, sweet bread of ryemeal only!"
Pavo took her hand in his and answered:
"Woman, woman! 't is but sent to try us,
If we will have pity on the sufferer,
Mix thou bark with corn even as aforetime,
Frosts have killed the harvest of our neighbor!"

Translated by Howitt.

FABLES OF PILPAY.

[**Pilpay**, or **Bidpai**, an Indian brahmin, gymnosophist and philosopher, was, it is believed, a governor of part of Hindostan and counsellor to an Indian king, whom he instructed by fables, which have been translated into many languages. He is supposed to have lived in the third century before the Christian era. He is known among the Arabs as BIDPAI.]

THE KING AND HIS TWO SONS.

In the country of Ardos there lived an ancient King who had two sons, both covetous, yet given to debauchery. This Monarch, finding the infirmities of age increase upon him, and that he was hastening to the other world, and considering the humor of his two sons, was much afraid that after his death they would dissipate in idle expenses the vast treasure which he had heaped together, and therefore resolved to hide it. With this design he went to a religious Hermit who had retired from the world and in whom he had a very great confidence. By the counsel of this Hermit the treasure was buried in the earth near where the Hermit dwelt, so privately that nobody knew anything of it. This done, the King made his will, which he put into the Hermit's hands with these further orders: "I charge you," said he, "yet to reveal this treasure to my children, when after my death you see them in the distresses of poverty. It may be," added the King, "that when they have suffered a little hardship they will become more prudent in their conduct."

The Hermit having promised all fidelity in the observance of the King's commands, the Monarch returned to his palace, and in a short time after died. Nor did the Hermit long survive him. The treasure lay concealed, probably forever to continue so, in the hermitage. The King being now dead, the sons could not agree about the succession. This occasioned a bloody war between them, and the eldest, who was the more powerful, utterly despoiled his younger brother of all that he had. This young Prince, thus deprived of his inheritance, fell into a deep melancholy and resolved to quit the world. To that purpose he left the city, and, calling to mind the kindness between his Father and the Hermit, "There is no other way for me," said he to himself, "but to find out this honest man, that I may learn of him to live as he does and end my life in peace and contentedness in his company." With this resolution he left the city, but, coming to the hermitage, found that the Hermit was dead. He was greatly afflicted and disappointed at this unexpected change, but at length came to a resolution to live as he had done, and accordingly made choice of his retirement for his habitation.

Now, there was in this hermitage a well which had been used to supply the place with water, but it was now dry. To inquire into the cause of this the unhappy Prince ventured to let himself down to the bottom of the well, but how great was his astonishment when he saw the lower part of it for a great depth filled with his father's treasures. On finding this he was thankful to Heaven, and wisely took up a resolution to lay out his money with more moderation than he had done before.

On the other hand, his brother, who sat securely reveling upon his throne without any care of his people or his army, imagining with himself that his father's treasure was hid in the palace, as he had told him upon his death-bed, one day, being at war with a neighboring Prince, was obliged to have recourse to his expected treasure. But how was he amazed after he had sought a long time and found nothing! This quite disabled him from raising a powerful army and threw him into a very great fit of melancholy. However, making a virtue of necessity, he raised what force he could and marched out of the city to meet and encounter his enemy. The battle was obstinate, and this King and his enemy were both slain, so that the two armies, enraged at the loss of their leaders, fell to butchering each other with equal fury, till at length the generals, having agreed together that it would be their better way to choose a mild and gentle king for the government of the state, went and found out the young Prince who was retired to the hermitage, conducted him in great pomp to the royal palace and sat him upon the throne.

This Fable shows that it is better for men to rely upon Providence than to torment themselves about the acquisition of a thing that was never ordained them.

When the young man had ended his Fable, "All this," said the Father, "may be true; but all effects have their causes, and he who relies upon Providence with-

out considering these had need to be instructed by the ensuing Fable."

THE DERVISE, THE FALCON AND THE RAVEN.

A certain Dervise used to relate that, in his youth, once passing through a wood and admiring the works of the great Author of Nature, he spied a Falcon that held a piece of flesh in his beak, and, hovering about a tree, tore the flesh into bits and gave it to a young Raven that lay bald and featherless in its nest. The dervise admiring the bounty of Providence, in a rapture of admiration, cried out: "Behold this poor bird, that is not able to seek out sustenance for himself, is not, however, forsaken of its Creator, who spreads the whole world like a table, where all creatures have their food ready provided for them! He extends his liberality so far that the serpent finds wherewith to live upon the mountain of Gahen. Why, then, am I so greedy and wherefor do I run to the ends of the earth and plough up the ocean for bread? Is it not better that I should henceforward confine myself in repose to some little corner and abandon myself to fortune?" Upon this he retired to his cell, where, without putting himself to any further trouble for anything in the world, he remained three days and three nights without victuals.

"At last, Servant of mine," said the Creator to him in a dream, "know thou that all things in this world have their causes, and though my providence can never be limited, my wisdom requires that men shall make use of the means that I have ordained them. Thou shouldst imitate the Falcon that feeds the Raven, and not the Raven that lies a sluggard in his nest, and expects his food from another."

This example shows us that we are not to lead idle and lazy lives upon the pretense of depending upon Providence.

On this the elder son was silenced, but the second son, taking upon him to speak, said to his Father: "You desire us, sir, to labor and get estates and riches; but when we have heaped up a great deal of wealth, is it not also necessary that you inform us what we shall do with it?"

"'Tis easy to acquire wealth," replied the Father, "but a difficult thing to expend it well. Riches many times prove very fatal, an instance of which you may see in the following Fable."

THE COUNTRYMAN AND SEVERAL RATS.

There was once a certain Husbandman who had a barn full of corn which he carefully kept close locked up; not far from this lived a Rat, who long labored on every side of it, endeavoring to make a hole somewhere to creep in at. After great trouble he at length found his way into the barn, where, when he had thoroughly filled his belly, amazed at the vast treasures which he saw himself master of, away he ran, full of joy, and gave notice of it to a multitude of other Rats, his neighbors. telling them of his immense riches, but carefully concealing the place where they lay. On the news of his good fortune, all the Rats of the neighboring villages presently flocked about him, and made him a thousand offers of their service, scraping and cringing to him, and soothing him in all the excursions of his fantastic humor. The fool, taking all this for reality, grew very proud and stately, as believing himself to be some extraordinary person; and never considering that this magazine was not to last always, began most extravagantly to play the prodigal at the poor Husbandman's cost, treating his companions and flatterers every day with as much as they could cram down. At this juncture of time there happened in the same country so terrible a famine that the poor cried out for bread, while the Rat lay wallowing in plenty. The Husbandman now, believing it his time to make the best of his corn, opened his barn door; but finding a most unexpected consumption of his store, he fell into a passion, and presently removed what he had to another place. The Rat, who looked upon himself to be sole master of misrule in the barn, was then asleep, but his parasites were awake, and seeing the Husbandman go and come, soon began to fear there was something the matter, and that they should by and by be murdered for their monstrous robberies; upon this they betook themselves every one to flight, leaving the poor cullied Rat fast asleep, not one of them having gratitude enough to give him the least hint of the danger that threatened him. This is the practice of your smell-feast friends: while you keep a plentiful table they are your most humble and obedient servants, but when the

accommodation fails, like Tartars, they seek for other pastures, and leave you to destruction.

The Rat, however, soon after waking, was amazed to find none of his pickthanks at his elbow; he left his hole in great haste to know the cause, which he soon found out; for going to the barn, and finding all was gone, not so much being left as would suffice him for that day, he fell into such a deep despair, that in anger and distraction he beat out his brains against the next wall, and so ended his days. This example, Son, shows us that we ought to live according to our income.

The second brother being silenced also by this story, the youngest, taking his turn, said, "Father, you have well instructed us how to gain money, and to guard against the foolish wasting it; but now pray inform us, when we have acquired this wealth you speak of, what is to be done with it?"

"It is to be made use of," replied the Father, "upon all just occasions; but more especially for the conveniences of life, according to the rules of temperance and justice. In the first place, your expenses ought not to be such as afterwards to be repented of by yourselves, or condemned by others as the waste of prodigality; and in the second, it is a good general rule against the other extreme, that no man ought by his avarice to render himself hateful to the world."

The Father having thus exhorted his children to follow his counsel, they betook themselves all three to particular callings. The eldest of them turned merchant, and travelled into foreign countries. Among other goods, which he purchased for the sake of trade, he had two Oxen, both the calves of the same cow, and both very fair and beautiful: the one was called Cohotorbe and the other Mandebe. Our merchant took great care to feed up these Oxen; but because his journey was long, they, in spite of their good feeding, before they arrived at the end of it, grew to be weak and lean. While they were in this poor condition they met with a quagmire in the road, into which Cohotorbe fell and stuck so fast, that the merchant had much ado to get him out again; and even when he had got him out, he found the poor beast was so weak that, being hardly able to stand, he was forced to leave him behind with another man till he could recover strength to continue his journey; this man, after he had kept him three days in the desert, grew weary of his charge, left Cohotorbe to feed by himself and sent the merchant word that his Ox was dead. In a little time after, Mandebe died of over-fatigue, and Cohotorbe, having now a little recovered his flesh, began to enjoy his liberty, and ramble from one place to another; and coming at length into a meadow that pleased him very well, stayed there for some time, living in ease and plenty; so that he became, in a little more time, as fair and plump as he was before.

Not far from this meadow there dwelt, unknown to Cohotorbe, a Lion who made all the inhabitants of the woods round about him tremble, and commanded over several other Lions, who believed him to be the most potent sovereign in the world. This powerful monarch of the beasts, near whom nothing of the beef kind had ever ventured to approach, when he heard the bellowing of our Ox, which was a noise he had never heard before, a most dreadful terror seized him, and no motive could fetch him from his den to face this unknown enemy. Ashamed, however, to discover his fears to his courtiers, he pretended an illness that made him unable to stir out of his palace. This king of the woods, among the rest of his domestic servants, had two Foxes that were as cunning as two crocodiles, one of which was called Kalila and the other Damna; they were both beasts of great intrigue, but the latter, which was the male, was more proud and more ambitious than the former. One day, says this inquisitive Fox to his wife: "Prythee, deary, what is it thinkest thou that ails the King, that he dares not walk abroad as he used to do?" To whom Kalila answered, "Prythee, dear, let us never trouble ourselves about these matters; 'tis sufficient for you and me to live peaceably under his protection, without examining what he does. It is not for us to prate about state affairs; and let me tell you, spouse, they that meddle with things that in no way concern them, are in danger of the same misfortune that befell the Ape."

"And pray," replied the husband, "what was that?" To whom the female Fox made this reply.

THE CARPENTER AND THE APE.

'An Ape, one day, sat staring upon

Carpenter who was cleaving a piece of wood with two wedges, which he put into the cleft one after another, as the split opened. The Carpenter soon after getting away to his dinner, and leaving his work half done, the Ape would needs turn log-cleaver, and coming to the piece of wood, pulled out one wedge without putting in the other; so that the wood, having nothing to keep it asunder, closed immediately again, and catching the meddling fool fast by the two forefeet, there held him till the surly Carpenter returned, who, without ceremony, knocked him on the head for meddling with his work.

"This Fable, spouse, instructs us that we ought not to meddle with other people's business."

BEFORE THE DOORS.

[**Friedrich Ruckert**, born May 16th, 1788, at Schweinfurt, in Bavaria, studied philology and literature at Würzburg and Jena, spent one year in Italy, and was in 1826 appointed professor of the Oriental languages at the University of Erlangen, and went in 1840 in the same capacity to the University of Berlin. In 1849 he retired to his estate at Neusess, near Coburg, where he devoted himself exclusively to literary work up to his death, which took place January 31st, 1866.]

Where riches dwell I knocked, but knocked in vain,
A copper from the window thrown was all my gain.

I tried to steal into the cot where Love abode,
But, earlier still than I, a dozen were in my road.

I gently tapped at Fame's tall castle bright,
"We only open here to lord and knight."

I sought the roof-tree that protects the poor,
Within were sobs, and wails, and lament sore.

In vain I asked where did Content abide,
But none there was who knew it, far and wide.

But yet, I know a house, for aye secure,
Where at the last I'll lightly tap the door.

Within its bounds dwells many a noble guest,
For many a thousand in the grave there's rest.

Translated by HENRY PHILLIPS, JR.

NOAH'S ARK.

[**Wilhelm Muller**, born October 7th, 1794, at Dessau, studied philology at Berlin, served (1813) as a volunteer in the Prussian army, was (1819) appointed instructor of classical languages and librarian in his native city, where he died September 30th, 1827. His son, Max Müller, edited his *Gedichte*, in two volumes (Leipzig, 1869).]

That Adam ate, not that he drank,
Was he from Eden's garden driven;
And what he lost by eating then
To us anew by wine is given;
Yes! wine restores those Eden days,
So here's to wine and jolly lays!

And when once more throughout the world,
By baser appetite betrayed,
Man only thought what he would eat,
And gluttony alone prevailed,
The Deluge came, to cure the ill,
But Noah spared, the vine to till.

Aboard a mighty cask he went,
It bore him high above the tide;
And many jolly days and nights
He rolled across the waters wide;
What kept old Noah safe and sound?
Why wine, not water, I'll be bound!

Subsided now the angry flood,
The gallant house, so round and tight,
Stuck fast upon a mountain-top:
I' faith, it was a goodly sight!
And Noah went, with heart elate,
The hill to plant with luscious grape.

And there upon the mountain-top
To-day that very ark is seen,
In Heidelberg, on the Neckar,
The giant tun of tuns, I ween:
So now we know who gave the vine
To those who dwell along the Rhine.

If any mortal rash should dare
To cast a slur on wine divine,
Toss him in the depths of ocean
And let him pickle in the brine!
While we enjoy our Eden days,
And drink and sing our jolly lays!

Translated by CHARLES DEXTER.

POOR FISHER FOLK

Half-clothed, dark-featured, motionless lay she,
The once strong mother, now devoid of life;
Disheveled spectre of dead misery—
All that the poor leaves after his long strife.

The cold and livid arm, already stiff,
Hung o'er the soaked straw of her wretched bed.
The mouth lay open horribly, as if
The parting soul with a great cry had fled—

That cry of death which startles the dim ear
Of vast eternity. And all the while
Two little children, in one cradle near,
Slept face to face, on each sweet face a smile.

The dying mother o'er them, as they lay,
Had cast her gown, and wrapped her mantle's fold;
Feeling chill death creep up, she willed that they
Should yet be warm while she was lying cold.

Rocked by their own weight, sweetly sleep the twain,
With even breath, and foreheads calm and clear;
So sound that the last trump might call in vain,
For, being innocent, they have no fear.

. . . . . .

And why does Janet pass so fast away?
What hath she done within that house of dread?
What foldeth she beneath her mantle gray?
And hurries home, and hides it in her bed?
With half-averted face, and nervous tread,
What hath she stolen from the awful dead?

The dawn was whitening over the sea's verge
As she sat pensive, touching broken chords
Of half-remorseful thought, while the hoarse surge
Howled a sad concert to her broken words.

"Ah, my poor husband! we had five before;
Already so much care, so much to find,
For he must work for all. I give him more.
What was that noise? His step? Ah, no, the wind.

"That I should be afraid of him I love!
I have done ill. If he should beat me now,
I would not blame him. Did not the door move?
Not yet, poor man." She sits with careful brow,
Wrapped in her inward grief; nor hears the roar
Of winds and waves that dash against his prow,
Nor the black cormorant shrieking on the shore.

Sudden the door flies open wide, and lets
Noisily in the dawn-light scarcely clear,
And the good fisher dragging his damp nets
Stands on the threshold with a joyous cheer.

"'Tis thou!" she cries, and eager as a lover
Leaps up, and holds her husband to her breast;
Her greeting kisses all his vesture cover.
"'Tis I, good wife!" and his broad face expressed

How gay his heart that Janet's love made light.
"What weather was it?" "Hard." "Your fishing?" "Bad.
The sea was like a nest of thieves to-night;
But I embrace thee, and my heart is glad.

"There was a devil in the wind that blew;
I tore my net, caught nothing, broke my line,
And once I thought the bark was broken too;
What did you all the night long, Janet mine?"

She, trembling in the darkness, answered, "I,
O, naught! I sewed, I watched, I was afraid;
The waves were loud as thunders from the sky:
But it is over." Shyly then she said:

"Our neighbor died last night; it must have been
When you were gone. She left two little ones,
So small, so frail—William and Madeline;
The one just lisps, the other scarcely runs."

The man looked grave, and in the corner cast
His old fur bonnet, wet with rain and sea;
Muttered a while, and scratched his head—at last,
"We have five children, this makes seven," said he.

"Already in bad weather we must sleep
Sometimes without our supper. Now—Ah, well,
'Tis not my fault. These accidents are deep;
It was the good God's will. I cannot tell.

"Why did he take the mother from those scraps,
No bigger than my fist? 'Tis hard to read;
A learned man might understand perhaps—
So little, they can neither work nor need.

"Go fetch them, wife; they will be frightened sore,
If with the dead alone they waken thus;
That was the mother knocking at our door,
And we must take the children home to us.

"Brother and sister shall they be to ours,
And they shall learn to climb my knee at even.
When he shall see these strangers in our bowers,
More fish, more food, will give the God of heaven.

"I will work harder; I will drink no wine—
Go fetch them. Wherefore dost thou linger, dear?
Not thus were wont to move those feet of thine."
She drew the curtain, saying, "They are here."

VICTOR HUGO.[1]—*Translated by* H. W. ALEXANDER.

THE ROMAN LIBRARIES.

[**Richard Cumberland,** an eminent English poet and essayist, was born at Cambridge in 1732, and died in 1811. Contemporary with Sterne, Goldsmith, and Johnson, he became distinguished in letters, writing several popular comedies, a series of essays entitled *The Observer* (1785), and *Memoirs of Richard Cumberland, by Himself*, 2 vols. (1806).]

Little attention was paid to literature by the Romans in the early and more martial ages: I read of no collections antecedent to those made by Æmilius, Paulus, and Lucullus, the latter of whom, being a man of great magnificence, allowed the learned men of his time to have free access to his library, but neither in his lifetime nor at his death made it public property. Cornelius Sylla, before his dictatorship, plundered Athens of a great collection of books, which had been accumulating from the time of the tyranny, and these he brought to Rome, but did not build or endow any library for public use. This was at last undertaken by Julius Cæsar upon an imperial scale not long before his death, and the learned M. Varro was employed to collect and arrange the books for the foundation of an ample library; its completion, which was interrupted by the death of Julius and the civil wars subsequent thereto, was left for Augustus, who assigned a fund out of the Dalmatian booty for this purpose, which he put into the hands of the celebrated Asinius Pollio, who therewith founded a temple to liberty on Mount Aventine, and with the help of Sylla's and Varro's collections, in addition to his own purchases, opened the first public library in Rome, in an apartment annexed to the temple above mentioned. Two others were afterward instituted by the same emperor, which he called the Octavian and Palatine libraries; the first, so named in honor of his sister, was placed in the temple of Juno; the latter, as its title specifies, was in the imperial palace; these libraries were royally endowed with establishments of Greek and Latin librarians, of which C. Julius Hyginus, the grammarian, was one.

The Emperor Tiberius added another library to the palace, and attached his new building to that front which looked towards the Via Sacra, in which quarter he himself resided. Vespasian endowed a public library in the Temple of Peace. Trajan founded the famous Ulpian library in his new forum, from whence it was at last removed to the Collis Viminalis to furnish the baths of Dioclesian. The Capitoline library is supposed to have been founded by Domitian, and was consumed, together with the noble edifice to which it was attached, by a stroke of lightning in the time of Commodus. The Emperor Hadrian enriched his favorite villa with a superb collection of books, and lodged

[1] For biography see Vol. I., page 6, *Choice Literature.*

them in a temple dedicated to Hercules. These were, in succeeding times, so multiplied by the munificence and emulation of the several emperors, that in the reign of Constantine Rome contained no less than twenty-nine public libraries, of which the principal were the Palatine and the Ulpian.

Though books were then collected at an immense expense, several private citizens of fortune made considerable libraries. Tyrannio, the grammarian, even in the time of Sylla, was possessed of three thousand volumes; Epaphroditus, a grammarian also, had in later times collected thirty thousand of the most select and valuable books; but Sammonicus Serenus bequeathed to the Emperor Gordian a library containing no less than sixty-two thousand volumes. It was not always a love of literature that tempted people to these expenses, for Seneca complains of the vanity of the age in furnishing their banqueting rooms with books, not for use but for show, and in a mere spirit of profusion. Their baths, both hot and cold, were always supplied with books to fill up an idle hour amongst the other recreations of the place; in like manner their country houses and even public offices were provided for the use and amusement of their guests and clients.

The Roman libraries, in point of disposition, much resembled the present fashion observed in our public ones; for the books were not placed against the walls, but brought into the area of the room, in separate cells and compartments, where they were lodged in presses; the intervals between these compartments were richly ornamented with inlaid plates of glass and ivory and marble bass-relievos. In these compartments, which were furnished with desks and couches for the accommodation of readers, it was usual to place statues of learned men, one in each; and this, we may observe, is one of the few elegances which Rome was not indebted to Greece for, the first idea having been started by the accomplished Pollio, who in his library on Mount Aventine set up the statue of his illustrious contemporary, Varro, even whilst he was living; it was usual also to ornament the press where any considerable author's works were contained with his figure in brass or plaster of a smaller size.

There is one more circumstance attending these public libraries which ought not to be omitted, as it marks the liberal spirit of their institution: it was usual to appropriate an adjoining building for the use and accommodation of students, where everything was furnished at the emperor's cost; they were lodged, dieted, and attended by servants specially appointed, and supplied with everything, under the eye of the chief librarian, that would be wanting whilst they were engaged in their studies, and had occasion to consult the books; this establishment was kept up in a very princely style at Alexandria in particular, where a college was endowed and a special fund appointed for its support, with a president and proper officers under him, for the entertainment of learned strangers, who resorted thither from various parts to consult those invaluable collections which that famous library contained in all branches of science.

A PICTURE OF FRANCE AFTER THE REVOLUTION.

From the Bassevilliana.

[**Vincenzo Monti.** This poet, one of the most famous among the modern Italians, was born near Fusignano, a town of Romagna, February 19th, 1754. His earliest years were passed under the instruction of his parents, who belonged to the class of small landholders. He was then put to school in Faenza, where he learned the Latin language. He was destined by his father to the labors of agriculture, but showing an invincible repugnance to occupations of this sort, he was sent to the University of Ferrara, to study the law or medicine. He attempted in vain to interest himself in professional studies, and then gave himself wholly up to literature and poetry. His talents attracted the attention of Cardinal Borghese, the legate at Ferrara, who took him to Rome, with the elder Monti's consent. Suwarrow's invasion of Italy, in 1799, compelled Monti to take refuge in France. He was reduced, for a time, to the most miserable state of destitution; but the victories of Napoleon, after his return from Egypt, revived his hopes. He returned to Italy after the battle of Marengo, and received a professorship in the University of Pavia, which he held three years, when he was invited to Milan, and appointed by Napoleon Assessor of the Ministry of the Interior, Court Poet, Knight of the Iron Crown, member of the Legion of Honor, and Historiographer of the kingdom. He thereupon wrote the first six cantos of the *Bardo della Selva Nera*, which appeared in 1806. In conjunction with his accomplished son-in-law, Count Giulio Perticari, he en-

gaged in a warm controversy with the Della Cruscans, on the question between the Tuscan and the Italian. He also published a new edition of the *Convito* of Dante. Returning to poetical composition, he wrote an idyl on the Nuptials of Cadmus. His poetic labors were interrupted in April, 1826, by a sudden stroke of apoplexy; but he lingered on until 1828, and died in October of that year, at the age of seventy-four.

Of all Monti's writings, the *Bassevilliana* enjoys the greatest and widest reputation. As remarked above, it is founded on the murder of the French minister, Basseville, whose soul, the author supposes, is condemned to wander over the French provinces, and behold the desolation produced by the Revolution, the death of Louis the Sixteenth in Paris, and the armies of the Holy Alliance marching toward France to restore the Bourbons. The poem is divided into four cantos of three hundred lines each, and, like its model, the *Divina Commedia*, written in *terza rima*. It was translated into English by the Rev. Henry Boyd, London, 1805.]

Hell had been vanquished in the battle fought;
The spirit of the abyss in sullen mood
Withdrew, his frightful talons clutching naught;
He roared like lion famishing for food:
The Eternal he blasphemed, and, as he fled,
Loud hissed around his brow the snaky brood.
Then timidly each opening pinion spread
The soul of Basseville, on new life to look,
Released from members with his heart's blood red.
Then on the mortal prison, just forsook,
The soul turned sudden back to gaze a while,
And, still mistrustful, still in terror shook.
But the blessed angel, with a heavenly smile,
Cheering the soul it had been his to win
In dreadful battle waged 'gainst demon vile,
Said, "Welcome, happy spirit, to thy kin!
Welcome unto that company, fair and brave,
To whom in heaven remitted is each sin!
"Fear not; thou art not doomed to sip the wave
Of black Avernus, which who tastes, resigned
All hope of change, becomes the demon's slave.
"But Heaven's high justice, nor in mercy blind,
Nor in severity scrupulous to gauge
Each blot, each wrinkle, of the human mind,
"Has written on the adamantine page
That thou no joys of paradise may'st know,
Till punished be of France the guilty rage.
"Meanwhile, the wounds, the immensity of woe,
That thou hast helped to work, thou, penitent,
Contemplating with tears, o'er earth must go:
"Thy sentence, that thine eyes be ceaseless bent
Upon flagitious France, of whose offence
The stench pollutes the very firmament."

THE SOUL'S ARRIVAL IN PARIS.

From the Bassevilliana.

Wondering, the spirit sees that from the eyes
Of his angelic leader tears have gushed,
Whilst o'er the city streets dread silence lies.
Hushed is the sacred chime of bells, and hushed
The works of day,—hushed every various sound
Of creaking saw, of metal hammer-crushed.
There fears and whisperings alone are found,
Questionings, looks mistrustful, discontent,
Dark melancholy that the heart must wound,
Deep accents of affections strangely blent:
Accents of mothers, who, foreboding ill,
Clasp to their bosoms each loved innocent;
Accents of wives, who, even on the door's sill,
Strive their impetuous husbands to detain;
With tears and fond entreaties urging still.
But nuptial love and tenderness in vain
May strive; too strong the powers of hell, I ween;
They free the consort whom fond arms enchain.
For now, in dance ferocious and obscene,
Are flitting busily from door to door
A phantom band of heart-appalling mien.
Phantoms of ancient Druids, steeped in gore,
Are these, who, still nefariously athirst
For blood of wretched victims, as of yore,
To Paris throng to revel on the worst
Of all the crimes whose magnitude has fed
The pride of their posterity accursed.
With human life their garments are dyed red,
And, blood and rottenness from every hair
Dripping, a loathsome shower around them shed.
Some firebrands, others scourges, toss i' th' air,
Twisted of every kind of coiling snake;
Some sacrificial knives, some poison bear.
Firebrands and serpents they o'er mortals shake;

And as the blow alights on brow, neck, side,
Boils in each vein the blood, fierce passions wake.
Then from their houses, like a billowy tide,
Men rush enfrenzied, and, from every breast
Banished, shrinks Pity weeping, terrified.
Now the earth quivers, trampled and oppressed
By wheels, by feet of horses and of men;
The air in hollow moans speaks its unrest;
Like distant thunder's roar, scarce within ken,
Like the hoarse murmurs of the midnight surge,
Like north wind rushing from its far-off den.
. . . . . .
Through the dark crowds that round the scaffold flock,
The monarch see with look and gait appear
That might to soft compassion melt a rock;
Melt rocks, from hardest flint draw pity's tear,—
But not from Gallic tigers: to what fate,
Monsters, have ye brought him who loved you dear!

VINCENZO MONTI.

FRANKLIN AND THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

[**Joseph Priestley, LL.D.**, a Unitarian divine, and copious writer, was born near Leeds, England, 1733, and died at Northumberland, Pennsylvania, in 1804. He published 141 works and treatises, great and small, for a list of which we must refer to Rutt's Collection of his Theological and Miscellaneous Works (excluding the Scientific, 1824), 26 vols. Among his works are *Essays on the Principles of Government, and on the Nature of Political, Civil, and Religious Liberty* (1768), *History and Present State of Discoveries Relating to Vision, Light, and Colors* (1772), *Institutes of Natural and Revealed Religion* (1772), *Experiments and Observations on Different Kinds of Air* (1774), *Harmony of the Evangelists in Greek* (1777), *Experiments and Observations Relating to Natural Philosophy* (1779-86), 3 vols.; *History of the Corruptions of Christianity* (1782), *History of Early Opinions Concerning Jesus Christ* (1786).

"He laid the basis of the chemistry of the gases, and of those modes of investigation in the pneumatic branch of the science which are still pursued. He discovered a great variety of facts in this department of the science. To him we are indebted for the knowledge of oxygen, binoxide of nitrogen, sulphurous acid, fluosilicic acid, muriatic acid, ammonia, carburetted hydrogen, and carbonic acid."—DR. R. D. THOMSON.

NORTHUMBERLAND, Nov. 10, 1802.

SIR:—I have just read in the (London) *Monthly Review*, vol. 36, p. 357 (359), that the late Mr. Pennant said of Dr. Franklin that "living under the protection of our mild government he was secretly playing the incendiary, and too successfully inflaming the minds of our fellow-subjects in America, till that great explosion happened, which forever disunited us from our once happy colonies (colonists)." As it is in my power, as far as my testimony will be regarded, to refute this charge, I think it due to our friendship to do it. It is probable that no person now living was better acquainted with Dr. Franklin, and his sentiments on all subjects of importance, than myself, for several years before the American war. I think I knew him as well as one man can generally know another. At that time I spent the winters in London, in the family of the Marquis of Lansdown, and few days passed without my seeing more or less of Dr. Franklin; and the last day that he passed in England, having given out that he should depart the day before, we spent together, without any interruption, from morning to night.

Now, he was so far from wishing for a rupture with the colonies, that he did more than most men would have done to prevent it. His constant advice to his countrymen, he always said, was "to bear everything from England, however unjust;" saying, that "it could not last long, as they would soon outgrow all their hardships." On this account, Dr. Price, who then corresponded with some of the principal persons in America, said, he began to be very unpopular there. He always said, "If there must be a war, it will be a war of ten years, and I shall not live to see the end of it." This I have heard him say many times.

It was at his request, enforced by that of Dr. Fothergill, that I wrote an anonymous pamphlet, calculated to show the injustice and impolicy of a war with the colonies, previous to the meeting of a new parliament. As I then lived at Leeds, he corrected the press himself; and to a passage in which I lamented the attempt to establish arbitrary power in so large a part of the British empire, he added the following clause, "to the imminent danger of our most valuable commerce, and of that national strength, security, and felicity which depend on union and on liberty."

The unity of the British empire, in all its parts, was a favorite idea of his. He used to compare it to a beautiful China vase, which, if once broken, could never be put together again; and so great an admirer was he, at the time, of the British constitution, that he said he saw no inconvenience from its being extended over a great part of the globe. With these sentiments he left England; but when, on his arrival in America, he found the war begun, and that there was no receding, no man entered more warmly into the interests of what he then considered as *his country*, in opposition to that of Great Britain. Three of his letters to me, one written immediately on his landing, and published in the collection of his *Miscellaneous Works*, pp. 365, 552 and 555, will prove this.

By many persons Dr. Franklin is considered as having been a cold-hearted man, so callous to every feeling of humanity, that the prospect of all the horrors of a civil war could not affect him. This was far from being the case. A great part of the day, above mentioned, that we spent together, he was looking over a number of American newspapers, directing me what to extract from them for the English ones; and in reading them, he was frequently not able to proceed for the tears literally running down his cheeks. To strangers he was cold and reserved; but where he was intimate, no man indulged in more pleasantry and good humor. By this he was the delight of a club, to which he alludes in one of the letters above referred to, called the *Whig-club*, that met at the London coffee-house, of which Dr. Price, Dr. Kippis, Mr. John Lee and others of the same stamp, were members.

Hoping that this vindication of Dr. Franklin will give pleasure to many of your readers, I shall proceed to relate some particulars relating to his behavior when Lord Loughborough, then Mr. Wedderburn, pronounced his violent invective against him at the privy-council, on his presenting the complaints of the province of Massachusetts (I think it was) against their governor. Some of the particulars may be thought amusing.

On the morning of the day on which the cause was to be heard, I met Mr. Burke in Parliament-street, accompanied by Dr. Douglas, afterwards bishop of Carlisle; and, after introducing us to each other, as men of letters, he asked me whither I was going. I said I could tell him where I *wished* to go. He then asked me where that was. I said to the privy-council, but that I was afraid I could not get admission. He then desired me to go along with him. Accordingly I did; but when we got into the anteroom we found it quite filled with persons as desirous of getting admittance as ourselves. Seeing this, I said we should never get through the crowd. He said, "Give me your arm;" and locking it fast in his, he soon made his way to the door of the privy-council. I then said, "Mr. Burke, you are an excellent leader;" he replied, "I wish other persons thought so too."

After waiting a short time, the door of the privy-council opened, and we entered the first; when Mr. Burke took his stand behind the first chair next to the president, and I behind that the next to his. When the business was opened, it was sufficiently evident, from the speech of Mr. Wedderburn, who was counsel for the governor, that the real object of the court was to insult Dr. Franklin. All this time he stood in a corner of the room, not far from me, without the least apparent emotion.

Mr. Dunning, who was the leading counsel on the part of the colony, was so hoarse that he could hardly make himself heard; and Mr. Lee, who was the second, spoke but feebly in reply; so that Mr. Wedderburn had a complete triumph. At the sallies of his sarcastic wit all the members of the council, the president himself (Lord Gower) not excepted, frequently laughed outright. No person belonging to the council behaved with decent gravity, except Lord North, who, coming late, took his stand behind the chair opposite to me.

When the business was over, Dr. Franklin, in going out, took me by the hand, in a manner that indicated some feeling. I soon followed him, and going through the ante-room, saw Mr. Wedderburn there surrounded with a circle of his friends and admirers. Being known to him, he stepped forward as if to speak to me; but I turned aside, and made what haste I could out of the place.

The next morning I breakfasted with the doctor, when he said, "He had never before been so sensible of the power of a

good conscience; for that, if he had not considered the thing for which he had been so much insulted as one of the best actions of his life, and what he should certainly do again in the same circumstances, he could not have supported it." He was accused of clandestinely procuring certain letters, containing complaints against the governor, and sending them to America with a view to excite their animosity against him, and thus to embroil the two countries. But he assured me that he did not even know that such letters existed till they were brought to him as agent for the colony, in order to be sent to his constituents; and the cover of the letters on which the direction had been written being lost, he only guessed at the person to whom they were addressed by the contents.

That Dr. Franklin, notwithstanding he did not show it at the time, was much impressed by the business of the privy-council, appeared from this circumstance: when he attended there, he was dressed in a suit of Manchester velvet; and Silas Deane told me that, when they met at Paris to sign the treaty between France and America, he purposely put on that suit.

Hoping that this communication will be of some service to the memory of Dr. Franklin, and gratify his friends, I am, sir, yours, etc. J. PRIESTLEY.

Monthly Magazine, *Feb.*, 1803.

FROM THE "FLYING LEAVES."

[**Friedrich Heinrich Jacobi** was born at Dusseldorf 1743, and died at Munich 1819, a German metaphysical philosopher, who occupied several distinguished posts under the government of Dusseldorf, and, in 1804 became President of the Academy of Sciences at Munich. He published a great number of literary and philosophical works, in some of which he combated the doctrines of Kant. His principal works are, *Letters on the Doctrines of Spinosa, Hume and Belief; or, Idealism and Realism*, and *Letter to Fichte*. His complete works, in 6 vols., were published at Leipsic between 1812 and 1824.]

My aim is not to help the reader while away the time, but rather to aid those to whom, as to me, the time is already too fleeting.

I can live in harmony with every one who lives in harmony with himself.

What dost thou call a beautiful soul? Thou callest a beautiful soul one that is quick to perceive the good, that gives it due prominence and holds it immovably fast.

It is absurd for a man to say that he hates and despises men, but loves and honors Humanity. A general without a particular, a Humanity worthy of honor and love without men who are worthy of honor and love, is a fiction of the brain, a thing that has no existence.

It is the custom of virtue to note the failings of distinguished men not otherwise than with a certain timidity and shame. It is the custom of vice to cover impudence with the appellation of love of truth.

To lay aside all prejudices is to lay aside all principles. He who is destitute of principles is governed, theoretically and practically, by whims.

Man, according to Moses, was created last; all the varieties of irrational animals were created before him. This order is still repeated in each individual man. He follows first the animal, the coarser propensities,—coarse, animal pleasure; but he is created for immortality, and can find the way to immortality. But he can also become more beastly than a beast, and use the means of immortality in such a way as to become more mortal,—as to draw upon himself sufferings and diseases from which the brute is free. He can "with the armor of light extend the kingdom of darkness and of barbarism." Herder, in his *Aelteste Urkunde*, remarks that Adam, after the Fall, clothed himself in the life of animals. Man is guided by propensities, and all his propensities belong to his nature. But the propensity which makes him man, which distinguishes him, is the true life-propensity proper to his species,—the propensity to a higher life. Even in the mere faculty of perception, which may be regarded as opposed to the faculty of sensation, this propensity appears. For the faculty of perception, the power of projecting objects out of himself, of raising himself

above them in order to contemplate them, is objective, and is the foundation of the regal dignity of man. It strikes the first spark of a love which differs so widely from what we call lust that it is capable of resisting and overcoming that lust. The earnest observer finds everywhere, from first to last, the same economy. But the innermost essence of the purely human propensity,—as the proper seat of liberty, as the mystery of substance,—is inscrutable for us.

There is no one thing in the world for which we can conceive an interest and a love that shall endure forever. Therefore *fidelity* is required of us, and a firm intent which the soul must be able to create for itself. He who learns this acquires freedom; acquires something of that great property, the property of having life in himself, which is the true philosopher's stone.

The secret of the moral sense and feeling is the secret of everlasting life, in contradistinction to our present existence, which is fleeting, however we may strive against it, and leads to death. In moral feeling there is a presentiment of eternity. I know nothing sublimer and profounder than the saying of the New Testament, "Our life is hid in Christ (the God-man) with God." Unquestionably, our life, if there is any true life in us, is hidden deep within us. Nevertheless it commands, apodictically,[1] its own preservation; commands that we bring it forth to the light. Faith and experience, therefore, are the only way by which we can arrive at the knowledge of the truth. True, it is a mystic, and to brutalism altogether intolerable, way. We must be able to inflict pain upon ourselves if we would attain to virtue and honor. Courage, resolution, is, above all things, necessary to man.

What is it that we admire in a Bayard, a Montrose, a Ruyter, a Douglas, in the friends of Cimon, who offered themselves up at Tanagra? We admire this in them, that they did not doat on the body, but lived exclusively the life of the soul. They were not what accident would make of them, but what they themselves had resolved to be. He to whom the law, which he is to follow, does not stand forth as a God, has only a dead letter which cannot possibly quicken him.

Every aptitude to an end is a virtue. The inquiry after the highest virtue is an inquiry after the highest end. The rank of the virtues must therefore be determined according to the rank of the ends. To discover the system of ends it is necessary to ascertain what is the destination of man, his highest and ultimate aim.

The wise man is known by the choice of the ends which he proposes to himself; the prudent man is known by the choice of the means by which he attains his ends, whether they be wise or unwise. But how are the ends themselves to be known? Is the choice of the wisest to decide? Then we cannot say, as we have just said, that the wise man is known by his ends. *Semper idem velle atque idem nolle.* But what is this one, and the same which is to be always willed? It is the glory of God.

It is agreeable to the dignity of man to hold his passions in subjection, to govern them. But the feeling of dignity does not consist in the governing as such, but in that whereby we govern, in the consciousness of a higher destination. Man knows a higher good; this it is that overcomes, not his will.

Every activity proposes to itself a passivity, every labor enjoyment. But every enjoyment presupposes a want; when that is satisfied, the enjoyment ends. All pleasure is necessarily transient.

We enjoy ourself, however, only in our work, in our doing, and our best enjoyment is our best doing.

Man imputes to himself the ability to be constant by his own proper force, and places his honor in that ability. A man of his word, and a man of honor are synonymous terms. He who can embrace a purpose and persist in it, who can act from a resolve, unsupported by present inclination, nay, even in opposition to present inclination, emotion, or passion, of him we say, "he has character," "he is a man." We despise the man who is

[1] *Apodiktisch*, equivalent to absolutely; from the Greek *αποδεικνυμι*, to demonstrate; also, to appoint, to require by law. Tr.

always only what things, accidents, circumstances, make of him; the fickle, the inconstant, the wavering. We honor him who can resist objects and the impressions which they make upon him, who knows how to maintain his self in the face of them, who lets himself be instructed but not changed by them.

To believe in humanity, to trust a friend unconditionally, we call great and noble. Want of faith, doubt, suspicion, have something little, ignoble; they originate in fear. A noble and courageous mind then believes and confides. It believes and confides not because it is a good calculator; its faith, its confidence, is power of feeling, not a cold exercise of the understanding. On the contrary, this power is opposed to the understanding inasmuch as it raises itself above it.

When man abides in the creature, he sinks behind and before into nothing.

When feeling and sentiment vanish, words and ceremonies remain and make themselves important.

Where morals are, there reason reigns over sense. And, *vice versa*, where reason begins to obtain the ascendency over sense, there morals arise.

The first step in the corruption of morals is no longer to regard public opinion; the last step is the absence of public opinion. Every one does, then, what pleases him; to every one it seems right to follow his own lusts. Morals have ceased from the land.

Have not all virtues sprung up before they had either name or precept? The book of life must be written before an index can be affixed to it. Our moral philosophies are such indexes made after the book; and they are generally made by men who understand nothing of the book. Others, who also understand nothing of it, think that the index is the basis of the book, and the art of referring to it the true art of life. But they always refer to it for others, not for themselves.

Life is not a particular form of body, but the body is a particular form of life. The body relates to the soul as the word to the thought.

The essence of reason consists in self-perception. It returns into self. That which it perceives, so far as it is conditioned by sense, it calls nature. That which it perceives, so far as it is not conditioned by sense, it calls the Divine Being.

True enlightenment is that which teaches man that he is a law to himself. True culture is that which accustoms him to obey this law without regard to reward and punishment.

In an age in which the good and the true are considered as two different and often conflicting things, everything must conflict.

AS IT OFTEN HAPPENS.

[**Emanuel von Geibel,** born October 18th, 1825, at Lübeck, studied at the Universities of Bonn and Berlin, held a professorship in the University of Munich from 1852 to 1867, and died April 6th, 1884, at his native city. Geibel was the most popular lyric (German) poet of his time.]

"He loves thee not," thus spoke they to the maid,
"He sports with thee," she bowed her head in grief,
And o'er her cheek the pearly tear-drops strayed
Like dew from roses; why this rash belief?
And when he found that doubt assailed the maid,
His froward heart its sadness would not own,
He drank, and laughed aloud, and sung and played,
To weep throughout the night alone.

What though an angel whispered in her ear,
"Stretch out thy hand, he's faithful still to thee."
What though, amid his woes, a voice he hear,
"She loves thee still, thy own sweet love is she.
Speak one kind word, hear one kind word replied,
So is the spell that separates ye broken."—
They came, they met—Alas! O pride, O pride!
That one short word remained unspoken.

And so they parted. In the minster's aisle
Thus fades away the altar-lamp's red light,
It first grows dim, then flickers forth a while,
Once more 'tis clear, then all is dark, dark night.
So died their love, lamented first with tears,
With longing sighed for back, and then—forgot,
Until the past but as a dream appears,
A dream of love, where love was not.

Yet oft by moonlight from their couch they rose,
Moist with the tears that mourned their wretched lot,
Still on their cheeks the burning drops repose;
They had been dreaming both—I know not what.
They thought then of the blissful times long past,
And of her doubts, their broken plighted troth,
The gulf between them now, so deep, so vast,
O God, forgive, forgive them both!

Translated by A. BASKERVILLE.

SCOTT'S GREETING TO BURNS.

(The three Statues of Burns, Shakespeare, and Scott are near together in Central Park.)

[**Wallace Bruce** was born in Hillsdale, Columbia county, N. Y., about 1844. He prepared for college at the Hudson River Institute, Claverack, N. Y., and graduated at Yale College in 1867, where he distinguished himself alike in scholarship and literature; was elected editor of the *Yale Literary Magazine* by the largest vote recorded in the fifty years' history of that publication; studied law with the late William A. Beach; went to Europe in 1870; was in Paris during the stormy season of the Franco-Prussian war; returned home, and adopted literature and lecturing as his life work. Whatever he does he does well. The first poem which gave him national prominence was "Parson Allen's Ride," delivered at the Bennington Centennial in 1875. In 1878 he published "The Land of Burns;" made a lecture trip to California in 1879; published his poem, "The Yosemite," in 1880; "The Hudson," in 1882; the Newburgh Centennial poem, "The Long Drama," in 1883; "From the Hudson to the Yosemite," in 1884. He has in hand two other works, which, with his regular lectures, at an average of five nights a week, fills full to overflowing a busy life. He has made his way to the very front of the lecture platform without sensation, and has won his position by his qualifications as an orator and a genial man of letters. His poetry and oratory are both full of the sunshine and enthusiasm of his nature.]

SCENE.—*Central Park, New York*, 1880.

We greet you, Robie, here to-night,
Beneath these stars so pure and bright;
We greet you, poet, come at last
With "Will" and me your lot to cast.

We've talked about you many a day,
And wondered when you'd be this way.
Reach out your hand, and gie 's a shake
Just ance, for auld acquaintance' sake.

We welcome you from Scotia's land,
And reach to you a brither's hand;
A kindred soul to greet you turns—
Will Shakespeare, this is Robie Burns.

We've sung your songs here many a night
Till that dear star is lost in light,
And Willie says the lines you wrote
Will even do for him to quote.

He likes your verses wondrous weel,
And says you are a glorious chiel;
In fact, the only one that knows
The space 'twixt poetry and prose.

O Robie, if we had a plaid,
We'd quite convert yon Stratford lad.
He said, in truth, but yester-morn,
"I'm Scotch in wit, though English born;

"And, Walter, it may yet appear
That Scotland takes in Warwickshire.
Let Avon be the border line,
Blot out the Tweed, or draw it fine."

So, Willie, brew your peck o' maut,
And set the board wi' Attic saut,
For Rob has come at last, you see—
We were a pair, but now we 're three.

We need nae ither comrade now,
No modern bard o' classic brow;
'Tis lang before anither man
Will be admitted to our clan.

In stormy nights 'twas lonesome here
When "Will" recited half o' "Lear;"
But now he quotes O'Shanter's tale
In thunder, lightning, and in hail,

And says his witches can't compare
With those that chased O'Shanter's mare.
He's even learned your "De'il Address,"
To quote some night for good Queen Bess,

For, Robie, this is haunted ground,
Where spirits keep their nightly round,
And when the witchin' hour is near
You'll see strange beings gather here.

I saw Queen Bess the other night
Beside him, clad in vesture bright,
While kings, and queens, a noble throng,
In dim procession passed along;

And walls seemed rising from the earth,
Like Leicester's tower at Kenilworth;
And all the pageant that was there
Seemed floating in the moonlit air.

Ay, beauty, jealousy, and pride,
In Dudley's halls walked side by side,
While Amy Robsart seemed to stand
With fair Ophelia, hand in hand.

And, Robie, what a vision came
As Willie whispered Ariel's name!
The towers dissolved, and round him drew
The stately, gentle, fair, and true—

Miranda, Juliet, Imogen,
Hermione, and Katherine,
While Rosalind among them stood—
The sunlight of sweet Arden's wood.

'Twere long to pass them in review,
For still the circle wider grew,
Until the airy vision bright
Was lost at last in liquid light.

So let me whisper in your ear,
Never to tell what passes here.
There'll be a grand reception soon
To greet the lad frae Bonnie Doon.

We'll gather up the jolliest crew—
Falstaff, Prince Hal, and Rhoderick Dhu;
And "a' the rantin' brither Scots
Frae Maiden Kirk tae John O' Groat's."

So, Robie, mak' yoursel' at home,
'Mang friends and brithers you have come,
And here's a land that's quite as fair
As that between the Doon and Ayr.

A land that glories in its youth,
That owns no creed but living truth,
Where "pith o' sense and pride o' worth"
A refuge find frae rank and birth;

A land that's made your verses real,
Whose guinea-stamp is honor's seal;
Ay, Robie, here they've quite forgot
To write the "Sir"—just Walter Scott.

And here your songs will ever ring
Through a' the years the centuries bring,
Till all are free, and every sea
Shall know nae shore but liberty.

THE MRICHCHAKATI; OR, THE TOY-CART.

[The drama of which the translation of the third act is here published is a work of great interest, both in the literary and national history of the Hindûs.

The introduction of the *Mrichchakati* attributes the composition to a king named Súdraka, and gives him a high character, both in arms and letters; he lived, it is said, a hundred years, and then burnt himself, leaving his kingdom to his son.

Over what kingdom Súdraka ruled is not mentioned. The writer of the *Kámandaki* says it was Avanti or Ougein; tradition, especially in the *Dekhin*, includes him amongst the universal monarchs of India, and places him between Chandragupta and Vikramáditya, without specifying his capital. The late Colonel Wilford (*As. Res.*, Vol. IX.) considers him the same with the founder of the A'ndhra dynasty of Magadha kings, succeeding to the throne by deposing his master, the last of the Kanwa race, to whom he was minister, but these averments are very questionable. The circumstances are in fact attributed, it is said (page 116), to a prince named Balihita, or Sipraka, or Sindhuka, or (page 103) Mahakarni; and the identification of Súdraka with either or all of these rests upon chronological data by no means satisfactorily established. From these (page 100) it appears that the first A'ndhra king of Magadha reigned 456 years earlier than the last, or Puliman, who it is said died A. D. 648 (page 111), consequently the former reigned about A. D. 192. But it is stated that, in a work called the *Kumarika Khanda*, a portion of the *Skanda Purana*, it is asserted that in the year of the Kali 3300 (save 10) a great king would reign (it does not appear where) named Súdraka. This date in our era is 190; the date of the first A'ndhra king, as mentioned above, is 192; therefore, Súdraka must be that king—a deduction which may possibly be correct, but which depends too much upon the accuracy of a work very little known, and upon a calculation that yet requires to be revised, to be considered as decidedly invalidating the popular notion that Súdraka preceded Vikramá-

ditya, and consequently the era of Christianity, by a century at least.

The place which the *Mrichchakati* holds in the dramatic literature of all nations will, however, be thought matter of more interest by most readers than its antiquity or historical importance. That it is a curious and interesting picture of national manners every one will readily admit; and it is not the less valuable in this respect, that it is free from all exterior influence or adulteration. It is a portrait purely Indian. It represents a state of society sufficiently advanced in civilization to be luxurious and corrupt, and is certainly very far from offering a flattering similitude, although not without some attractive features. There will probably be more variety of opinion on its merits as a literary composition, and its title to rank with the more polished dramas of the West may be called in question by competent judges.]

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ APPEARING AND REFERRED TO IN THE THIRD ACT.

Men:

CHÁRUDATTA, *a Brahman, of a wealthy and respectable family, reduced to poverty by his munificence, beloved by* VASANTASÉNÁ.

VERDHAMÁNA, *the servant of* CHÁRUDATTA.

MAITRÉYA, *a Brahman, the friend and companion of* CHÁRUDATTA, *the Vidushaka or Gracioso of the piece, a character of mixed shrewdness and simplicity, with an affectionate disposition.*

SERVILLACA, *a dissipated Brahman, the friend of the preceding, in love with* MADANIKÁ.

Women:

RADANIKÁ, *the servant of* CHÁRUDATTA'S *house.*

The wife of CHÁRUDATTA.

MADANIKÁ, *the attendant of* VASANTASÉNÁ, *beloved by* SERVILLACA.

VASANTASÉNÁ, *a courtesan, in love with* CHÁRUDATTA, *and beloved by him; the object also of* SAMST'HÁNAKA'S *addresses.*

ACT III.—CHÁRUDATTA'S *House* (*Outside and Inside*).

SCENE.—*Ujayin; the City and its Suburbs.*

Enter VERDHAMÁNA. [*Inside.*

A worthy kind master, even though he be poor, is the delight of his servants; whilst a morose, haughty fellow, who has only his wealth to boast of, is a constant vexation. There is no changing nature; nothing can keep an ox out of a field of corn, nor stop a man who covets another's wife. There is no parting a gamester from the dice, and there is no remedy for an innate defect. My excellent master has gone to a concert. It is not quite midnight, I suppose; I need not expect his return yet a while, I shall therefore take a nap in the hall. [*Sleeps.*

Enter CHÁRUDATTA *and* MAITRÉYA. [*Outside.*

CHÁRUDATTA.

Excellent, excellent indeed; Rebhila[1] sang most exquisitely.

Although not ocean-born, the tuneful *vínâ*[2]
Is most assuredly a gem of heaven—
Like a dear friend it cheers the lonely heart,
And lends new lustre to the social meeting.
It lulls the pain that absent lovers feel,
And adds fresh impulse to the glow of passion.

MAITRÉYA.

Come, sir; let us get home.

CHÁRUDATTA.

In truth, brave Rebhila, 'twas deftly sung.

MAITRÉYA.

Now, to me, there are two things at which I cannot choose but laugh—a woman reading Sanskrit, and a man singing a song: the woman snuffles like a young cow when the rope is first passed through her nostrils; and the man wheezes like an old Pundit who has been repeating his bead-roll till the flowers of his chaplet are as dry as his throat; to my seeming it is vastly ridiculous.

CHÁRUDATTA.

What, my good friend, were you not pleased to-night,
With Rebhila's fine execution?
Smooth were the tones, articulate and flowing
With graceful modulation, sweet and pleasing,
And fraught with warm and passionate expression;
So that I often thought the dulcet sounds
Some female, stationed covertly, must utter.
Still echoes in my ears the soothing strain,
And as I pace along, methinks I hear
The liquid cadence and melodious utterance.
The *vin's* sweet notes, now gently undulating,
Now swelling high, now dying to a close—
Sporting a while in desultory descant,
And still recurring to the tasteful theme.

MAITRÉYA.

Come, my friend, the very dogs in the high road through the market place are fast asleep; let us go home. See, see, the moon descends

[1] Rebhila, a musician. [2] The Hindu lute.

from his mansion in the skies, making his way through the darkness.

CHÁRUDATTA.

True have you said. From his high palace bowed,
And hastening to his setting scantly gleams
The waning moon, amidst the gathering gloom;
In slender crescent, like the tusk's fine point,
That peers above the darkening wave, where bathes
The forest elephant.

MAITRÉYA.

Here we are at home. Holla, Verdhamána, arise and open the door.

VERDHAMÁNA. [*Within.*

Hark, I hear Maitréya's voice: Chárudatta is returned, I must let him in. [*Opens the door.*] Sir, I salute you; you also, Maitréya. Here are the couches ready spread; please you to repose. [*They enter and sit.*]

MAITRÉYA.

Verdhamána, tell Radaniká to bring water for the feet.

CHÁRUDATTA.

Nay, nay, disturb not those who are asleep.

VERDHAMÁNA.

I will bring water, and Maitréya here can wash your feet.

MAITRÉYA.

Do you hear, my friend? the son of a slave; he is to hold the water, and he sets me, who am a Brahman, to wash your feet.

CHÁRUDATTA.

Do you, Maitréya, hold the water; Verdhamána can perform the rest.

VERDHAMÁNA.

Come then, worthy Maitréya, pour out the water. [*Verdhamána washes Chárudatta's feet and is going.*]

CHÁRUDATTA.

Nay, Verdhamána, wash the feet of the Brahman.

MAITRÉYA.

Never mind, it is of little use; I must soon go tramping over the ground again, like a jackass.

VERDHAMÁNA.

Most worthy Maitréya, you are a Brahman, are you?

MAITRÉYA.

To be sure I am; like the boa amongst serpents, so am I, a Brahman amongst Brahmans.

VERDHAMÁNA.

I cry you mercy: that being the case, I will wash your feet. [*Does so.*] Now, Maitréya, this gold casket, of which I have had the charge by day, it is your turn to take care of. [*Gives it to him and exit.*]

MAITRÉYA.

So; it is safe through the day. What, have we no thieves in Ujayin, that no one could have carried off this viler pilferer of my rest? pray let me carry it into the court-yard.

CHÁRUDATTA.

Impossible; it has been left in trust;
And is not to be parted with to any
But the right owner; Brahman, take heed to it. [*Lies down.*]
Still do I hear the soothing strain.

MAITRÉYA.

Pray, sir, is it your intention to go to sleep?

CHÁRUDATTA.

Assuredly.
I feel the drowsy deity invade
My forehead, and descend upon my eyelids.
Sleep, like decay, viewless and variable,
Grows stronger in its triumph o'er our strength.

MAITRÉYA.

Very true, so let us go to sleep. [*They sleep.*]

SERVILLACA. [*Enter outside.*

Creeping along the ground, like a snake crawling out of his old skin, I effect with slight and strength a passage for my cowering frame. [*Looking up.*] The sovereign of the skies is in his decline: 'tis well. Night, like a tender mother, shrouds with her protecting darkness those of her children whose prowess assails the dwellings of mankind, and shrinks from an encounter with the servants of the king. I have made a breach in the garden wall and have got into the midst of the garden. Now for the house. Men call this practice infamous, whose chief success is gained from the sleep of others, and whose booty is won by craft. If not heroism, it is at least independence, and preferable to the homage paid by slaves. As to nocturnal attacks, did not *Aswatthámá* long ago overpower in a night-onset his slumbering foes? Where shall I make the breach; what part is softened by recent damp;

where is it likely that no noise will be made by the falling fragments; where is a wide opening most practicable which will not be afterwards visible; in what part of the wall are the bricks old, and corroded by saline exudations;[1] where can I penetrate without encountering women; and where am I likely to light upon my booty? [*Feels the wall.*] The ground here is softened by continual sprinkling with water and exposure to the sun, and is crusted with salt. Here is a rat-hole. The prize is sure; this is the first omen of success the sons of *Skanda* have laid down. Let me see: how shall I proceed? The God of the golden spear[2] teaches four modes of breaching a house: picking out burnt bricks; cutting through unbaked ones; throwing water on a mud wall; and boring through one of wood. This wall is of baked bricks; they must be picked out: but I must give them a sample of my skill. Shall the breach be the lotus blossom, the full sun or the new moon, the lake, the *swastika*, or the water jar? It must be something to astonish the natives. The water jar looks best in a brick wall;—that shall be the shape. In other walls that I have breached by night, the neighbors have had occasion both to censure and approve my talents. Reverence to the prince *Kártikéya*, the giver of all good; reverence to the God of the golden spear; to *Brahmanya*, the celestial champion of the celestials; the son of fire. Reverence to *Yogáchárya*, whose chief scholar I am, and by whom well pleased was the magic unguent conferred upon me, anointed with which no eye beholds nor weapon harms me. Shame on me, I have forgotten my measuring line,—never mind, my Brahminical thread will answer the purpose. This thread is a most useful appendage to a Brahman, especially one of my complexion: it serves to measure the depth and height of walls, and to withdraw ornaments from their position; it opens a latch in a door as well as a key, and is an excellent ligature for the bite of a snake. Let us take measure, and go to work: so, so [*extracting the bricks*]; one brick alone remains; ha! hang it; I am bitten by a snake [*ties the finger with the cord*]: 'tis well again,—I must get on. [*Looks in.*] How! a lamp alight! the golden ray streaming through the opening in the wall shows amidst the exterior darkness, like the yellow streak of pure metal on the touch-stone. The breach is perfect; now to enter. There is no one. Reverence to *Kártikéya*. [*Enters.*] Here are two men asleep; let me set the outer door open to get off easily if there should be occasion; how it creaks! it is stiff with age; a little water will be of use. [*Sprinkles the floor.*] Nay, not so, it makes too much noise pattering on the ground. [*Supports the door with his back, and opens it.*] So far, so well. Now, are these true sleepers or only counterfeits? [*He tries them.*] They are sound: the breathing is regular and not fluttered; the eye is fast and firmly shut; the body is all relaxed; the joints are loose, and the limbs protrude beyond the limits of the bed. If shamming sleep, they will not bear the gleam of the lamp upon their faces. [*Passes the lamp over their faces.*] All is safe. What have we here? a drum, a tabor, a lute, pipes, and here are books; why, zounds, I have got into the house of a dancer or poet. I took it for the dwelling of some man of consequence, or I should have let it alone. Is this poverty or only the show of poverty? fear of thieves, or dread of the King? Are the effects hid under ground? Whatever is under ground is my property. Let us scatter the seed, whose sowing leaves nothing undiscernible. [*Throws about seeds.*] The man is an absolute pauper, and so I leave him. [*Going.*

MAITRÉYA. [*Dreaming.*

Master, they are breaking into the house. I see the thief. Here, here, do you take care of the gold casket.

SERVILLACA.

How! does he perceive me? does he mock me with his poverty? he dies [*approaching*]. Haply he dreams [*looking at Maitréya*]. Eh, sure enough, there is in the light of the lamp something like a casket wrapped up in a ragged bathing-gown; that must be mine. No, no, it is cruel to ruin a worthy man, so miserably reduced already. I will even let it alone.

MAITRÉYA. [*Dreaming.*

My friend, if you do not take the casket, may you incur the guilt of disappointing a cow, and of deceiving a Brahman.

[1] These considerations, and much of what follows, are agreeable to the Thief's Manual, which is said to exist in Sanskrit.

[2] Kártikéya—the Hindú Mercury.

SERVILLACA.

These invocations are irresistible: take it I must. Softly: the light will betray me. I have the fire-flapping insect to put it out. I must cast it into the lamp. [*Takes out the insect.*] Place and time requiring, let this insect fly. It hovers round the wick—with the wind of its wings the flame is extinguished. Shame on this total darkness or rather shame on the darkness with which I have obscured the lustre of my race: how well it suits, that Servillaca, a Brahman, the son of a Brahman, learned in the four *vêdas* and above receiving donations from others, should now be engaged in such unworthy course. And why? For the sake of a harlot, for the sake of Madaniká. Ah well, I must even go on, and acknowledge the courtesy of this Brahman.

MAITRÉYA. [*Half awake.*

Eh, my good friend, how cold your hand is!

SERVILLACA.

Blockhead, I had forgotten. I have chilled my hand by the water I touched. I will put it to my side [*chafes his left hand on his side and takes the casket with it.*]

MAITRÉYA. [*Still only half awake.*

Have you got it?

SERVILLACA.

The civility of this Brahman is exceeding! I have it.

MAITRÉYA.

Now like a pedlar that has sold all his wares, I shall go soundly to sleep. [*Sleeps.*

SERVILLACA.

Sleep, illustrious Brahman, may you sleep a hundred years. Fie on this love, for whose dear sake I thus bring trouble on a Brahman's dwelling—nay, rather call down shame upon myself; and fie, and fie, upon this unmanning poverty, that urges me to acts which I must needs condemn. Now to Vasantaséná to redeem my beloved Madaniká with this night's booty. I hear footsteps; should it be the watch, what then? shall I stand here like a post? no, let Servillaca be his own protection. Am I not a cat in climbing, a deer in running, a snake in twisting, a hawk in darting upon the prey, a dog in baying man, whether asleep or awake? In assuming various forms am I not *Maya* herself and *Saraswati* in the gift of tongues? A lamp in the night, a mule in a defile, a horse by land, a boat by water, a snake in motion, and a rock in stability? In hovering about I compete with the king of birds, and in an eye to the ground, am keener than the hare. Am I not like a wolf in seizing, and like a lion in strength?

RADANIKÁ. [*Enter.*

Bless me, what has become of Verdhamána? he was asleep at the hall door, but is there no longer. I must wake Maitréya [*approaches*].

SERVILLACA. [*Going to stab her.*

Ha! a woman; she is safe and I may depart. [*Exit.*

RADANIKÁ.

Oh, dear me, a thief has broken into the house, and there he goes out at the door. Why, Maitréya, Maitréya; up, up, I say. A thief has broken into the house, and has just made his escape!

MAITRÉYA.

Eh, what do you say, you foolish toad; a thief made his escape?

RADANIKÁ.

Nay, this is no joke—see here.

MAITRÉYA.

What say you, hey, the outer door opened! Chárudatta, friend, awake: a thief has been in the house and has just made his escape.

CHÁRUDATTA.

This is not an hour to jest.

MAITRÉYA.

It is true enough, as you may satisfy yourself.

CHÁRUDATTA.

Where did he get in?

MAITRÉYA.

Look here [*discovers the breach*].

CHÁRUDATTA.

Upon my word, a not unseemly fissure; the bricks are taken out above and below, the head is small, the body large: there is really talent in this thief.

MAITRÉYA.

The opening must have been made by one of two persons; by a novice, merely to try his hand, or by a stranger to this city; for who in Ujayin is ignorant of the poverty of our mansion?

CHÁRUDATTA.

No doubt by a stranger, one who did not know the condition of my affairs, and forgot

that those only sleep soundly who have little to lose. Trusting to the external semblance of this mansion, erected in more prosperous times, he entered full of hope, and has gone away disappointed. What will the poor fellow have to tell his comrades? I have broken into the house of the son of the chief of a corporation, and found nothing.

MAITRÉYA.

Really, I am very much concerned for the luckless rogue. Ah, ha, thought he, here is a fine house; now for jewels, for caskets. [*Recollecting.*] By the bye, where is the casket? Oh yes, I remember. Ha, ha, my friend, you are apt to say of me, that blockhead Maitréya, that dunderhead Maitréya; but it was a wise trick of mine to give the casket to you: had I not done so, the villain would have walked off with it.

CHÁRUDATTA.

Come, come, this jesting is misplaced.

MAITRÉYA.

Jesting—no, no; blockhead though I be, I know when a jade is out of season.

CHÁRUDATTA.

When did you give the casket to me?

MAITRÉYA.

When I called out to you, "How cold your hand is!"

CHÁRUDATTA.

It must be so. [*Looking about.*] My good friend, I am much obliged by your kindness.

MAITRÉYA.

Why: is not the casket stolen?

CHÁRUDATTA.

It is stolen.

MAITRÉYA.

Then what have you to thank me for?

CHÁRUDATTA.

That the poor rogue has not gone away empty-handed.

MAITRÉYA.

He has carried off what was left in trust.

CHÁRUDATTA.

How! in trust, alas! [*Faints.*]

MAITRÉYA.

Revive, revive, sir; though the thief has stolen the deposit, why should it so seriously affect you?

CHÁRUDATTA.

Alas! my friend, who will believe it stolen?
A general ordeal waits me. In this world
Cold poverty is doomed to wake suspicion.
Alas! till now, my fortune only felt
The enmity of fate, but now its venom
Sheds a foul blight upon my dearer fame.

MAITRÉYA.

I tell you what. I will maintain that the casket was never intrusted to us. Who gave it pray; who took it; where are your witnesses?

CHÁRUDATTA.

Think you I can sanction thus a falsity?
No, no, I will beg alms, and so obtain
The value of the pledge, and quit its owner,
But cannot condescend to shame my soul
By utterance of a lie. [*Exeunt.*

RADANIKÁ.

I will go and tell my mistress what has happened. [*Exit.*

SCENE.—*Another Room.*

Enter the WIFE *of* CHÁRUDATTA *and* RADANIKÁ.

WIFE.

But indeed is my lord unhurt; is he safe, and his friend Maitréya?

RADANIKÁ.

Both safe, madam, I assure you, but the ornaments left by the courtesan are stolen.

WIFE.

Alas, girl, what say you! My husband's person is unharmed—that glads me. Yet better had his person come to harm than his fair fame incur disparagement. The people of Ujayin will now be ready to suspect that indigence has impelled him to an unworthy act. Destiny, thou potent deity, thou sportest with the fortunes of mankind, and renderest them as tremulous as the watery drop that quivers on the lotus leaves. This string of jewels was given me in my maternal mansion: it is all that is left to us, and I know my husband, in the loftiness of his spirit, will not accept it from me. Girl, go call the worthy Maitréya hither. [*Exit.*

RADANIKÁ *returns with* MAITRÉYA.

MAITRÉYA.

Health to you, respected lady.

WIFE.

I salute you, sir. Oblige me by facing the east.

MAITRÉYA.

You are obeyed.

WIFE.

I pray you accept this.

MAITRÉYA.

Nay, not so.

WIFE.

I fasted on the *Retnashashti*, when, as you know, wealth must be given to a Brahman. My Brahman had been provided elsewhere, and I beg therefore that, in his stead, you will accept this string of jewels.

MAITRÉYA.

Very well. I will go and state the matter to my friend.

WIFE.

Thanks, Maitréya; but take heed, do not put me to shame. [*Exit.*

SCENE.—*The Hall.* CHÁRUDATTA *discovered.*

CHÁRUDATTA.

Maitréya tarries long; in his distress I hope he does not purpose aught unbefitting.

Enter MAITRÉYA.

MAITRÉYA.

Here am I, sir, and bring you this. [*Gives the string of jewels.*]

CHÁRUDATTA.

What is this?

MAITRÉYA.

The fruit borne by the excellence of a wife, worthy of her husband.

CHÁRUDATTA.

Is this the kindness of the Brahman's wife?
Out on it—that I should be reduced so low,
As when my own has disappeared, to need
Assistance from a woman's wealth. So true
It is, our very natures are transformed
By opulence: the poor man helpless grows,
And woman wealthy, acts with manly vigor,—
'Tis false; I am not poor:—a wife whose love
Outlives my fortune; a true friend who shares
My sorrows and my joy; and honesty
Unwarped by indigence, these still are mine.
Maitréya, hie thee to Vasantaséná,
Tell her the casket, heedlessly impledged,
Was lost by me at play, but in its stead
I do beseech her to accept these jewels.

MAITRÉYA.

I will do no such thing. What, are we to part with these gems, the quintessence of the four oceans, for a thing carried off by thieves, and which we have neither eaten nor drank, nor touched a penny for?

CHÁRUDATTA.

Not so; to me, confiding in my care
And honesty, the casket was intrusted;
And for that faith, which cannot be o'ervalued,
A price of high amount must be repaid.
Touching my breast, I therefore supplicate,
You will not hence, this charge not undertaken.
You, Verdhamána, gather up these bricks
To fill the chasm again—we'll leave no trace
To catch the idle censure of men's tongues.
Come, come, Maitréya, rouse a liberal feeling,
Nor act in this a despicable niggard.

MAITRÉYA.

How can a pauper be a niggard? he has nothing to part with.

CHÁRUDATTA.

I am not poor, I tell thee, but retain
Treasures I prize beyond whate'er is lost.
Go then, discharge this office, and meanwhile
I hail the dawn with its accustomed rites.

[*Exit.*

ÆSOP'S FABLES.

[**Æsop**, an ancient Greek writer, whose name is attached to the most popular of the existing collections of fables. His history is very uncertain, and some critics have even denied his existence. First among these is Luther, in his preface to the *German Æsop*, 1530. We are told, however, on the authority of Herodotus (ii. 134), Diog. Lærtius (i. 72), and Plutarch (*Sept. Sap. Conviv.* and *De Sera Num. Vind.*), that Æsop lived in the latter half of the sixth century before Christ; that he was a slave at Samos; that, on receiving his freedom, he visited Crœsus and Pisistratus, by the former of whom he was commissioned to distribute some money among the citizens of Delphi, and that on his refusal to pay it, in consequence of a dispute, he was thrown over a precipice by the infuriated mob. We are further informed that the Athenians erected a statue to him from the chisel of Lysippus. Whether this person was the author of the existing Æsopean collection or not, we know, from Aristophanes, and other authorities, that fables bearing his name were popular in the most brilliant period of Athenian literature. The conjecture of Bentley, however, seems well founded, that these fables were transmitted entirely through oral tradition. Socrates (*Phædo*, p. 61) turned such of them as he could remember into verse, of which Diog. Lærtius has preserved a specimen; and the same was done

by Demetrius Phalereus, 320 B. C. The only Greek version, however, of which any entire fables remain, and which, as shown by Bentley, has furnished materials to subsequent collections, is that of Augustus. Of the fables now bearing the name of Æsop, there are three sets, the first from a MS. of the thirteenth century, published at Florence in 1809; the second a collection by Maximus Planudes, a monk of the fourteenth century, containing a life (supposed to have been the work of Planudes, till it was found in the earlier MS.) of Æsop, full of fabulous particulars; and the third a collection published in 1610, from MSS. found at Heidelberg. All these are contained in the edition of Schneider, Breslau, 1810. The resemblance between some of the fables and the personal peculiarities attributed in common to Æsop and to the Arabian fabulist Lokman, have led some persons to conclude that the two men were identical; and others, that the fables attributed to them in common belong to the same eastern source.]

THE MERRY-ANDREW AND THE COUNTRYMAN.

On the occasion of some festivities that were given by a Roman nobleman, a droll fellow of a Merry-andrew caused much laughter by his tricks upon the stage, and, more than all, by his imitation of the squeaking of a Pig. It seemed to the hearers so real, that they called for it again and again. One man, however, in the audience, thought the imitation was not perfect; and he made his way to the stage, and said that if he were permitted, he to-morrow would enter the lists, and squeak against the Merry-andrew for a wager. The mob, anticipating great fun, shouted their consent, and accordingly, when the next day came, the two rival Jokers were in their place. The hero of the previous day went first, and the hearers, more pleased than ever, fairly roared with delight. Then came the turn of the Countryman, who, having a Pig carefully concealed under his cloak, so that no one would have suspected its existence, vigorously pinched its ear with his thumb-nail, and made it squeak with a vengeance. "Not half as good—not half as good!" cried the audience, and many among them even began to hiss. "Fine judges you!" replied the Countryman, rushing to the front of the stage, drawing the Pig from under his cloak, and holding the animal upon high. "Behold the performer that you condemn!"

THE HARE AND THE DOG.

A Dog once gave a long chase to a Hare. The Dog having not long since made a good meal, was not at all hungry, and in consequence in no hurry to put an end to the sport. He would at times, as they ran, snap at the Hare, and at others lick him with his tongue. "Pray," cried the persecuted and bewildered Hare, "are you a friend or an enemy? If a friend, why do you bite me so? and if an enemy, why caress me?"

THE OLD MAN, HIS SON, AND THE ASS.

An Old Man and his little Boy were once driving an Ass before them to the next market town, where it was to be sold. "Have you no more wit," said a passer-by, "than for you and your Son to trudge on foot, and let your Ass go light?" So the man put his Boy on the Ass, and they went on again. "You lazy young rascal!" said the next person they met; "are you not ashamed to ride, and let your poor old Father go on foot?" The Man lifted off the Boy, and got up himself. Two women passed soon after, and one said to the other, "Look at that selfish old fellow, riding on, while his little Son follows after on foot!" The Old Man thereupon took up the Boy behind him. The next traveller they met asked the Old Man whether or not the Ass was his own. Being answered that it was: "No one would think so," said he, "from the way in which you use it. Why, you are better able to carry the poor animal, than he is to carry both of you." So the Old Man tied the Ass's legs to a long pole, and he and his son shouldered the pole, and staggered along under the weight. In that fashion they entered the town, and their appearance caused so much laughter, that the Old Man, mad with vexation at the result of his endeavors to give satisfaction to everybody, threw the Ass into the river, and seizing his Son by the arm, went his way home again.

THE OLD LION.

A Lion, worn-out with age, lay drawing his last breath, and several of the beasts who had formerly been sufferers by him came and revenged themselves. The Boar, with his powerful tusks, ripped his flank; and the Bull gored his sides with his horns. The Ass, too, seeing there was no danger, came up and threw his heels into the Lion's face. Thereupon, the

poor old expiring tyrant, with his dying groan, uttered these words: "How much worse than a thousand deaths it is to be spurned by so base a creature!"

CHARACTERISTICS OF PERSIAN POETRY.

BY A. R. SPOFFORD.

It was in a country conspicuous for its natural advantages that Persian poetry had its birth: a country distinguished for the mildness of its air, the serenity of its climate, the clearness of its streams and the perpetual verdure of its plains; a country of lofty mountains, inland seas and rolling rivers; the land of the gazelle, the camel and the caravan; a land abounding in fruits and flowers, full of pleasant gardens and enlivened with the songs of innumerable birds; a land where millions of butterflies of the richest colors were wafted through the summer air, as the soft zephyrs scatter rose leaves abroad. In this land of the olive, the date, the pomegranate and the fig, of trees laden with balm and distilling precious gums, where the lofty palms of the South met and gave place to the stately pines of the North, there was reared a race of men combining in a rare degree ingenuity, vivacity, intellectual force, subtlety and refinement of manners. The Persians early acquired repute as a people of taste, of invention and of artistic skill. The finest silks, the richest velvets, the costliest brocades, the softest and the rarest carpets, and the most splendid tissues were of Persian origin. The newly-discovered art, to America and Europe, how to combine great variety of colors with perfect harmony, and to delight the eye with soft and pleasing gradations producing a rich composite effect from the simplest elements, was original with the Persians centuries ago. What has been termed "the Oriental craze," causing the shawls of Cashmir, the carpets of Sagestan and the oldest rugs of Daghestan to be sought for at the highest prices, is an involuntary testimony at once to the refinement of taste of the Persians and to the truth of the hackneyed adage that there is nothing new under the sun. The very patterns of floor-cloth on which the Shah Mahmoud walked in the tenth century, the self-same shawl-patterns that adorned the fair forms of the heroines of Jami and of Hafiz, are imitated in the looms of England and the United States to-day.

In architecture and the fine arts, as in decorative art, the Persians of the Middle Ages achieved a notable success. Their chief cities contained splendid palaces filled with exquisite gems of art and sparkling with jewels of the rarest lustre, while their stately mosques of dazzling white or bluest azure reared their glittering domes against the sky. The fortunate classes, and notably those allied to royalty, dressed in a style of magnificence befitting their rank and fortune. The costliest stuffs, harmonized and adapted by the cunning hand of taste, were worn with that flowing grace peculiar to the costume of the Orient, but to which our colder clime and severer modes are strangers. The most delicious perfumes, the refined musk, the scented ambergris and the exquisite civet were indigenous in Persia.

Nor was it an effeminate race, steeped in pleasure and enervated by luxury, which enjoyed all these advantages of nature and of art. Their bodies were strong and supple, while strikingly handsome in form and countenance. The Persians were adepts in archery and horsemanship from time immemorial. They were distinguished by courtesy and high breeding, their minds were lively, thoughtful, refined, and with a poetic tendency fostered by everything around them. Even the common people, destitute of literary culture, were keen admirers of poetry, and were continually calling upon their favorite bards to recite their verses. What wonder that with all these incentives to literary art the writers of Persia in this favored age produced a literature richer

> "than all Bokhara's vaunted gold,
> Than all the gems of Samarcand."

Persia, the Iran of the ancients, though its boundaries have varied in different centuries, has occupied substantially that portion of Central Asia extending from the 25th to the 45th degree of latitude. Its climate, like that of the United States, includes every zone, from the semi-tropical almost to the frigid. In the north, mountains covered with snow are visible from smiling valleys basking in the sunlight and adorned with flowers. Washed on the

south by the Persian Gulf and on the north by the Caspian Sea, it was separated from India on the east by the mountains of Candahar. The great rivers Oxus, Tigris and Euphrates washed its territory or its borders. Adjoining, if not itself being the reputed cradle of the human race, and receiving with the Arabian occupation of the seventh century the religion of Mohammed, we find the Persian writers possessed of the history and literature of the Scriptures, and some of their finest poems and allegories have allusions or adaptations from its histories or personages.

Among its provinces may be noted Cashmir, a rich, populous district, surrounded by high mountains and said to have once contained 10,000 cities; Irak, a mountainous country, the Parthia of the ancients; Daghestan, so called from its lofty mountain Dagh, anciently known as Altonia; Khoresistan, or Susiana, a great plain running from Abadan to the desert of Tars; Segestan, a province rich in palm trees and mines of gold, extending as far as India; Zablestan, the seat of the famous Persian hero Rustem; and Khorassan, or the Land of the Sun, a large and beautiful province, the Bactriana of the ancients, on the borders of Turkestan.

Among the famous cities of Persia were Hamadan, distinguished for its serene atmosphere, its limpid streams of water, its fruits and rare plants; Bokhara, an exceedingly wealthy mart of commerce; Tabreez, founded by the Caliph Haroun al Raschid; Nashapur, the largest and richest city of Khorassan, the birth-place of the poets Attar and Omar Khayyam; Herat, a city of Khorassan, abounding in beautiful gardens and streams of water; Shiraz, a beautiful and well-built city which enjoyed a double distinction as the birthplace of the two great poets, Saadi and Hafiz; Samarcand, a rich and splendid city, situated in the valley of Sogd; and Ispahan, long the metropolis of Persia, and celebrated no less for its splendor and riches than for the great men to whom it gave birth.

It is not of the ancient Persia that we are now speaking, not of the ages before and about the time of the Christian era, whose history has been written by Xenophon and Rawlinson—it is of Persia from the tenth to the fourteenth century, within which all her great poets flourished, and which may be styled the golden age of her literature.

It is one of the most remarkable facts of history that at the very time when the literature of what is called enlightened Europe was at its lowest ebb, when for centuries not a book was produced there worth the reading, the genius and the learning of Asiatic nations shone out in their greatest lustre. Not only in Persia, but in Arabia and in India were produced a succession of works of the imagination, of philosophy and of science which were the sole permanent contributions to the world's literature in that age.

Genius and imagination in Europe had gone to sleep, and it was literally the sleep of ages. The splendid literature of the classic period in Greece and Rome had no successors, but only the feeblest of imitators. The dark ages hung like a pall over Italy and Greece, over France and Germany, over Spain and England. The renaissance of letters and art that was to follow gave no premonitory sign. Just at this time came a great intellectual development in the East. The poetry and art of the Persians, the philosophy and learning of India, the imaginative literature of Arabia, both in poetry and fiction, produced their greatest works. Asia had fine writers, sublime poets, great philosophers and eminent artists at a time when the continent of Europe had little of either learning, poetry or art. It was an age of intellectual decrepitude and intolerance—an age when the inestimable remains of Greek poetry were publicly burned at Constantinople by order of a Greek emperor; an age when the inhabitants of all Europe besides had scarcely heard of the Greek poets at all; when England was buried in semi-barbarism; when America was an unbroken wilderness trodden only by wild beasts and unlettered savages.

Into this unpromising age came the poetry of the Persians, fresh, original, melodious, full of fire and animated by the most lively coloring. It had for its vehicle a language singularly flexible, musical and sonorous, which has been called by some the softest and the richest language in the world. While the Arabic tongue, to which the Persian is allied, is more striking, impetuous and strong, the Persian excels in tenderness and sweetness

A single stanza of rhymed couplets may suffice as a specimen :

Gulistáni tchu gulzári gïuvan.,
Guli sirábi abi zendegani,
Nuvaï endelibi ashretanghize,
Huvaï atar bizé ráhetamize.

If there is any one dialect better fitted than another to a sweet and melodious poetical expression, it is that of the Persians. And it is almost equally well adapted to the expression of sublime ideas. Add to this gift of language, in which the Persian scarcely yields to the rich and creamy Doric of Greece, the influence of climate and of picturesque scenery, in a country where the open air continually invites abroad, where the smiling landscape is filled with verdure and with flowers, intersected by pellucid streams and hemmed in by lofty blue mountains, and you have conditions favorable in a high degree to the poetic temperament. To these influences of nature as seen by day succeed the brilliant splendors of the night, when the contemplative man (for the Persian almost lived on the house-tops) turned from his inward thoughts, fixing his eyes on the stars that spangled the heavens. In a genial and temperate clime, with abundant leisure, free from those enervating heats which conspire on the more torrid plains of India and Arabia to wilt the energies of man, the poets of Persia were inspired to song as naturally as the roses to bloom, or the nightingale to sing.

We find in their compositions two leading though somewhat contrasted characteristics : First, a sensuous beauty, reflecting intimately the smiling charms of nature around them—and thus objective in a high degree : and secondly, a contemplative, speculative, sometimes mystical tone, peculiar to the subjective school of poetry. In these two walks of composition, the poetry of the Persians affords numerous specimens of the highest order. Nowhere else have the charms of natural objects, of fruits and flowers, of trees and birds, of mountains and running waters, been more finely celebrated. That reproach which is so often brought against the literature of classic times, that the great poets of Greece and Rome never celebrate the praises of natural scenery, does not lie at the door of the Persian bards. The rose and the bulbul (the nightingale of Persia), the lily and the jasmine, the cypress and the palm, the valley and the mountain, continually appear to adorn their verse. Then, too, in their amatory gazels, the praises of beauty are sung in dulcet strains, and the fair one is described with a passionate adoration and exuberant imagery, combined with a delicacy of sentiment which never degenerates into coarseness.

Whether engaged in celebrating the praise of wine, of women, or of nature, there is a light ethereal touch which seems borrowed of the atmosphere of that halcyon clime wherein the poet worked.

The best Persian compositions, alike in prose or in verse, are marked by fine poetic imagery, combined with a profusion of metaphor. All things are viewed through an imaginative medium—not with the dull prosaic eye. No less a scholar than Sir William Jones has said that the Oriental poets surpass, in beauty of diction and in power of imagery, all the authors of Europe, save only the Greek lyric poets, and Horace among the Latins. Metaphor is almost the national dialect of the Persians. Thus, a generous man is called "the rose of liberality," fame is "the sweet savor of renown," and to write verses is "to string pearls." Among their fine similes is the comparison of a violet sparkling with dew, to the blue eyes of a beautiful girl in tears ; and of a warrior advancing at the head of his troops, to an eagle cleaving the air and piercing the clouds with his impetuous wings. Allegory, or a string of metaphors, is very common, as for example : "When the tempest of fear had torn the veil of their understanding, and the deluge of despair had submerged the vessel of their hopes, in order that they might emerge from the gulf of danger and reach the haven of safety, they turned the rudder of flight and spread the sails of swift retreat." If this metaphorical tendency sometimes degenerates (as in the poets of the Elizabethan and later ages in England) into unnatural images and poor conceits, it is comparatively rare among the poets of the highest rank.

A Persian writer celebrates the beauties of a valley near the city of Hamadan in these glowing terms :

"If thou wouldst behold the beauties of Paradise, come, oh ! come to the vale

of Hamadan. Thou wilt find a valley that will drive all sadness away; a charming retreat which will sweeten every sorrow; an agreeable garden, where the murmur of the streams emits a sound sweeter than that of the best attuned instruments, blending with the song of the nightingale, which hovers among the branches, where the luscious fruit hangs like so many pearls and rubies."

The Persian Gazel is a kind of verse in which the first two lines must rhyme, and then this rhyme repeats itself only in the second line of each succeeding couplet. Here is an example:

Thee have thousands sought in vain
Over land and barren main,

Chidher's well—of which men say
That thou makest young again.

Fountain of eternal youth
Washing free from every stain,

To thy waves the aged moons
Aye betake them, when they wane;

And the suns their golden light,
While they bathe in thee, retain.

From that fountain drops are flung,
Mingling with the vernal rain.

And the old earth clothes itself
In its young attire again;

And the timid, wild gazelles
Seek it through the desert plain.

KHOKANI, who died at Tabriz in 1186, is considered the most learned of the lyric poets of Persia. Here are some verses from one of his Gazels:

Oh, waving cypress! Cheek of rose!
Oh, jasmine-breathing bosom! say,
Tell me each charm that round her glows,
Who are ye that my heart betray?
Tyrant unkind! to whom I bow,
Oh, life-destroyer!—who art thou?

I saw thy form of waving grace,
I heard thy soft and gentle sighs;
I gazed on that enchanting face,
And looked in thy Narcissus eyes:
Oh! by the hopes thy smiles allow,
Bright soul inspirer—who art thou?

Where'er she walks, amidst the shades
Where perfumed hyacinths unclose,
Danger her every glance pervades—
Her bow is bent on friends and foes.
Thy rich cheek shames the rose—thy brow
Is like the young moon—who art thou?

The poet NIZAMI, who lived from A. D. 1110 to about 1190, was a bard of fine descriptive powers, and ranks high in the romantic school of poets. Of his works, known as *The Five Treasures*, the *Loves of Khosrù and Shireen* is the finest. The following is a brief specimen:

On lofty Beysitoun the lingering sun
Looks down on ceaseless labors, long begun;
The mountain trembles to the echoing sound
Of falling rocks that from her sides rebound.
Each day all respite, all repose denied,
Without a pause the thundering strokes are plied;
The mists of night around the summit coils
But still Ferhâd, the lover-artist, toils.
And still, the flashes of his axe between,
He sighs to every wind—"Alas, Shireen!"
. . . . . .
The piles give way, the rocky peaks divide,
The stream comes gushing on, a foaming tide;
A mighty work for ages to remain,
The token of his passion and his pain.
. . . . . .
Around the pair, lo! chiselled courtiers wait,
And slaves and pages grouped in solemn state;
From columns imaged wreaths their garlands throw,
And fretted roofs with stars appear to glow:
Fresh leaves and blossoms seem around to spring,
And feathered throngs their loves seem murmuring.
The hands of Peris might have wrought those stems,
Where dew-drops hang their fragile diadems,
And strings of pearl and sharp-cut diamonds shine,
New from the wave, or recent from the mine.

We have elsewhere given specimens of the poetry of HAFIZ, prince of the poets of good cheer; but here is a spiritual song from his masterly pen, in the English version of his latest translator, Herman Bicknell:

My soul is as a sacred bird, the Highest Heaven its nest:
Fretting within the body's bars, it finds on earth no rest.

When speeding from this dusty heap, this bird of mine shall soar,
'Twill find upon yon lofty gate the nest it had before.

The Sidrah[1] shall receive my bird when it has winged its way:
Far on the Empyrean's top my falcon's foot shall stay:

Over the ample fields of earth is Fortune's shadow cast,
Where, upon wings and pennons borne, this bird of mine has passed.

No spot in the two worlds it owns—above the sphere its goal,
Its body from the quarry is, from No-place is its soul.

'Tis only in the Glorious World my bird its splendor shows;
The rosy bower of Paradise its daily food bestows.

JAMI, one of the most accomplished of Persian writers, belongs to the fifteenth century. He may be placed at the head of the romantic school of Persian poets, combining exquisite diction and affluent imagination with a high moral aim. These verses are from his chief work, *Yúsuf and Zulaikha*, as translated by R. H. T. Griffith:

Soon as the place where he dwelt she knew,
With an eager heart to the spot she flew;
Like a soul with no mixture of clay she beheld
His beauty, which thought never paralleled.
Ne'er had she seen such a marvel, ne'er
Dreamed of a form so divinely fair.
As she looked on his splendor she swooned and lay
In a rapturous trance with her senses astray:
She woke to consciousness slowly, and passed
Out of the swoon that had held her fast;
Her lips she opened; she fain would speak,
From that storehouse of riches rare pearls to seek.
"O youth," she cried, "from all evil free,
Who made thy beauty so fair to see?
By whom was the sun's own splendor lent,
And the moon, for thy forehead's ornament?
Say, in what garden that cypress grew,
And what artist-hand the fair picture drew?
Whose compasses marked thy brow's delicate line?
Who curled in bright clusters those locks of thine?
Who set the young flower in the garden? Who
Fed the tender plant with the splendor of dew?
Where could a master be found to teach
Thy cypress its motion, thy ruby its speech?
Thy locks' fair letters whose pen could trace?
Who read the book of thy moon-bright face?
Who bade thee from nothingness wake and arise?
And opened to light those Narcissus-like eyes;
And that onyx lock in that pearl casket laid,
Whence the soul of the hearer is strengthened and stayed?
Who hollowed the well in thy soft round chin?
And poured the sweet Water of Life therein?
Who set the dark mole on thy cheek, and spread
The raven's wing o'er the roses' bed?"

He heard her speech; and from wisdom's spring
Flowed forth the reply to her questioning:
"I am the work of that Maker," said he,
"From whose ocean one drop is enough for me:
Heaven is but a dot which His pen has made,
And the earth but a bird in His garden displayed.
The sun is a spark of His wisdom's light,
And a bubble the world, of the sea of His might.
From atoms He made us, as mirrors to shine
With the borrowed light of His face divine.
Screened by dark curtains from mortal eye,
On His pure perfection no stain may lie:
Whatever fair to thy sight appears
Is the light of His face when thy vision clears.
Dost thou see the reflection? Then fly to Him
To whom faint is that shadow, and cold and dim.

[1] The Sidrah is the tree of Paradise.

Dost thou shun the light's Author? No, God forbid!
Or dark were thy lot when that reflex is hid.
It will last but a moment—this borrowed ray—
As the bloom of the rose and her scent decay.
Dost thou seek the eternal, the firm, the true?
Then fix on Him ever thy steadfast view.
'Tis this that pierces our hearts with pain,
That fair things are with us, ah! not to remain."

The maiden listened as Yúsuf replied:
She folded love's carpet and laid it aside.
"I heard thy praises," 'twas thus she spoke,
"And the flame of love in my heart awoke.
Hither I journeyed thy face to see,
And my head was my foot in the search for thee.
I came, I found thee: I swooned away,
And my life at thy feet I was fain to lay.
But wisdom's pearls thou hast deigned to string,
And pointed the way to the pure light's spring.
Thou hast cut the fine hair with the word of truth,
And repelled the love of mine eager youth.
Thou hast lifted the veil of my hope, and shown
The way to the Sun which I ne'er had known.
This truth at last to my heart is plain,
That my love for thee like a dream was vain.
Mine eyes have been touched by the truth's pure ray,
And the dream of folly has passed away."

FERID-EDDIN-ATTAR, who lived in the twelfth century, and was a Sufi philosopher, wrote the Pend Namah, or Book of Counsels, a fine moral poem, from which this verse is taken:

Impartial in His goodness, still
Equal to all is good or ill.

One lies on Persian silk reclined,
One naked in a frozen wind;
One scarce can count his heaps of ore,
One faints with hunger at the door.

The dives before His vengeance fly,
By hosts of stars expelled the sky,
And kings who hold the world in thrall,
At His great word to ruin fall.

JELALÚ'DDIN ER RÚMI, who died in 1260, stands at the head of the religious or mystic school of Persian poets. His principal work, the *Mesnevi*, a long poem full of apologue and allegory, while disfigured by numerous digressions and trivialities, has much thought and frequent splendor of expression. His mystical odes are fairly represented in this specimen:

Seeks thy spirit to be gifted
With a deathless life?
Let it seek to be uplifted
O'er earth's storm and strife.

Spurn its joys—its ties dissever;
Hopes and fears divest;
Thus aspire to live forever,
Be forever blest!

Faith and doubt leave far behind thee;
Cease to love or hate;
Let not Time's illusions blind thee;
Thou shalt Time outdate.

Merge thine individual being
In the Eternal's love;
All this sensual nature fleeing
For pure bliss above.

The Persian tendency to idealism is never more marked than in their religious poetry. Says Jelalú'ddin:

"O heart! weak follower of the weak,
That thou shouldst traverse land and sea,
In this far place that God to seek,
Who long ago had come to thee!"

A pensive and sweet melancholy pervades much of their verse. Treading upon the graves of kings and the ruins of splendid cities, they sing the vanity of life in strains at once tender and sublime. Says FIRDUSI:

What is glory to man? An illusion, a cheat.
What did it for Jemschid, the world at his feet?

And Sir William Jones thus translates an exquisite quatrain from an anonymous Persian writer:

On parent knees, a naked, new-born child,
Weeping thou sat'st while all around thee smiled;

So live, that, sinking in thy last long sleep,
Calm thou mayst smile, while all around thee weep.

If we, who are dependent upon translations in English, French and German for our means of judging, find the sweetness and compass of these Persian poems so admirable, how incomparably finer must they be in the original! Indeed, there is no poetic literature anywhere more picturesque than the Persian. Strikingly national, bearing no trace of European models (for the literature of the West had not penetrated into Persia when it was written), it is as racy of the soil that produced it as the blood of the grape so often sung by Hafiz. The great writers of English and American literature (save a few marked originals) have been and are still dependent upon classic Greece and Rome for their inspiration and their models. Without desiring to overvalue the poetry of the Persians, it must be conceded that for descriptive power, for ideality, for lofty imagination and for magnificence of diction, it is worthy of a high place in the literature of the world.

A RIDE TO KHIVA.

[**Captain Frederick Burnaby,** an English soldier and author, was born at Bedford in 1842, and killed in battle in Nubia, Africa, in 1885. With a native love for travel and adventure, he undertook an expedition through the heart of Eastern Russia into Central Asia, which he has graphically described in his book, *A Ride to Khiva* (1876). Captain Burnaby also wrote *On Horseback Through Asia Minor* (1877) and *A Ride Across the Channel* (1882). From *A Ride to Khiva* we extract the author's lively account of his setting forth on his Russian expedition, the singular outfit and wardrobe so elaborately prepared for his journey through the snows, and his arrival at the city of Khiva.]

Having once resolved to go to Central Asia, the next question was how to execute my intention; and, on returning to England from Africa, I eagerly read every book that could be found and which seemed likely to give any information about the country which I proposed to visit. Vambéry's *Travels*, Abbott's *From Herat to Khiva* and MacGahan's *Campaigning on the Oxus* were each in turn studied, and, judging by the difficulties that the gallant correspondent of the *New York Herald* had to overcome before he carried his project of reaching Khiva into execution, I felt convinced that the task I had laid out for myself was anything but an easy one.

The time of year in which I should have to attempt the journey was another obstacle to the undertaking, for my leave of absence from my regiment would only commence in December. I had already, in previous journeys through Russia, discovered what the term "cold" really means in that country, and, judging from the weather experienced by Captain Abbott when travelling in the month of March in a latitude a good deal to the south of that which seemed to me the most practicable, I felt convinced that careful preparations must be made for a ride through the steppes in midwinter or that I should inevitably be frozen. The cold of the Kirghiz desert is a thing unknown, I believe, in any other part of the world, or even in the Arctic regions. An enormous expanse of flat country, extending for hundreds of miles and devoid of everything save snow and salt lakes and here and there *saksavol*, a species of bramble-tree, would have to be traversed on horseback ere Khiva could be reached. The winds in those parts of Asia are unknown to the inhabitants of Europe, who, when they grumble at the so-called east wind, can little imagine what that wind is like in those countries which lie exposed to the full fury of its first onslaught. For there you meet with no warm ocean to mollify its rigor, no tree, no rising land, no hills or mountains to check it in its course, and it blows on uninterruptedly over a vast snow and salt covered track, until, absorbing the saline matter, it cuts the faces of those exposed to its gusts with a sensation more like the application of the edge of a razor than anything else to which it can be likened.

There was, besides this, something else to be taken into consideration. I was well aware that no assistance could be expected from the Russian authorities, who might not content themselves by indirectly throwing obstacles in my way, but might even stop me by sheer force if they found all other ways fail. The account of the prohibitory order which I had seen published in the *Pall Mall Gazette* was, I had every reason to believe, correct; and

should I not find, after crossing the Ural river, and entering Asia, that my long sleigh journey had been all to no purpose and have to retrace my steps through European Russia? These were my first impressions on arriving in England; but on talking the matter over with some Russians of my acquaintance, they assured me that I was entirely mistaken; that, on the contrary, the authorities at St. Petersburg would readily permit English officers to travel in Central Asia, and it was observed that the order to which I had alluded referred only to merchants or people who tried to smuggle contraband goods into the recently annexed Khanates.

A few months later I had the honor of making the acquaintance of his Excellency Count Schouvaloff, the Russian ambassador in London and formerly the head of the secret police at St. Petersburg. He was excessively kind and promised to do what he could to further my plans; but in an answer to a straightforward question as to whether I should be permitted to travel in Russian Asia or not his reply was: "My dear sir, that is a subject about which I cannot give you any answer; but, on arriving at St. Petersburg, the authorities there will be able to afford you every possible information." It was a diplomatic answer—one which bound the count to nothing, and I went away charmed with the tact and affability of the Russian embassador. Apparently there was nothing to be learned officially from Russian sources; but unofficially, one by one, many little bits of information crept out. I now learned that General Milutin, the Minister of War at St. Petersburg, was personally very opposed to the idea of an English officer travelling in Central Asia, particularly in that part which lies between the boundaries of British India and Russia. According to him, a Russian traveller, a Mr. Pachino, had not been well treated by the authorities in India, and this gentleman had not been permitted to enter Afghanistan, and, in consequence, General Milutin did not see why he should allow an Englishman to do what was denied to a Russian subject.

Another peculiarity which I remarked in several Russians whose acquaintance I at that time had the honor of making, it may here be not out of place to mention. This was their desire to impress upon my mind the great advantage it would be for England to have a civilized neighbor like Russia on her Indian frontier; and when I did not take the trouble to dissent from their views—for it is a waste of breath to argue with Russians about this question—how eager they were for me to impress their line of thought upon the circle of people with whom I was the more immediately connected. Of course, the arguments brought forward were based upon purely philanthropic motives, upon Christianity and civilization. They said that the two great powers ought to go together hand in glove; and there ought to be railways all through Asia, formed by Anglo-Russian companies; that Russia and England had every sympathy in common which should unite them; that they both hated Germany and loved France; that England and Russia could conquer the world, and so on.

It was a line of reasoning delightfully Russian, and, though I was not so rude as to differ from my would-be persuaders and lent an attentive ear to all their eloquence, I could not help thinking that the mutual sympathy between England and Germany is much greater than that between England and Russia; that the Greek faith, as practiced by the lower orders in Russia, is pure paganism in comparison with the Protestant religion which exists in Prussia and Great Britain; that Germany and Great Britain are natural allies against Russia or any other power aggressively disposed towards them; that Germans and Englishmen who are well acquainted with Russia understand by the term "Russian civilization" something diametrically opposite to what is attributed to it by those people who form their ideas of Muscovite progress from the few Russians whom they meet abroad, and that the Honduras railway would be a paying concern to its English shareholders in comparison with an Anglo-Russian line to be constructed in Central Asia with English capital and Russian directors.

The time was wearing on, November was drawing to a close, my leave of absence would begin on the first of the following month, and on that day I must commence my travels. Preparations were rapidly made. Under the advice of Captain Allen Young, of Arctic fame, I ordered a huge water-proof, and, consequently, air-proof, bag of prepared sail-

cloth. The bag was seven feet and a half long and ten feet round. A large aperture was left on one side, and the traveller could thus take up his quarters inside and sleep well protected from the cold winds. The bag would also be useful in many other ways, and I found it of great convenience for every other purpose save the one for which it was originally intended. The manufacturer, not calculating on the enormous dimensions an individual assumes when enveloped in furs, had not made the aperture large enough, and the consequence was that the difficulties, when I attempted to take a header into the recess of my sleeping apartment, were almost insurmountable, and only on one occasion, and when clad somewhat more lightly than usual, I succeeded in effecting an entrance. Four pairs of the thickest Scotch fishing stockings were also ordered, and jerseys and flannel shirts of a texture to which people in this country are but little accustomed. Then came a suit of clothes, made by Messrs. Kine, of Regent street, and in which they assured me it would be impossible to feel cold. The clothes, I must admit, were exceptionally well made and well suited to be worn under a sheepskin attire; but I cannot wish my worst enemy a greater punishment than forcing him to sleep out on the steppes in winter time with mere cloth attire, no matter how thick. Fur or skins of some kind must be worn, or, without this precaution, the traveller, should he once close his eyes, will undergo a great risk of never opening them again. Two pairs of boots lined with fur were also taken; and for physic—with which it is as well to be supplied when travelling in out-of-the-way places—some quinine and Cockle's pills, the latter a most invaluable medicine, and one which I have used on the natives of Central Africa with the greatest possible success. In fact, the marvellous effects produced upon the mind and body of an Arab sheik, who was impervious to all native medicines, when I administered to him five Cockle's pills, will never fade from my memory, and a friend of mine, who passed through the same district many months afterward, informed me that my fame as a "medicine man" had not died out, but that the marvellous cure was even then a theme of conversation in the bazaar.

So far as I could learn from the books which related to Central Asia, there would be but little game and nothing particular in the shape of sport; so I determined not to take a rifle, when the cartridges would have considerably added to the weight of my luggage, the prime object being to travel as light as possible. However, as it was as well to have some sort of a gun in the event of falling in with wild fowl, which I had been told abounded in some places, I took a favorite old No. 12 small bore, and some cartridges made up with No. 5 shot and ball, in the event of falling in with any bears or wolves, while a regulation revolver, with about twenty cartridges, made up my defensive arsenal in the event of an attack from the Turkomans. The next thing to be thought of was a cooking apparatus, and if I had taken the advice of many kind friends I should have travelled with a *batterie de cuisine* sufficient for the wants of Mr. Soyer himself. But canteens could not be thought of for a moment on account of the extra weight, so I limited myself to two soldiers' mess tins, and admirable little utensils they are, too, whether for cooking over a spirit lamp or on a fire, and far superior to any of the more costly and cumbersome articles especially invented to get out of order and perplex the traveller. A trooper's hold-all, with the accompanying knife, fork and spoon, completed my kit, and with a thermometer, barometer and pocket sextant by way of instruments, I was ready to start. Even this amount of luggage was much more than was desirable, and when placing the baggage for my journey—consisting of the sleeping-sack, a pair of saddle-bags, railway bag and gun—into the scales, I found that it weighed exactly eighty-five pounds. An officer in the Foot-guards, my friend K——, wished very much to accompany me in my journey, and he would have been a most cheery and agreeable companion, as he was accustomed to travel and capable of roughing it to any amount; but as he was ignorant of Russian, and by this time I was thoroughly aware of the difficulties that would most likely be thrown in my way, and of the little chance I had of getting to Khiva alone, I was compelled at the last moment, with great reluctance, to decline his proposal.

. . . . . .

On the track again, but this time alone in my apartment till I was joined by an

official, whose business it was to inspect the line between Moscow and Riayan. His chief object was to find out if any unnecessary delays took place at the different stations on this railway, a number of complaints having been lately made about the unpunctuality of the trains. It was supposed to be the station-master's fault, and that these officials, being slack in the performance of their duty, were the main cause of the delay. "I could easily find them out," remarked the inspector, "if it were not for the confounded telegraph, but that beats me; for the rogues are all in collusion the one with the other, and as soon as ever they see me on the platform they telegraph the intelligence to their brethren down the line."

It appeared that there used formerly to be a great deal of fraud committed on the railway companies in Russia by the guards of the trains, who would ask a passenger, when about to take his ticket at the booking-office, "What class are you going by?" If by the first or second, the guard would say, "Take a third-class ticket; give me a few rubles, and I will let you go first-class, as I am guard of the train by which you will travel." But, according to the inspector, this system of roguery has now been put down, and the result is a better return on the railway capital, although up to the present time the lines have been anything but remunerative to investors. From the inspector I found out that I ought to have taken my ticket to Sizeran, which was the terminus of the line in the direction of Orenburg, but that it was too late now to pay the difference, and that I must wait till we arrived at Penza, when I should just have time to get a new ticket, and re-label my luggage.

It was a bitter cold night, in spite of all our furs, and at Riayan, where it was necessary to wait an hour, and to change trains, a fellow-traveler, a Russian nobleman, who had got into the carriage at an intermediate station, was very indignant with the stoker whose business it was to keep up the fire, and repeatedly called him the son of an animal, the culprit trembling and crying out as if he were under the lash of a whip.

It will take a good many years to thoroughly eliminate the old spirit of serfdom in Russia, although the law has long ceased to exist, and the men who have been brought up as slaves find it difficult to get rid of a feeling of awe when they are in the presence of their superiors. Perhaps it is as well that things follow on in this groove, for it would be a bitter day for Russia should the Socialistic and Nihilist tendencies which are being developed in her larger towns become extended amidst her rural population. At the present moment the love for the emperor predominates over every feeling but one amidst the peasantry; and this devotion to their Father, as he is termed, is well deserved, for the Emperor Alexander underwent an enormous personal risk when, at one stroke of the pen, he did away with slavery in his dominions. It was a step which required great moral courage on the part of its originator, and few emperors would have risked mortally offending the upper classes of the country, even to do an act of justice to the lower.

Probably the only influence which could be brought to bear upon a peasant's mind, to such an extent that I believe it would counterbalance his affection for the Tsar, is the religious one. In perhaps no country in the world has this element so powerful a sway as in Russia. In religion, coupled with superstition, lay a power which could even thwart the wishes of the Emperor Nicholas himself; and the ecclesiastical hierarchy is certainly more powerful than the Tsar. Hitherto the two dominant influences have gone hand-in-glove together; and it is as well that it should be so, for any rupture between them would inevitably lead to a revolution.

In the waiting-room at Riajsk waiters were hurrying about with glasses of scalding tea, which were eagerly called for by the traveler. In fact, the amount of this beverage that a Russian can drink is somewhat astonishing to the stranger; and the traditional washer-woman of our country, whose capabilities in this respect are supposed to be unrivaled, would have no chance whatever if pitted against a subject of the Tsar. A large *samovar* (a brass urn) stood on the refreshment table, the water being kept to boiling-point, not by a funnel as in England, but by a funnel which fitted into the centre of the urn, and was filled with red-hot charcoal. Economy was evidently the order of the day with some of the travelers; for instead of putting the sugar into their glasses, they would take a lump in their

mouths, and thus sweeten the scalding draught.

I took advantage of our delay at Riajsk, and walked through the other waiting-rooms. These were crammed with third-class passengers. It was a strange sight to see the mixture of different nationalities, which, huddled together like sheep, lay in different attitudes on the floor. Here a Tartar merchant, his head covered with a small yellow fez, while a long party-colored gown and a pair of high boots completed his attire, was fast asleep in a corner. A woman, her face covered with a thick white veil, lay folded in his arms; while a child, enveloped in a bundle of rags, was playing with the fur cap of its parent. Next to them a man, whose peculiarly-shaped nose showed a distinct relationship to the tribe of Israel, was breathing hard through his nasal organ. From time to time he clutched convulsively at a small leather bag, which, half hidden beneath a greasy-looking black coat, was, even in his dreams, a source of anxiety. Peasants in every posture, their well-knit frames clad in untanned leather, which was tightly girt about their loins with narrow leather belts, studded with buttons of brass and silver, re-echoed the Hebrew's melody. An old Bokharan, in flowing robes, sat listlessly, with his legs twisted up under him, beside the stove. He appeared to be under the influence of opium, and was possibly dreaming of celestial houris and bliss to come; while a smart-looking lad—perhaps his son, judging from the likeness between them—had withdrawn a little from the rest of the throng, apparently not very well pleased by his vicinity to the Russian peasants.

The Mohammedans of Central Asia have certainly one great advantage over the Moujik, and that is their love for water; indeed, if the Russian peasant could only be persuaded to be a little more particular in his ablutions, it would be conducive, if not to his own comfort, at least to that of his fellow-travellers. Superstition and dirt are twin-brothers in Russia, and I have frequently observed that the more particular a peasant is in his adoration of the various idols (*obrazye*), which are prominently displayed on the threshold of every cottage, the more utterly he is forgetful of the advantages of soap and water.

At Penza I had barely time to secure another ticket on to Sizeran, where my railway travelling would terminate, and presently found myself in a large saloon carriage. Here almost every seat was taken, and the porters had piled upon them some railway bags and parcels belonging to passengers travelling in another carriage. These articles had been put in while the owners were in the waiting-rooms, the object being to diminish the length of the train. This was attained, but at the cost of considerable discomfort to the travellers, who were eagerly searching for their lost property by the dim light of a smoky tallow-dip.

In the course of conversation with one of the party, a tall and very stout middle-aged man, I discovered that my shortest route to Orenburg would be through Samara. He said that he was going to the last-mentioned town, and proposed that we should hire a *troïka*—a three-horse sleigh—and travel together. I readily embraced the offer, when, after a few hours' more travelling, we stept out on the platform of the station at Sizeran. Here my companion was evidently well known, for the railway officials and porters respectfully saluted him, and hastened to bring our luggage to the waiting-room. I must say that I was surprised to find so good a refreshment-room so far from the capital, as, with but very short halts for the purpose of changing trains, we had been travelling for more than sixty hours, and all this time in the direction of Asia, on nearing which you expect at each stride to leave civilization farther and farther in your wake. But the buffet at Sizeran left nothing to be desired; and, in a very short time, as good a breakfast was supplied as could be obtained in any French restaurant.

We now had to think over the preparations for our sleigh journey, and, after a little bargaining, my companion made arrangements with a farmer in the neighborhood to supply us with a sleigh and relays of horses as far as Samara. The distance is about eighty-five miles, and there is no regular government postal station between the two towns.

"You had better put on plenty of clothes," was the friendly caution I received from my companion as I entered the dressing-room, "for the thermometer marks twenty degrees below zero (Reaumur), and there is a wind." People in

this country who have never experienced a Russian winter have little idea of the difference even a slight breeze makes when the mercury stands low in the thermometer, for the wind then cuts through you, furs and all, and penetrates to the very bones. Determining to be on my guard against the frost, I dressed myself, as I thought, as warmly as possible, and so as to be utterly impervious to the elements.

First came three pairs of the thickest stockings, drawn up high above the knee, and over them a pair of fur-lined low shoes, which in their turn were inserted into leather galoshes, my limbs being finally deposited in a pair of enormous cloth boots, the latter reaching up to the thigh. Previously I had put on some extra thick drawers and a pair of trousers, the astonishment of the foreman of Messrs. Kino's establishment. "Lord love you, sir," being his remark when I tried them on, "no cold can get through them trousers, anyhow!" I must confess that I rather chuckled as my legs assumed herculean proportions, and I thought that I should have a good laugh at the wind, no matter how cutting it might be; but Æolus had the laugh on his side before the journey was over. A heavy flannel undershirt, and shirt covered by a thick wadded waistcoat and coat, encased my body, which was further enveloped in a huge *shuba*, or fur pelisse, reaching to the heels, while my head was protected by a fur cap and *vashlick*, a sort of cloth headpiece, of a conical shape, made to cover the cap, and having two long ends which tie round the throat.

Being thus accoutred in all my armor, I sallied forth to join my companion, who, an enormous man naturally, now seemed a very Colossus of Rhodes in his own winter attire. How people would have laughed if they could have seen us in Piccadilly in our costumes! "I think you will do," said my friend, scanning me well over; "but you will find your feet get very cold, for all that. It takes a day or so to get used to this sleigh travelling; and though I am only going a little beyond Samara, I shall be uncommonly glad when my journey is over."

He was buckling on his revolver; and as we were informed that there were a great many wolves in the neighborhood, I tried to do the same; but this was an impossibility. The man who made the belt had never foreseen the gigantic proportions my waist would assume when clad in this Russian garb. I was obliged to give it up in despair, and contented myself by strapping the weapon outside my saddle-bags.

For provisions for possibly a thirty-six hours' journey, and as nothing could be bought to eat on the road, I provided myself with some cutlets and chicken, which fitted capitally into the mess-tins, while my companion agreed to furnish the tea and bread, the former an article without which no true Russian will ever travel. He had not much baggage with him, and my own was reduced to as little as possible; but we soon discovered that it was impossible to stow away the luggage in the first sleigh that had been brought for our inspection, for when my railway-bag, saddle-bags, cartridge-box, gun, and sleeping-sack had been put inside, and were well covered with straw, I essayed to sit upon them, but found that there was too little distance from the improvised seat to the roof, and my back was nearly bent double in consequence.

"Bring out another sleigh," said my friend. "How the wind cuts! does it not?" he continued, as the breeze, whistling against our bodies, made itself felt in spite of all the precautions we had taken. The vehicle now brought was broader and more commodious than the previous one, which, somewhat in the shape of a coffin, seemed specially designed so as to torture the occupants, particularly if, like my companion and self, they should happen to be endowed by nature with that curse during a sleigh journey—however desirable appendages they may be when in a crowd—long legs. Three horses abreast, their coats white with pendant icicles and hoar-frost, were harnessed to the sleigh; the centre animal was in the shafts, and had his head fastened to a huge wooden head-collar, bright with various colors. From the summit of the head-collar was suspended a bell, while the two outside horses were harnessed by cord traces to splinter-bars attached to the sides of the sleigh. The object of all this is to make the animal in the middle trot at a brisk pace, while his two companions gallop, their necks arched round in a direction opposite to the horse in the centre, this poor beast's head being tightly reined up to the head-collar.

A well-turned-out *troika*, with three really good horses, which get over the ground at the rate of twelve miles an hour, is a pretty sight to witness, particularly if the team has been properly trained, and the outside animals never attempt to break into a trot, while the one in the shafts steps forward with high action; but the constrained position in which the horses are kept must be highly uncomfortable to them, and one not calculated to enable a driver to get as much pace out of his animals as they could give him if harnessed in another manner.

Off we went at a brisk pace, the bell dangling from our horse's head-collar, and jingling merrily at every stride of the team.

The sun rose high in the heavens. It was a bright and glorious morning in spite of the intense cold, and the amount of oxygen we inhaled was enough to elevate the spirits of the most dyspeptic of mankind. Presently, after descending a slight declivity, our Jehu turned sharply to the right; then came a scramble, and a succession of jolts and jerks, as we slid down a steep bank, and we found ourselves on what appeared to be a broad high-road. Here the sight of many masts and shipping which, bound in by the iron fetters of a relentless winter, would remain imbedded in the ice till the ensuing spring, showed me that we were on the Volga. It was an animated spectacle, this frozen highway, thronged with peasants, who strode beside their sledges, which were bringing cotton and other goods from Orenburg to the railway. Now a smart *troika* would dash by us, its driver shouting as he passed, when our Jehu, stimulating his steeds by loud cries and frequent applications of the whip, would vainly strive to overtake his brother coachman. Old and young alike seemed like octogenarians, their short, thick beards and moustaches being white as hoar-frost from the congealed breath. According to all accounts the river had not been long frozen, and till very recently steamers laden with corn from Southern Russia had plied between Sizeran and Samara. The price of corn is here forty copecks the pood of forty pounds, while the same quantity at Samara could be purchased for eighteen copecks. An iron bridge was being constructed a little farther down the Volga. Here the railroad was to pass, and it was said that in two years' time there would be railway communication, not only between Samara and the capital, but even as far as Orenburg.

Presently the scenery became very picturesque as we raced over the glistening surface, which flashed like a burnished cuirass beneath the rays of the rising sun. Now we approach a spot where seemingly the waters from some violent blast or other had been in a state of foam and commotion, when a stern frost transformed them into a solid mass. Pillars and blocks of the shining and hardened element were seen, modelled into a thousand quaint and grotesque patterns. Here a fountain, perfectly formed, with Ionic and Doric columns, was reflecting a thousand prismatic hues from the diamond-like stalactites which had attached themselves to its crest. There a huge obelisk, which, if of stone, might have come from ancient Thebes, lay half-buried beneath a pile of fleecy snow. Farther on we came to what might have been a Roman temple or vast hall in the palace of a Cæsar, where many half-hidden pillars and monuments erected their tapering summits above the piles of the *débris*. The wind had done in that northern latitude what had been performed by some violent pre-Adamite agency in the Berber desert. Take away the ebon blackness of the stony masses which have been there cast forth from the bowels of the earth, and replace them on a smaller scale by the crystal forms I have faintly attempted to describe, and the resemblance would be striking.

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We were now fast nearing Khiva, which could be just discerned in the distance, but was hidden, to a certain extent, by a narrow belt of tall, graceful trees; however, some richly-painted minarets and high domes of colored tiles could be seen towering above the leafy groves. Orchards, surrounded by walls eight and ten feet high, continually met the gaze, and avenues of mulberry trees studded the landscape in all directions.

The two Khivans rode first; I followed, having put on my black fur pelisse instead of the sheepskin garment, so as to present a more respectable appearance on entering the city. Nazar, who was mounted on the horse that stumbled, brought up the rear. He had desired the camel-driver to follow in the distance with the messenger and

the caravan, my servant being of opinion that the number of our animals was not sufficient to deeply impress the Khivans with my importance, and that on this occasion it was better to ride in without any caravan than with the small one I possessed. We now entered the city, which is of oblong form, and surrounded by two walls: the outer one is about fifty feet high; its basement is constructed of baked bricks, the upper part being built of dried clay. This forms the first line of defence, and completely encircles the town, which is about a quarter of a mile within the wall. Four high wooden gates, clamped with iron, barred the approach from the north, south, east, and west, while the walls themselves were in many places out of repair.

The town itself is surrounded by a second wall, not quite so high as the one just described, and with a dry ditch, which is now half filled with ruined *débris*. The slope which leads from the wall to the trench had been used as a cemetery, and hundreds of sepulchres and tombs were scattered along some undulating ground just without the city. The space between the first and second walls is used as a market-place, where cattle, horses, sheep, and camels are sold, and where a number of carts were standing, filled with corn and grass.

Here an ominous-looking cross-beam had been erected, towering high above the heads of the people with its bare, gaunt poles.

This was the gallows on which all people convicted of theft are executed; murderers being put to death in a different manner, having their throats cut from ear to ear in the same way that sheep are killed.

This punishment is carried out by the side of a large hole in the ground, not far from the principal street in the centre of the town. But I must here remark that the many cruelties stated to have been perpetrated by the present khan previous to the capture of his city did not take place. Indeed, they only existed in the fertile Muscovite imagination, which was eager to find an excuse for the appropriation of a neighbor's property. On the contrary, capital punishment was only inflicted when the laws had been infringed; and there is no instance of the khan having arbitrarily put any one to death.

The two walls above mentioned appear to have made up the defenses of the city, which was also armed with sixteen guns. These, however, proved practically useless against the Russians, as the garrison only fired solid shot, not being provided with shell. The khan seemed to have made no use whatever of the many enclosed gardens in the vicinity of the city during the Russian advance, as, if he had, and firmly contested each yard of soil, I much doubt whether the Tsar's troops could have ever entered the city.

It is difficult to estimate the population of an Oriental city by simply riding round its walls; so many houses are uninhabited, and others again are densely packed with inhabitants. However, I should say, as a mere guess, that there are about 25,000 human beings within the walls of Khiva. The streets are broad and clean, while the houses belonging to the richer inhabitants are built of highly polished bricks and colored tiles, which lend a cheerful aspect to the otherwise somewhat sombre color of the surroundings. There are nine schools: the largest, which contains 130 pupils, was built by the father of the present khan. These buildings are all constructed with high, colored domes, and are ornamented with frescos and arabesque work, the bright aspect of the cupolas first attracting the stranger's attention on his nearing the city.

Presently we rode through a bazaar similar to the one at Oogentch, thin rafters and straw uniting the tops of the houses in the street, and forming a sort of roof to protect the stall-keepers and their customers from the rays of a summer sun. We were followed by crowds of people; and as some of the more inquisitive approached too closely, the Khivans who accompanied me, raising their whips in the air, freely belabored the shoulders of the multitude, thus securing a little space. After riding through a great number of streets, and taking the most circuitous course—probably in order to duly impress me with an idea of the importance of the town—we arrived before my companion's house. Several servants ran forward and took hold of the horses. The Khivan dismounted, and bowing obsequiously, led the way through a high door-way constructed of solid timber. We next entered a square open court, with carved stone pillars supporting a balcony which looked down upon a mar-

ble fountain, or basin, the general appearance of the court being that of a patio in some nobleman's house in Cordova or Seville. A door of a similar construction to the one already described, though somewhat lower, gave access to a long, narrow room, a raised daïs at each end being covered with handsome rugs. There were no windows, glass being a luxury which has only recently found its way to the capital; but the apartment received its light from an aperture at the side, which was slightly concealed by some trellis-work, and from a space left uncovered in the ceiling, which was adorned with arabesque figures. The two doors which led from the court were each of them handsomely carved, and in the middle of the room was a hearth filled with charcoal embers. My host, beckoning to me to take the post of honor by the fire, retired a few paces and folded his arms across his chest; then, assuming a deprecatory air, he asked my permission to sit down.

Grapes, melons, and other fruit, fresh as on the day when first picked, were brought in on a large tray and laid at my feet, while the host himself, bringing in a Russian tea-pot and cup, poured out some of the boiling liquid and placed it by my side; I all this time being seated on a rug, with my legs crossed under me, in anything but a comfortable position.

THE GORILLA AT HOME.

[**Paul Du Chaillu,** a noted French traveller and author, was born July 31st, 1835, at Paris. The son of a consular agent who was engaged in trade on the Gaboon river in Africa, young Du Chaillu became early familiar with the native tribes, and in 1855 he undertook in the interest of natural history one of the most curious voyages ever made. During four years he traversed the interior of the African continent near the equator, and discovered a range of lofty mountains. He brought home with him several specimens of those gigantic apes known as gorillas, and a great variety of birds of unknown species. This collection was purchased by the British Museum. M. Du Chaillu afterwards made long explorations in Sweden, Lapland and Finland (1872), and became a naturalized citizen of New York, where most of his books of adventure have been published. These include *Explorations and Adventures in Equatorial Africa* (1861), *A Journey to Ashango Land* (1867), *Stories of the Gorilla Country* (1868), *Wild Life under the Equator* and *Lost in the Jungle* (1869), *My Apingi Kingdom* (1870), *The Country of the Dwarfs* (1871), and *The Land of the Midnight Sun* (1881).]

Then the underbrush swayed rapidly just ahead, and presently before us stood an immense male gorilla. He had gone through the jungle on his all-fours; but when he saw our party he erected himself and looked us boldly in the face. He stood about a dozen yards from us, and was a sight I think never to forget. Nearly six feet high, with immense body, huge chest, and great muscular arms, with fiercely-glaring, large deep gray eyes, and a hellish expression of face, which seemed to me like a nightmare vision: thus stood before us this king of the African forests. He was not afraid of us. He stood there, and beat his breast with his huge fists till it resounded like an immense bass-drum, which is their mode of offering defiance; meantime giving vent to roar after roar.

His eyes began to flash fiercer fire as we stood motionless on the defensive; and the crest of short hair which stands on his forehead began to twitch rapidly up and down, while his powerful fangs were shown as he again sent forth a thunderous roar. He advanced a few steps; then stopped to utter that hideous roar again; advanced again, and finally stopped when at a distance of about six yards from us. And here, as he began another of his roars, and beating his breast in rage, we fired. With a groan which had something terribly human in it, and yet was full of brutishness, he fell forward on his face. The body shook convulsively for a few minutes, the limbs moved about in a struggling way, and then all was quiet. Death had done its work, and I had leisure to examine the huge body. It proved to be five feet eight inches high; and the muscular development of the arms and breast showed what immense strength it had possessed.

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It has been my fortune to be the first white man who can speak of the gorilla from personal knowledge; and my experience and observation prove that many of the actions reported of it are false and vain imaginings of ignorant negroes and credulous travellers. The gorilla does not lurk in trees by the roadside, and drag up unsuspicious passers-by in its claws, and choke them to death; it does not attack

the elephant and beat him to death with sticks; it does not carry off women from the native villages. It does not build itself a house of leaves and twigs in the forest-trees, and sit on the roof, as has been confidently reported. It is not gregarious even; and the numerous stories of its attacking in great numbers have not a grain of truth in them.

It lives in the loneliest and darkest portions of the dense African jungle, preferring deep wooded valleys, and also rugged heights. The high plains also, whose surface is strewn with immense boulders, seem to be its favorite haunts. Water is found everywhere in this part of Africa; but I have noticed that the gorilla is always found very near to a plentiful supply. It is a restless and nomadic beast, wandering from place to place, and scarcely ever found for two days together in the same neighborhood. In part, this restlessness is caused by the struggle it has to find its favorite food. The gorilla—though it has such immense canines, and though its vast strength doubtless fits it to capture and kill almost every animal which frequents the forest—is a strict vegetarian. I examined the stomachs of all which I was lucky enough to kill, and never found traces there of aught but berries, pine-apple leaves, and other vegetable matter. It is a huge feeder, and no doubt soon eats up the scant supply of its natural food which is found in any limited space, and is then forced to wander on in constant battle with famine. Its vast paunch, which swells before it when it stands upright, proves it to be a vast feeder; and, indeed, its great frame and enormous muscular development could not be supported on little food. . . .

The gorilla is not gregarious. Of adults I found almost always one male with one female, though sometimes the old male wanders companionless. In such cases—as with the "rogue" elephant—he is particularly morose, malignant, and dangerous to approach. Young gorillas I found sometimes in companies of five; sometimes less, but never more. The young always run off, on all-fours, shrieking with fear. They are difficult to approach, as their hearing is acute, and they lose no time in making their escape, while the nature of the ground makes it hard for the hunter to follow after. The adult animal is also shy, and I have hunted all day without coming upon my quarry, when I felt sure that they were carefully avoiding me. When, however, at last fortune favors the hunter, and he comes accidentally or by good management upon his prey, he need not fear its running away. In all my hunts and encounters with this animal, I never knew a grown male to run off. When I surprised a pair of gorillas, the male was generally sitting down on a rock or against a tree, in some darkest corner of the jungle, where the brightest sun left its traces only in a dim and gloomy twilight. The female was mostly feeding near by; and it is singular that she almost always gave the alarm by running off, with loud and sudden cries or shrieks. Then the male, sitting for a moment with a savage frown upon his face, slowly rises to his feet, and, looking with glowing and malign eyes at the intruders, begins to beat his breast, and lifting up his round head, utters his frightful roar. This begins with several sharp barks like an enraged or mad dog, whereupon ensues a long, deeply guttural rolling roar, continued for over a minute, and which, doubled and multiplied by the resounding echoes of the forest, fills the hunter's ears like the deep rolling thunder of an approaching storm. I have reason to believe that I have heard this roar at a distance of three miles. . . .

The common walk of the gorilla is not on his hind legs, but on all fours. In this posture the arms are so long that the head and breast are raised considerably, and as it runs the hind legs are brought far beneath the body. The leg and arm on the same side are moved together, which gives the breast a curious waddle. It can run at great speed. The young—parties of which I often pursued—never took to trees, but ran along the ground, and at a distance, with their bodies half erect, looked not unlike negroes making off from pursuit. I have never found the female to attack, though I have been told by the negroes that a mother with a young one in charge will sometimes make fight. It is a pretty thing to see such a mother with the baby gorilla sporting about her. I have watched them in the wood, till eager as I was to obtain specimens, I had not the heart to shoot. But in such cases my negro hunters exhibited no tenderness, but killed their quarry without loss of time. When the mother runs off from the hunter, the young one grasps her

about the neck, and hangs beneath her breasts, with its little legs about her belly.

I think the adult gorilla perfectly untamable. In the course of this narrative the reader will find accounts of several young gorillas which my men captured alive, and which remained with me for short periods till their deaths. In no case could any treatment of mine—kind or harsh—subdue these little monsters from their first and lasting ferocity and malignity. The gorilla is entirely and constantly an enemy to man; resenting its captivity, young as my specimens were, refusing all food except the berries of its native woods, and attacking with teeth and claws even me, who was in most constant attendance upon them; and finally dying without any previous sickness, and without other ascertainable cause than the restless chafing of a spirit which could not suffer captivity nor the presence of man.—*Equctorial Africa.*

THE PERILS OF PEARL FISHING.

[**Jules Verne**, a French author of singular genius for original fiction, was born at Nantes, Feb. 8th, 1828. His first literary work appeared in 1850 in the form of a comedy. He wrote several comic operas, and in 1863 his first book, *Five Weeks in a Balloon*, appeared. This is a scientific romance, bringing into play the science of modern discovery mingled with much of fantastic invention, and thus apparently reaching the solution of the yet unsolved problem of aerial locomotion. The subsequent most notable works of Jules Verne are *A Journey to the Centre of the Earth* (1872), *Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea* (1873), *Around the World in Eighty Days* (1874), *From the Earth to the Moon* (1877), *The Fur Country* (1877), *Michael Strogoff* (1877), *The Wreck of the Chancellor* (1876), and *Tribulations of a Chinaman in China* (1879). Many of Verne's novels have been dramatized, and he has produced a more serious work, entitled *Histoire générale des grands Voyages et des grands Voyageurs* (1879, 3 vols.).]

On the 28th of February, when at noon the *Nautilus* came to the surface of the sea, in 9° 4′ north latitude, there was land in sight about eight miles to westward. The first thing I noticed was a range of mountains about two thousand feet high, the shapes of which were most capricious. On taking the bearings, I knew that we were nearing the Island of Ceylon, the pearl which hangs from the lobe of the Indian Peninsula.

Captain Nemo and his second appeared at this moment. The captain glanced at the map. Then, turning to me, said:

"The Island of Ceylon, noted for its pearl-fisheries. Would you like to visit one of them, M. Aronnax?"

"Certainly, Captain."

"Well, the thing is easy. Though if we see the fisheries, we shall not see the fishermen. The annual exportation has not yet begun. Never mind, I will give orders to make for the Gulf of Manaar, where we shall arrive in the night."

The captain said something to his second, who immediately went out. Soon the *Nautilus* returned to her native element, and the manometer showed that she was about thirty feet deep.

"Well, sir," said Captain Nemo, "you and your companions shall visit the Bank of Manaar, and if by chance some fisherman should be there, we shall see him at work."

"Agreed, captain!"

"By the by, M. Aronnax, you are not afraid of sharks?"

"Sharks!" exclaimed I.

This question seemed a very hard one.

"Well?" continued Captain Nemo.

"I admit, Captain, that I am not yet very familiar with that kind of fish."

"*We* are accustomed to them," replied Captain Nemo, "and in time you will be too. However, we shall be armed, and on the road we may be able to hunt some of the tribe. It is interesting. So, till to-morrow, sir, and early."

This said in a careless tone, Captain Nemo left the saloon. Now, if you were invited to hunt the bear in the mountains of Switzerland, what would you say? Very well! to-morrow we will go and hunt the bear. If you were asked to hunt the lion in the plains of Atlas, or the tiger in the Indian jungles, what would you say! "Ha! ha! it seems we are going to hunt the tiger or the lion!" But when you are invited to hunt the shark in its natural element, you would perhaps reflect before accepting the invitation. As for myself, I passed my hand over my forehead, on which stood large drops of cold perspiration. "Let us reflect," said I, "and take our time. Hunting otters in submarine forests, as we did in the Island of Crespo, will pass; but going up and down at the bottom of the sea, where one is almost certain to meet sharks, is quite an-

other thing! I know well that in certain countries, particularly in the Andaman Islands, the negroes never hesitate to attack them with a dagger in one hand, and a running noose in the other; but I also know that few who affront those creatures ever return alive. However, I am not a negro, and, if I were, I think a little hesitation in this case would not be ill-timed."

At this moment, Conseil and the Canadian entered, quite composed, and even joyous. They knew not what awaited them.

"Faith, sir," said Ned Land, "your Captain Nemo—the devil take him—has just made us a very pleasant offer."

"Ah!" said I, "you know?"

"If agreeable to you, sir," interrupted Conseil, "the commander of the *Nautilus* has invited us to visit the magnificent Ceylon fisheries to-morrow, in your company; he did it kindly and behaved like a real gentleman."

"He said nothing more?"

"Nothing more, sir, except that he had already spoken to you of this little walk."

"Sir," said Conseil, "would you give us some details of the pearl-fishery?"

"As to the fishing itself," I asked, "or the incidents, which?"

"On the fishing," replied the Canadian; "before entering upon the ground, it is as well to know something about it."

"Very well; sit down, my friends, and I will teach you."

Ned and Conseil seated themselves on an ottoman, and the first thing the Canadian asked was:

"Sir, what is a pearl?"

"My worthy Ned," I answered, "to the poet, a pearl is a tear of the sea; to the Orientals, it is a drop of dew solidified; to the ladies, it is a jewel of an oblong shape, of a brilliancy of mother-of-pearl substance, which they wear on their fingers, their necks, or their ears; for the chemist, it is a mixture of phosphate and carbonate of lime, with a little gelatine; and lastly, for naturalists, it is simply a morbid secretion of the organ that produces the mother-of-pearl amongst certain bivalves."

"Branch of mollusca," said Conseil, "class of acephali, order of testacea."

"Precisely so, my learned Conseil; and, amongst these testacea, the earshell, the tridacnæ, the turbots,—in a word, all those which secrete mother-of-pearl, that is, the blue, bluish, violet, or white substance which lines the interior of their shells, are capable of producing pearls."

"Mussels too?" asked the Canadian.

"Yes, mussels of certain waters in Scotland, Wales, Ireland, Saxony, Bohemia, and France."

"Good! For the future I shall pay attention," replied the Canadian.

"But," I continued, "the particular mollusc which secretes the pearl is the *pearl-oyster*, the *Meleagrina margaritifera*, that precious pintadine. The pearl is nothing but a nacerous formation, deposited in a globular form, either adhering to the oyster-shell, or buried in the folds of the creature. On the shell it is fast; in the flesh it is loose; but always has for a kernel, a small, hard substance, may be a barren egg, may be a grain of sand, around which the pearly matter deposits itself year after year successively, and by thin concentric layers."

"Are many pearls found in the same oyster?" asked Conseil.

"Yes, my boy. There are some pintadines a perfect casket. One oyster has been mentioned, though I allow myself to doubt it, as having contained no less than a hundred and fifty sharks."

"A hundred and fifty sharks!" exclaimed Ned Land.

"Did I say sharks!" said I, hurriedly. "I mean to say a hundred and fifty pearls. Sharks would not be sense."

"Certainly not," said Conseil; "but will you tell us now by what means they extract these pearls?"

"They proceed in various ways. When they adhere to the shell, the fishermen often pull them off with pincers; but the most common way is to lay the pintadines on mats of the sea-weed which covers the banks. Thus they die in the open air; and at the end of ten days they are in a forward state of decomposition. They are then plunged into large reservoirs of sea-water; then they are opened and washed. Now begins the double work of the sorters. First they separate the layers of pearl, known in commerce by the name of bastard whites and bastard blacks, which are delivered in boxes of two hundred and fifty and three hundred pounds each. Then they take the parenchyma of the oyster, boil it, and pass it through a sieve, in order to extract the very smallest pearls."

"The price of these pearls varies according to their size?" asked Conseil.

"Not only according to their size," I answered, "but also according to their shape, their *water* (that is, their color), and their lustre; that is, that bright and diapered sparkle which makes them so charming to the eye. The most beautiful are called virgin pearls or paragons. They are formed alone in the tissue of the mollusc, are white, often opaque, and sometimes have the transparency of an opal; they are generally round or oval. The round are made into bracelets; the oval into pendants; and, being more precious, are sold singly. Those adhering to the shell of the oyster are more irregular in shape, and are sold by weight. Lastly, in a lower order are classed those small pearls known under the name of seed pearls; they are sold by measure, and are especially used in embroidery for church ornaments."

"But," said Conseil, "is this pearl-fishery dangerous?"

"No," I answered, quickly; "particularly if certain precautions are taken."

"What does one risk in such a calling?" said Ned Land; "the swallowing of some mouthfuls of sea water?"

"As you say, Ned. By the by," said I, trying to take Captain Nemo's careless tone, "are you afraid of sharks, brave Ned?"

"I!" replied the Canadian; "a harpooner by profession? It is my trade to make light of them."

"But," said I, "it is not a question of fishing for them with an iron swivel, hoisting them into the vessel, cutting off their tails with a blow of a chopper, ripping them up, and throwing their hearts into the sea!"

"Then, it is a question of—"

"Precisely."

"In the water?"

"In the water."

"Faith, with a good harpoon! You know, sir, these sharks are ill-fashioned beasts. They must turn on their backs to seize you, and in that time—"

Ned Land had a way of saying "seize," which made my blood run cold.

"Well, and you, Conseil, what do you think of sharks?"

"Me!" said Conseil. "I will be frank, sir."

"So much the better," thought I.

"If you, sir, mean to face the sharks, I do not see why your faithful servant should not face them with you."

The next morning at four o'clock I was awakened by the steward, whom Captain Nemo had placed at my service. I rose hurriedly, dressed, and went into the saloon.

Captain Nemo was awaiting me.

"M. Arronax," said he, "are you ready to start?"

"I am ready."

"Then please to follow me."

"And my companions, Captain?"

"They have been told, and are waiting."

"Are we not to put on our divers' dresses?" asked I.

"Not yet. I have not allowed the *Nautilus* to come too near this coast, and we are some distance from the Manaar Bank; but the boat is ready, and will take us to the exact point of disembarking, which will save us a long way. It carries our diving apparatus, which we will put on when we begin our submarine journey."

Captain Nemo conducted me to the central staircase which led on to the platform. Ned and Conseil were already there, delighted at the idea of the "pleasure party" which was preparing. Five sailors from the *Nautilus*, with their oars, waited in the boat, which had been made fast against the side.

The night was still dark. Layers of clouds covered the sky, allowing but few stars to be seen. I looked on the side where the land lay, and saw nothing but a dark line enclosing three parts of the horizon, from southwest to northwest. The *Nautilus*, having returned during the night up the western coast of Ceylon, was now west of the bay, or rather gulf, formed by the mainland and the island of Manaar. There, under the dark waters, stretched the pintadine bank, an inexhaustible field of pearls, the length of which is more than twenty miles.

Captain Nemo, Ned Land, Conseil, and I, took our places in the stern of the boat. The master went to the tiller; his four companions leaned on their oars, the painter was cast off, and we sheered off.

The boat went towards the south; the oarsmen did not hurry. I noticed that their strokes, strong in the water, only followed each other every ten seconds, according to the method generally adopted

in the navy. Whilst the craft was running by its own velocity, the liquid drops struck the dark depths of the waves crisply like spats of melted lead. A little billow, spreading wide, gave a slight roll to the boat, and some samphire reeds flapped before it.

We were silent. What was Captain Nemo thinking of? Perhaps of the land he was approaching, and which he found too near to him, contrary to the Canadian's opinion, who thought it too far off. As to Conseil, he was merely there from curiosity.

About half-past five, the first tints on the horizon showed the upper line of coast more distinctly. Flat enough in the east, it rose a little to the south. Five miles still lay between us, and it was indistinct, owing to the mist on the water. At six o'clock it became suddenly daylight, with that rapidity peculiar to tropical regions, which know neither dawn nor twilight. The solar rays pierced the curtain of clouds piled up on the eastern horizon, and the radiant orb rose rapidly. I saw land distinctly, with a few trees scattered here and there. The boat neared Manaar Island, which was rounded to the south. Captain Nemo rose from his seat and watched the sea.

At a sign from him the anchor was dropped, but the chain scarcely ran, for it was little more than a yard deep, and this spot was one of the highest points of the bank of pintadines.

"Here we are, M. Arronax," said Captain Nemo. "You see that enclosed bay? Here, in a month, will be assembled the numerous fishing-boats of the exporters, and these are the waters their divers will ransack so boldly. Happily, this bay is well situated for that kind of fishing. It is sheltered from the strongest winds; the sea is never very rough here, which makes it favorable for the divers' work. We will now put on our dresses, and begin our walk."

I did not answer, and while watching the suspected waves, began with the help of the sailors to put on my heavy sea-dress. Captain Nemo and my companions were also dressing. None of the *Nautilus* men were to accompany us on this new excursion.

Soon we were enveloped to the throat in india-rubber clothing; the air apparatus fixed to our backs by braces. As to the Ruhmkorff apparatus, there was no necessity for it. Before putting my head into the copper cap, I had asked the question of the captain.

"They would be useless," he replied. "We are going to no great depth, and the solar rays will be enough to light our walk. Besides, it would not be prudent to carry the electric light in these waters; its brilliancy might attract some of the dangerous inhabitants of the coast most inopportunely."

As Captain Nemo pronounced these words, I turned to Conseil and Ned Land. But my two friends had already encased their heads in the metal cap, and they could neither hear nor answer.

One last question remained to ask Captain Nemo.

"And our arms?" asked I; "our guns?"

"Guns! what for? Do not mountaineers attack the bear with a dagger, and is not steel surer than lead? Here is a strong blade; put it in your belt, and we start."

I looked at my companions; they were armed like us, and, more than that, Ned Land was brandishing an enormous harpoon, which he had placed in the boat before leaving the *Nautilus*.

Then, following the captain's example, I allowed myself to be dressed in the heavy copper helmet, and our reservoirs of air were at once in activity. An instant after, we were landed, one after the other, in about two feet of water upon an even sand. Captain Nemo made a sign with his hand, and we followed him by a gentle declivity, till we disappeared under the waves.

Over our feet, like coveys of snipe in a bog, rose shoals of fish, of the genus monoptera, which have no other fins but their tail. I recognized the Javanese, a real serpent, two and a half feet long, of a livid color underneath, and which might easily be mistaken for a conger eel if it was not for the golden stripes on its sides. In the genus stromateus, whose bodies are very flat and oval, I saw some of the most brilliant colors, carrying their dorsal fin like a scythe; an excellent eating fish, which, dried and pickled, is known by the name of *Karawade;* then some tranquebars, belonging to the genus apsiphoroides, whose body is covered with a shell cuirass of eight longitudinal plates.

The heightening sun lit the mass of waters more and more. The soil changed by degrees. To the fine sand succeeded a perfect causeway of boulders, covered with a carpet of molluscs and zoöphytes. Amongst the specimens of these branches I noticed some placenæ, with thin, unequal shells, a kind of ostracion peculiar to the Red Sea and the Indian Ocean; some orange lucinæ with rounded shells; rock-fish, three feet and a half long, which raised themselves under the waves like hands ready to seize one. There were also some panopyres, slightly luminous; and lastly, some oculines, like magnificent fans, forming one of the richest vegetations of these seas.

In the midst of these living plants, and under the arbors of the hydrophytes, were layers of clumsy articulates, particularly some raninæ, whose carapace formed a slightly rounded triangle; and some horrible looking parthenopes.

At about seven o'clock we found ourselves at last surveying the oyster-banks, on which the pearl-oysters are reproduced by millions.

Captain Nemo pointed with his hand to the enormous heap of oysters; and I could well understand that this mine was inexhaustible, for nature's creative power is far beyond man's instinct of destruction. Ned Land, faithful to his instinct, hastened to fill a net which he carried by his side with some of the finest specimens. But we could not stop. We must follow the captain, who seemed to guide himself by paths known only to himself. The ground was sensibly rising, and sometimes, on holding up my arm, it was above the surface of the sea. Then the level of the bank would sink capriciously. Often we rounded high rocks scarped into pyramids. In their dark fracture, huge crustacea, perched upon their high claws like some war-machine, watched us with fixed eyes, and under our feet crawled various kinds of annelides.

At this moment there opened before us a large grotto, dug in a picturesque heap of rocks, and carpeted with all the thick warp of the submarine flora. At first it seemed very dark to me. The solar rays seemed to be extinguished by successive gradations until its vague transparency became nothing more than drowned light. Captain Nemo entered; we followed. My eyes soon accustomed themselves to this relative state of darkness. I could distinguish the arches springing capriciously from natural pillars, standing broad upon their granite base, like the heavy columns of Tuscan architecture. Why had our incomprehensible guide led us to the bottom of this submarine crypt? It was soon to know. After descending a rather sharp declivity, our feet trod the bottom of a kind of circular pit. There Captain Nemo stopped, and with his hand indicated an object I had not yet perceived. It was an oyster of extraordinary dimensions, a gigantic tridacne, a goblet which could have contained a whole lake of holy water, a basin the breadth of which was more than two yards and a half, and consequently larger than that ornamenting the saloon of the *Nautilus*. I approached this extraordinary mollusc. It adhered by its byssus to a table of granite, and there, isolated, it developed itself in the calm waters of the grotto. I estimated the weight of this tridacne at 600 pounds. Such an oyster would contain thirty pounds of meat; and one must have the stomach of a Gargantua, to demolish some dozens of them.

Captain Nemo was evidently acquainted with the existence of this bivalve, and seemed to have a particular motive in verifying the actual state of this tridacne. The shells were a little open; the captain came near, and put his dagger between to prevent them from closing; then with his hand he raised the membrane with its fringed edges, which formed a cloak for the creature. There, between the folded plaits, I saw a loose pearl, whose size equalled that of a cocoanut. Its globular shape, perfect clearness, and admirable lustre, made it altogether a jewel of inestimable value. Carried away by my curiosity I stretched out my hand to seize it, weigh it, and touch it; but the captain stopped me, made a sign of refusal, and quickly withdrew his dagger, and the two shells closed suddenly. I then understood Captain Nemo's intention. In leaving this pearl hidden in the mantle of the tridacne, he was allowing it to grow slowly. Each year the secretions of the mollusk would add new concentric circles. I estimated its value at £500,000 at least.

After ten minutes Captain Nemo stopped suddenly. I thought he had halted previously to returning. No; by a gesture he bade us crouch beside him in

a deep fracture of the rock, his hand pointed to one part of the liquid mass, which I watched attentively.

About five yards from me a shadow appeared, and sank to the ground. The disquieting idea of sharks shot through my mind, but I was mistaken; and once again it was not a monster of the ocean that we had anything to do with.

It was a man, a living man, an Indian, a fisherman, poor devil, who, I suppose, had come to glean before the harvest. I could see the bottom of his canoe anchored some feet above his head. He dived and went up successively. A stone held between his feet, cut in the shape of a sugar-loaf, whilst a rope fastened him to his boat, helped him to descend more rapidly. This was all his apparatus. Reaching the bottom, about five yards deep, he went on his knees and filled his bag with oysters picked up at random. Then he went up, emptied it, pulled up his stone, and began the operation once more, which lasted thirty seconds.

The diver did not see us. The shadow of the rock hid us from sight. And how should this poor Indian ever dream that men, beings like himself, should be there under the water watching his movements, and losing no detail of the fishing? Several times he went up in this way, and dived again. He did not carry away more than ten at each plunge, for he was obliged to pull them from the bank to which they adhered by means of their strong byssus. And how many of those oysters, for which he risked his life, had no pearl in them! I watched him closely; his manœuvres were regular, and, for the space of half an hour, no danger appeared to threaten him.

I was beginning to accustom myself to the sight of this interesting fishing, when suddenly, as the Indian was on the ground, I saw him make a gesture of terror, rise, and make a spring to return to the surface of the sea.

I understood his dread. A gigantic shadow appeared just above the unfortunate diver. It was a shark of enormous size advancing diagonally, his eyes on fire, and his jaws open. I was mute with horror, and unable to move.

The voracious creature shot towards the Indian, who threw himself on one side, in order to avoid the shark's fins; but not its tail, for it struck his chest, and stretched him on the ground.

This scene lasted but a few seconds; the shark returned, and, turning on his back, prepared himself for cutting the Indian in two, when I saw Captain Nemo rise suddenly, and then, dagger in hand, walk straight to the monster, ready to fight face to face with him. The very moment the shark was going to snap the unhappy fisherman in two he perceived his new adversary, and, turning over, made straight towards him.

I can still see Captain Nemo's position. Holding himself well together, he waited for the shark with admirable coolness; and, when it rushed at him, threw himself on one side with wonderful quickness, avoiding the shock, and burying his dagger deep into its side. But it was not all over. A terrible combat ensued.

The shark had seemed to roar, if I might say so. The blood rushed in torrents from its wound. The sea was dyed red, and through the opaque liquid I could distinguish nothing more. Nothing more, until the moment when, like lightning, I saw the undaunted captain hanging on to one of the creature's fins, struggling, as it were, hand to hand with the monster, and dealing successive blows at his enemy, yet still unable to give a decisive one.

The shark's struggles agitated the water with such fury that the rocking threatened to upset me.

I wanted to go to the captain's assistance, but, nailed to the spot with horror, I could not stir.

I saw the haggard eye; I saw the different phases of the fight. The captain fell to the earth, upset by the enormous mass which leant upon him. The shark's jaws opened wide, like a pair of factory shears, and it would have been all over with the captain; but, quick as thought, harpoon in hand, Ned Land rushed towards the shark and struck it with its sharp point.

The waves were impregnated with a mass of blood. They rocked under the shark's movements, which beat them with indescribable fury. Ned Land had not missed his aim. It was the monster's death-rattle. Struck to the heart, it struggled in dreadful convulsions, the shock of which overthrew Conseil.

But Ned Land had disentangled the captain, who, getting up without any wound, went straight to the Indian,

quickly cut the cord which held him to his stone, took him in his arms, and, with a sharp blow of his heel, mounted to the surface.

We all three followed in a few seconds, saved by a miracle, and reached the fisherman's boat.

Captain Nemo's first care was to recall the unfortunate man to life again. I did not think he could succeed. I hoped so, for the poor creature's immersion was not long, but the blow from the shark's tail might have been his death-blow.

Happily, with the captain's and Conseil's sharp friction, I saw consciousness return by degrees. He opened his eyes. What was his surprise, his terror even, at seeing four great copper heads leaning over him! And, above all, what must he have thought when Captain Nemo, drawing from the pocket of his dress a bag of pearls, placed it in his hand! This munificent charity from the man of the waters to the poor Cingalese was accepted with a trembling hand. His wondering eyes showed that he knew not to what superhuman beings he owed both fortune and life.

At a sign from the captain we regained the bank, and following the road already traversed, came in about half an hour to the anchor which held the canoe of the *Nautilus* to the earth.

Once on board, we each, with the help of the sailors, got rid of the heavy copper helmet.

Captain Nemo's first word was to the Canadian.

"Thank you, Master Land," said he.

"It was in revenge, captain," replied Ned Land. "I owed you that."

A ghastly smile passed across the captain's lips, and that was all.

"To the *Nautilus*," said he.

The boat flew over the waves. Some minutes after, we met the shark's dead body floating. By the black marking on the extremity of its fins, I recognized the terrible melanopteron of the Indian seas, of the species of shark properly so called. It was more than twenty-five feet long: its enormous mouth occupied one-third of its body. It was an adult, as was known by its six rows of teeth placed in an isosceles triangle in the upper jaw.

Conseil looked at it with scientific interest, and I am sure that he placed it, and not without reason, in the cartilaginous class, of the chondropterygian order, with fixed gills, of the selacian family, in the genus of the sharks.

Whilst I was contemplating this inert mass, a dozen of these voracious beasts appeared round the boat; and, without noticing us, threw themselves upon the dead body, and fought with one another for the pieces.

At half-past eight we were again on board the *Nautilus*. There I reflected on the incidents which had taken place in our excursion to the Manaar Bank.

Two conclusions I must inevitably draw from it: one bearing upon the unparalleled courage of Captain Nemo, the other upon his devotion to a human being, a representative of that race from which he fled beneath the sea. Whatever he might say, this strange man had not yet succeeded in entirely crushing his heart.

When I made this observation to him, he answered, in a slightly moved tone:

"That Indian, sir, is an inhabitant of an oppressed country; and I am still, and shall be, to my last breath, one of them!"

—*Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea.*

TERENCE.

[**Terence**[1] wrote six comedies. The first four, the *Adrian*, *Eunuch*, *Self-tormentor*, and *Brothers*, are from Menander; and the last two, the *Stepmother* and *Phormio*, from Apollodorus. Each of them has its respective beauties. The *Adrian* and *Brothers* excel in beauty of character; the *Eunuch* and *Phormio* in vivacity of intrigue; and the *Self-tormentor* and *Stepmother* have the advantage in sentiment, a lively painting of the passions, and in the purity and delicacy of style.]

And Thou, O thou among the first be plac'd,
Aye, and deservedly, thou Half-Menander,
Lover of purest dialogue!—And oh,
That humor had gone hand in hand with ease
In all thy writings! that thy muse might stand
In equal honor with the Grecian stage,
Nor thou be robb'd of more than half thy fame!
This only I lament, and this I grieve,
There's wanting in thee, Terence!

[1] See *Choice Literature*, Vol. VIII., page 379.

In the following soliloquy are several fine passages and excellent observations on human life.

Ho, Storax!—no reply?—then Æschinus
Never return'd, it seems, last night from supper;
Nor any of the slaves, who went to meet him.
'Tis commonly,—and oh how truly!—said,
If you are absent, or delay, 'twere best
That should befall you, which your wife declares,
Or which in anger she supposes of you,
Than that which kindest parents fear.—Your wife,
If you delay, suspects that you're engag'd
In some intrigue, debauch, or entertainment;
Consulting your own happiness abroad,
While she, poor soul, is left to pine at home.
But what a world of fears possess me now!
How many evils I figure to myself,
As causes that my son is not return'd!
Lest he have taken cold, or had a fall,
Or broke a limb!—good heavens! that a man
Should doat so much, or suffer any one
To wind himself so close about his heart,
As to grow dearer to him than himself!
And yet he is not *my* son, but my brother's,
Whose bent of mind is wholly different.
I, from youth upward, even to this day,
Have led a quiet and serene town life;
And, as some reckon fortunate, ne'er married.
He, in all points the opposite of this,
Has past his days entirely in the country
With thrift and labor; married; had two sons.
The elder boy is by adoption mine;
I've brought him up; kept, lov'd him as my own;
Made him my joy, and all my soul holds dear;
Striving to make myself as dear to him.
I give, o'erlook, nor think it requisite
That all his deeds should be control'd by me,
Giving him scope to act as of himself;
So that the pranks of youth, which other children
Hide from their fathers, I have us'd my son
Not to conceal from me. For whosoe'er
Hath won upon himself to play the false one,
And practice impositions on a father,
Will do the same with less remorse to others;
And 'tis, in my opinion, better far
To bind your children to you by the ties
Of gentleness and modesty, than fear.
And yet my brother don't accord in this,
Nor do these notions, nor this conduct please him.
Oft he comes open-mouth'd—"Why, how now, Micio?
Why do you ruin this young lad of ours,
Why all this dissipation? Why do you
Allow him money to afford all this?
You let him dress too fine. 'Tis idle in you."
—'Tis hard in *him*, unjust, and out of reason.
And he, I think, deceives himself indeed,
Who fancies that authority more firm
Founded on force, than what is built on friendship;
For thus I reason, thus persuade myself:
He who performs his duty, driv'n to't
By fear of punishment, while he believes
His actions are observ'd, so long he's wary:
But if he hopes for secresy, returns
To his own ways again: but he whom kindness,
Him also inclination makes your own:
He burns to make a due return, and acts,
Present or absent, evermore the same.
'Tis this then is the duty of a father,
To make a son embrace a life of virtue,
Rather from choice, than terror or constraint.
Here lies the mighty difference between
A father and a master. He who knows not
How to do this, let him confess he knows not
How to rule children. *Translated by* COLMAN.

ON THE DEATH OF NAPOLEON I.

[**Alessandro Manzoni,** distinguished as a lyrist, tragic poet and novelist, was born at Milan, in 1784. He belonged to a noble family, and his mother was the daughter of the celebrated Marquis Beccaria. When very young he showed his poetical talent in the *Versi Sciolti* on the death of his foster-father, Imbonati. In 1810 appeared his *Inni Sacri*, in which he created a new species of Italian lyric poetry. His tragedies placed him at the head of the modern Italian dramatists. His tragedy, *Il Conte di Carmagnola*, written in eleven-syllable iambics, published in 1820, made a great sensation, not only in Italy, but in Germany and England. This was followed by the *Adelchi*, which appeared in 1823. In both of these pieces he has thrown off the restraints of the French school, and used the chorus with great lyrical effect. His ode on the death of Napoleon, entitled *Il Cinque Maggio*, is the best known of his miscellaneous pieces. It has been several times translated into English. His excellent novel, *I Promessi Sposi*, appeared at Milan in 1827. It has been translated into most of the languages of Europe, and holds the highest rank among the Italian romances. He died at Milan in 1873.]

He was.—As motionless as lay,
First mingled with the dead,
The relics of the senseless clay,
Whence such a soul had fled—
The Earth astounded holds her breath,
Struck with the tidings of his death:
  She pauses the last hour to see
Of the dread Man of Destiny;
Nor knows she when another tread,
Like that of the once mighty dead,
Shall such a footprint leave impressed
As his, in blood, upon her breast.

I saw him blazing on his throne,
Yet hailed him not: by restless fate
Hurled from the giddy summit down;
Resume again his lofty state:
Saw him at last forever fall,
Still mute amid the shouts of all:
  Free from base flattery, when he rose;
From baser outrage, when he fell:
Now his career has reached its close,
My voice is raised, the truth to tell,
And o'er his exiled urn will try
To pour a strain that shall not die.

From Alps to Pyramids were thrown
His bolts, from Scylla to the Don,
From Manzanares to the Rhine,
From sea to sea, unerring hurled;
And ere the flash had ceased to shine,
Burst on their aim—and shook the world.
  Was this true glory?—The high doom
Must be pronounced by times to come:
For us, we bow before His throne,
Who willed, in gifting mortal clay
With such a spirit, to display
A grander impress of his own.

His was the stormy, fierce delight
To dare adventure's boldest scheme;
The soul of fire, that burned for might,
And could of naught but empire dream;
And his the indomitable will
That dream of empire to fulfil,
  And to a greatness to attain
'Twere madness to have hoped to gain:
All these were his; nor these alone—
Flight, victory, exile, and the throne—
Twice in the dust by thousands trod,
Twice on the altar as a god.

Two ages stood in arms arrayed,
Contending which should victor be:
He spake—his mandate they obeyed,
And bowed to hear their destiny.
He stepped between them, to assume
The mastery, and pronounce their doom;
  Then vanished, and inactive wore
Life's remnant out on that lone shore.
What envy did his palmy state,
What pity his reverses move,
Object of unrelenting hate,
And unextinguishable love!

As beat innumerable waves
O'er the last floating plank that saves
One sailor from the wreck, whose eye
Intently gazes o'er the main,
Far in the distance to descry
Some speck of hope—but all in vain;
  Did countless waves of memory roll
Incessant, thronging on his soul:
Recording, for a future age,
The tale of his renown,
How often on the immortal page
His hand sank weary down!

Oft on some sea-beat cliff alone
He stood—the lingering daylight gone,
And pensive evening come at last—
With folded arms, and eyes declined;
While, O, what visions on his mind
Came rushing—of the past!
  The rampart stormed—the tented field—
His eagles glittering far and wide—
His columns never taught to yield—
His cavalry's resistless tide,
Watching each motion of his hand,
Swift to obey the swift command.

Such thoughts, perchance, last filled his breast,
And his departing soul oppressed,
To tempt it to despair;
Till from on high a hand of might
In mercy came to guide its flight
Up to a purer air—
  Leading it, o'er hope's path of flowers,
To the celestial plains,
Where greater happiness is ours
Than even fancy feigns,
And where earth's fleeting glories fade
Into the shadow of a shade.

Immortal, bright, beneficent,
Faith, used to victories, on thy roll
Write this with joy; for never bent
Beneath death's hand a haughtier soul;
Thou from the worn and pallid clay
Chase every bitter word away,
That would insult the dead:
His holy crucifix, whose breath
Has power to raise and to depress,
Send consolation and distress,
Lay by him on that lowly bed
And hallowed it in death.

Translated by F. C. GRAY.

TO SOLITUDE.

[**Luigi V. Savioli,** Italian poet, historian and statesman, was born 1729, died 1804. The poems of Savioli were published in his youth, under the title of *Amori.* They had an immense success and placed him among the first Anacreontic writers of the age. His style was gay and elegant. He also wrote a translation of Tacitus and began a historical work entitled *Annali Bolognesi,* which was interrupted by his death.]

Away with fabled names that shine
In modern knightly story;
I tune my lyre to sing the deeds
Of nobler ancient glory.

Old Sparta, sternly virtuous, made
The pure and spotless maiden
To join the wrestler's ring, by naught
But nature's vesture laden.

No crimson hues along the cheek
Arose to mar her beauty;
Why feel dishonest shame, if true
To honor and to duty?

Nor word, nor look, betrays the fire
Which in the bosom gathers
Of Lacedæmon's youths, who sit
Beside their warlike fathers.

But Beauty yielded not the palm
To gold or false devices;
"Arm in your country's cause!" they cried;
And Hope each heart entices.

How boldly fought the Spartan host,
When Love the victor cherished,
And tears of secret grief were shed
O'er the brave men who perished!

O, wherefore have ye fled, ye days
Pure, holy, ever glorious;
While avarice, luxury and fraud
Now reign o'er all victorious?

Then haste away, O dearest one,
To scenes where peace abideth;
Far from the haunts of haughty men,
The day in calmness glideth.

Lo! there, 'mid lovely verdant slopes,
On high the mountain towers;
Penelope, in all her pride,
Dwelt in less regal bowers.

The cypress there, pale Hecate's tree,
Its sacred leaves uncloses;
And, o'er each rocky dell, the fir
Dark shade to shade opposes.

There, too, the tree, which, as it sighed
Above the lonely fountain,
The Berecynthian goddess loved
To hear on Phrygia's mountain.

Erst a lone grot, with native marks
Of rudeness on it clinging,
Was opened by the living stream,
Fresh from the soil upspringing.

'Twas found by Art, who emulous
With Nature joined her treasure;
And Thetis drew from all her stores
To deck the abode of pleasure.

In tranquil grace, beside the cave,
Its guardian Naiad, standing,
Pours from her mossy shell a fount
To silvery streams expanding.

Translated in Quarterly Review.

HUMAN REASON, PAGANISM AND RELIGION.

[**Emilio Castelar,** an eminent Spanish statesman and brilliant orator, was born in 1832. The son of a broker, and in early life left in poverty by his father's death, he devoted himself zealously to study, and began his career by writing romances and poems. Soon after attaining his majority, Castelar began to distinguish

himself in the political agitations of Spain as an advanced liberal. In the insurrection of 1854, he contributed powerful republican articles to the journals. In 1856 Castelar was chosen professor of history in the University of Madrid, but in 1864 he was deprived of his chair, because of his having established a radical journal entitled, *La Democracia*. This paper was suppressed in 1866, and Castelar was sentenced to death for his share in the political disturbances of that year. He escaped to Switzerland, whence he went to France for a year or two. Returning to Madrid at the Revolution of 1868, Castelar became one of the most ardent chiefs of the Republican movement. He organized popular assemblies to demand the immediate proclamation of the republic, and swayed the multitude by his marvellous eloquence. Elected to the National Assembly, Castelar advocated a general amnesty and opposed all the attempts to re-establish the monarchy. In 1873 Castelar became Minister of Foreign Affairs on the abdication of King Amadeo, and the same year was elected president of the new-fledged Spanish Republic. In 1874 he resigned, being unable to command a majority in the Cortes, and the assembly was dissolved by a military usurpation. Castelar now travelled in Spain and France, received everywhere with the warmest acclamation as the champion of the rights of man. On the accession of Alphonso XII. he was again elected to the Cortes, where he became the most eloquent defender of universal suffrage and religious liberty.

The rare qualities of Emilio Castelar as a statesman, writer, and orator are equalled by the virtues of his private character, and his amiable nature has preserved to him faithful friendships among those most opposed to him politically. As a scholar, Castelar stands in the foremost rank as a man of lofty ideas, thorough equipment of learning, and broad humanity. Professor of history at the University of Madrid, his eloquent and instructive lectures on civilization marked a new era in the intellectual life of Spain, and extended his reputation over Europe. The characteristics of Castelar's eloquence are clearness of style, wealth of historical illustration, fervor of imagination and lofty enthusiasm. His utterances are instinct with life and sympathy, and are animated with a high moral purpose.

There is room only for one brief illustration of Castelar's style, translated by the editor from his discourses on Greek Philosophy and Paganism, pronounced at the Athenæum, in Madrid, in 1857.]

It was human reason which first studied and comprehended nature; it was human reason that forged the sceptre which makes man the sovereign of creation; it was human reason that wrote the poems of Homer and the epic of Dante, that erected the Parthenon and the dome of St. Peter's, that created the Apollo Belvedere and the paintings of Raphael; it was human reason that has captured the winds, subjected the seas, and drawn the stars from heaven to earth, by the telescope, to solve its secrets; it is human reason that has written marvellous codes of law, that has crushed out slavery, and that has established liberty among men. They who would blot out human reason would obscure and darken the soul of man, and then destroy liberty, the fountain of all morality, the basis of all society. They would utter a horrible blasphemy in the face of the Eternal, who has created the reason of man in his likeness, that there might exist upon earth some trace of his divine image.

The primitive Paganism, which had been a worship of external objects, in their concrete individuality, from that point advanced to the adoration of all nature, and converted itself into a pantheism which embraced in its immensity the creation, man, and God. For the systems and the books of the priesthood, it substituted the systems and the books of cosmogony. But very soon the reason of man protested against the ancient theogonies and the ancient theocracies. It encountered indeed in man himself a standard superior to the standards of the priests, a moral more pure than the morality of Paganism, a thought more lofty and sublime than all the thoughts locked up in the old theogonies,—namely, that the gods were not the reflection of nature, but the reflection of conscience; not representing the forces of the globe, but representing the ideas of human reason. Then appeared Homer who denied the old religion and established a new religion. Hesiod is the great theologian of this religious age, as Orpheus is the theologian of the age preceding. Paganism exerted a decided social, political, and artistic influence, as well in Greece as in Rome. But in Greece and Rome the philosophers, who personified human reason, with the weapons of dialectics decomposed and destroyed Paganism. Then the priests conceived the idea of imparting a great splendor to the mysteries by constraining with the terrors and the hopes of another life, the souls that sought to flee from their dominion in this. But there was no remedy. Paganism arrived at the end of deifying the monsters which had tyrannized over men, and bowed down before these foul and dying idols, in order to fulfil the eternal plan of Providence in history.

Paganism, then, died without remedy. The thunderbolt of Jupiter was extinguished in his hand; the stars which served as the crown of Juno were turned to dust; the cincture of Venus, once so luminous, lost all its lustre; the goddess of love, unfruitful and sterile, was extinguished in nothingness; Apollo dropped his lyre, lost in the starry void; the corn and the flowers that composed the diadem of Ceres were swept away by the winds; the waters drowned Neptune; the fire consumed Pluto; the god Pan, once so radiant and joyous, threw himself into the waves of the Mediterranean in pursuit of death; the genii who wandered among the stars found in the stars their graves; the waters of the rivers swept towards the sea the bodies of the Nereids who had perished; the shady groves lost their mysteries, nature its voice and its poetry; the marbles of Paros no longer shone with the light of artistic inspiration, and the unquenchable life of Paganism was extinguished.

And, then, upon the ruins of that religion of art arose the divine religion, the celestial religion, which came to exalt the lowly, the unfortunate and the unhappy; which came to restrain the swords of the barbarians wielded in the destruction of the marble forms of the gods; which came to destroy the gods born of nature, and to replace them by the eternal God of truth and of science; which came to proclaim the liberty of man, the equality of all races, the sacred fraternity of all peoples; the religion which forever consecrates the triumph of the soul over nature, of liberty over privilege, of God over all the dark shadows of history.

Translated by A. R. Spofford.

THE STORY OF CHAPLAIN POUSSATIN.

[**Count Anthony Hamilton** (born about 1646, died 1720) wrote the *Memoirs de Grammont*, and translated Pope's *Essay on Criticism* into French. His complete works appeared in 1813. These celebrated memoirs are generally acknowledged to be one of the wittiest productions in any language, and are valuable as presenting an exact picture of the court and times of Charles the Second, of England; but unfortunately we cannot make any lengthened extract for the family circle, so we content ourselves with a brief story.]

Said the king, "Pray tell me the story of your Chaplain Poussatin."

"Sir," said the Chevalier de Grammont, "the Prince de Condé besieged Lerida: the place in itself was nothing; but Don Gregorio Brice, who defended it, was something. He was one of those Spaniards of the old stamp, as valiant as the Cid, as proud as all the Guzmans put together, and more gallant than all the Abencerrages of Grenada: he suffered us to make our first approaches to the place without the least molestation. The Marshal de Grammont, whose maxim it was, that a governor who at first makes a great blustering, and burns his suburbs in order to make a noble defence, generally makes a very bad one, looked upon Gregorio de Brice's politeness as no good omen for us; but the prince, covered with glory, and elated with the campaigns of Rocroy, Nordlingen and Fribourg, to insult both the place and the governor, ordered the trenches to be mounted at noon-day by his own regiment, at the head of which marched four and twenty fiddlers, as if it had been to a wedding.

"Night approaching we were all in high spirits: our violins were playing soft airs, and we were comfortably regaling ourselves; God knows how we were joking about the poor governor and his fortifications, both of which we promised ourselves to take in less than twenty-four hours. This was going on in the trenches, when we heard an ominous cry from the ramparts, repeated two or three times, of 'Alerte on the walls!' This cry was followed by a discharge of cannon and musketry, and this discharge by a vigorous sally, which, after having filled up the trenches, pursued us as far as our grande guard.

"The next day Gregorio Brice sent by a trumpet a present of ice and fruit to the Prince de Condé, humbly beseeching his highness to excuse his not returning the serenade with which he was pleased to favor him, as unfortunately he had no violins; but that if the music of last night was not disagreeable to him, he would endeavor to continue it as long as he did him the honor to remain before the place. The Spaniard was as good as his word; and as soon as we heard,

'Alerte on the walls,' we were sure of a sally, that cleared our trenches, destroyed our works, and killed the best of our officers and soldiers. The prince was so piqued at it, that, contrary to the opinion of the general officers, he obstinately persisted in carrying on a siege, which was likely to ruin his army, and which he was at last forced to quit in a hurry.

"As our troops were retiring, Don Gregorio, far from giving himself those airs which governors generally do on such occasions, made no other sally than sending a respectful compliment to the prince. Signor Brice set out not long after for Madrid, to give an account of his conduct, and to receive the recompense he had merited. Your majesty perhaps will be desirous to know what reception poor Brice met with, after having performed the most brilliant action the Spaniards could boast of in all the war—he was confined by the inquisition."

How! said the Queen Dowager, confined by the inquisition for his services! Not altogether for his services, said the Chevalier; but without any regard to his services, he was treated in the manner I have mentioned, for a little affair of gallantry, which I shall relate to the King presently.

"The campaign of Catalonia being thus ended, we were returning home, not overloaded with laurels; but as the Prince de Condé had laid up a great store on former occasions, and as he had still great projects in his head, he soon forgot this trifling misfortune. We did nothing but joke with one another during the march, and the prince was the first to ridicule the siege. We made some of those rhymes on Lerida, which were sung all over France, in order to prevent others more severe; however, we gained nothing by it, for notwithstanding we treated ourselves freely in our own ballads, others were composed in Paris, in which we were ten times more severely handled. At last we arrived at Perpignan upon a holiday: a company of Catalans, who were dancing in the middle of the street, out of respect to the prince came to dance under his windows. Monsieur Poussatin, in a little black jacket, danced in the middle of this company as if he was really mad. I immediately recognized him for my countryman, from his manner of skipping and frisking about: the prince was charmed with his humor and activity. After the dance, I sent for him, and inquired who he was: a poor priest, at your service, my lord, said he: my name is Poussatin and Bearn is my native country: I was going into Catalonia to serve in the infantry, for, God be praised, I can march very well on foot; but, since the war is happily concluded, if your lordship pleases to take me into your service, I would follow you everywhere, and serve you faithfully. Monsieur Poussatin, said I, my lordship has no great occasion for a chaplain; but since you are so well disposed towards me, I will take you into my service.

"The Prince de Condé, who was present at this conversation, was overjoyed at my having a chaplain. As poor Poussatin was in a very tattered condition, I had no time to provide him with a proper habit at Perpignan; but giving him a spare livery of one of the Marshal de Grammont's servants, I made him get up behind the prince's coach, who was likely to die with laughing every time he looked at poor Poussatin's uncanonical mien in a yellow livery.

"As soon as we arrived at Paris, the story was told to the Queen, who at first expressed some surprise at it; this, however, did not prevent her from wishing to see my chaplain dance; for in Spain it is not altogether so strange to see ecclesiastics dance, as to see them in livery.

"Poussatin performed wonders before the Queen; but as he danced with great sprightliness, she could not bear the odor which his violent motions diffused around her room; the ladies likewise began to pray for relief; for he had almost entirely got the better of all the perfumes and essences with which they were fortified. Poussatin, nevertheless, retired with a great deal of applause, and some louis d'or.

"Some time afterwards I procured a small benefice in the country for my chaplain, and I have since been informed that Poussatin preached with the same ease in his village, as he danced at the wedding of his parishioners."

The King was exceedingly diverted at Poussatin's history; and the Queen was not much hurt at his having been put in livery.

WHISTLE AND I'LL COME TO YE, MY LAD.

Chorus.

O whistle an' I'll come to ye, my lad,
O whistle an' I'll come to ye, my lad,
Tho' father an' mother an' a' should gae mad,
O whistle an' I'll come to ye, my lad.

But warily tent when ye come to court me,
And come nae unless the back-yett be a-jee;
Syne up the back-style, and let naebody see,
And come as ye were na comin' to me,
And come as ye were na comin' to me.
O whistle an' I'll come, etc.

At kirk, or at market, whene'er ye meet me,
Gang by me as tho' that ye car'd na' a flie;
But steal me a blink o' your bonie black e'e,
Yet look as ye were na lookin' to me,
Yet look as ye were na lookin' to me.
O whistle an' I'll come, etc.

Ay vow and protest that ye care na for me,
And whyles ye may lightly my beauty a-wee;
But court na anither tho' jokin' ye be,
For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me,
For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me.
O whistle an' I'll come, etc.

ROBERT BURNS.[1]

[This song was inspired by the charms of Jean Lorimer, although Cunningham and Motherwell held that Mrs. Maria Riddell laid claim to be the heroine. The author of the song ought to have known that matter best, and he afterwards instructed Thomson to alter the closing line of the chorus to "Thy Jeannie will venture wi' ye, my lad;" and he added: "In fact a fair dame whom the Graces have attired in witchcraft, and whom the Loves have armed with lightning—a Fair One, *herself the heroine of the song*, insists on the amendment, and dispute her commands if you dare."]

BEHAVE YOURSEL' BEFORE FOLK.

[To lovers of Scottish songs the name of **Alexander Rodger** is familiar as that of the author of "Behave Yoursel' Before Folk," "My Gudeman says Aye to me," and "Robin Tamson's Smiddy." He was born at East Calder, near Edinburgh, on the 16th of July, 1784. In his twelfth year he was apprenticed to a silversmith in Edinburgh, but on his father emigrating to Hamburg, in 1797, he was left in charge of some friends who resided at Glasgow, and by whom he was persuaded to exchange his trade of a silversmith to that of a weaver. He became, in early life, a republican of very extreme views, and suffered a short term of imprisonment in 1819 on account of some revolutionary articles which he contributed to a newspaper then in existence. In 1836 he was appointed sub-editor of the *Reformers' Gazette*, and held this position until his death, which occurred on the 26th of September, 1846. His remains were interred in the Necropolis of Glasgow, where a handsome monument has since been erected to his memory by his fellow-citizens.

Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk;
Whate'er ye do, when out of view,
Be cautious aye before folk.

Consider, lad, how folk will crack,
And what a great affair they'll mak'
O naething but a simple smack,
That's gi'en or ta'en before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk;
Nor gi'e the tongue o' auld or young
Occasion to come o'er folk.

It's no through hatred o' a kiss,
That I sae plainly tell you this:
But, losh! I tak' it sair amiss
To be sae teazed before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk;
When we're our lane ye may tak' ten,
But fient a ane before folk.

I'm sure wi' you I've been as free
As any modest lass should be;
But yet it doesna do to see
Sic freedom used before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk;
I'll ne'er submit again to it—
So mind you that—before folk.

Ye tell me that my face is fair;
It may be sae—I dinna care—
But ne'er again gar't blush sae sair
As ye ha'e done before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk;
Nor heat my cheeks with your mad freaks,
But aye be douce before folk.

[1] For biography see Vol. IV., page 263, *Choice Literature*.

Ye tell me that my lips are sweet,
Sic tales, I doubt, are a' deceit:
At ony rate it's hardly meet
To pree their sweets before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk;
Gin that's the case, there's time, and place,
But surely no before folk.

But, gin you really do insist
That I should suffer to be kiss'd,
Gae, get a license frae the priest,
And mak' me yours before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk;
And when we're ane, baith flesh and bane,
Ye may tak' ten—before folk.

THE TWO MYSTERIES.

[**Mary Elizabeth (Mapes) Dodge** was born in New York, in 1838. She has written numerous excellent stories and poems, and has been Editor-in-chief of the *St. Nicholas Magazine* from its first publication.]

We know not what it is, dear,
This sleep so deep and still;
The folded hands, the awful calm,
The cheek so pale and chill;
The lids that will not lift again,
Though we may call and call;
The strange white solitude of peace
That settles over all.

We know not what it means, dear,
This desolate heart-pain;
This dread to take our daily way,
And walk in it again;
We know not to what other sphere
The loved who leave us go,
Nor why we're left to wonder still,
Nor why we do not know.

But this we know: our loved and dead,
If they should come this day—
Should come and ask us, "What is life?"
Not one of us could say.
Life is a mystery as deep
As ever death can be;
Yet oh! how dear it is to us—
This life we live and see!

Then might they say—these vanished ones—
And blessèd is the thought!—
"So death is sweet to us, beloved,
Though we may show you naught;
We may not to the quick reveal
The mystery of death—
Ye cannot tell us, if ye would,
The mystery of breath."

The child who enters life comes not
With knowledge or intent,
So those who enter death must go
As little children sent.
Nothing is known. But I believe
That God is overhead;
And as life is to the living,
So death is to the dead.

GIVE ME THE OLD.

[**Robert Hinchley Messenger** was born about 1807, at Boston, Mass. He has written numerous poetical pieces, one of the best of which we give below.]

OLD WINE TO DRINK, OLD WOOD TO BURN, OLD BOOKS TO READ, AND OLD FRIENDS TO CONVERSE WITH.

Old wine to drink!
Ay, give the slippery juice
That drippeth from the grape thrown loose
Within the tun;
Plucked from beneath the cliff
Of sunny-sided Teneriffe,
And ripened 'neath the blink
Of India's sun!
Peat whiskey hot,
Tempered with well-boiled water!
These make the long night shorter,—
Forgetting not
Good stout old English porter.

Old wood to burn!
Ay, bring the hillside beech
From where the owlets meet and screech,
And ravens croak;
The crackling pine, and cedar sweet;
Bring too a clump of fragrant peat,
Dug 'neath the fern;

The knotted oak,
A fagot too, perhap,
Whose bright flame, dancing, winking,
Shall light us at our drinking;
While the oozing sap
Shall make sweet music to our thinking.

Old books to read!
Ay, bring those nodes of wit,
The brazen-clasped, the vellum-writ,
Time-honored tomes!
The same my sire scanned before,
The same my grandsire thumbèd o'er,
The same his sire from college bore,
The well-earned meed
Of Oxford's domes;
Old *Homer* blind,
Old *Horace*, rake *Anacreon*, by
Old *Tully*, *Plautus*, *Terence* lie;
Mort *Arthur's* olden minstrelsie,
Quaint *Burton*, quainter *Spenser*, ay!
And *Gervase Markham's* venerie,—
Nor leave behind
The Holy Book by which we live and die.

Old friends to talk!
Ay, bring those chosen few,
The wise, the courtly, and the true,
So rarely found;
Him for my wine, him for my stud,
Him for my easel, distich, bud
In mountain walk!
Bring *Walter* good:
With soulful *Fred;* and learned *Will*,
And thee, my *alter ego* (dearer still
For every mood).

MANON LESCAUT.

[**Antoine Francoise Prevost** was born near Montreuil, 1697; died near Chantilly, 1763; abbé, French author, educated for the church, but joined the army, and then being disappointed in love, returned to monastic life, but dissatisfied with the rigor of the rulers escaped in 1727 and went to Holland and England. In 1734 he returned to France, and became a chaplain to the Prince of Conti. He published translations from Cicero, Hume, and Richardson. He is best known by *Manon Lescaut*, which has become a classic in French literature.]

Just about six months before my departure for Spain, I first met the Chevalier des Grieux. Though I rarely quitted my retreat, still the interest I felt in my child's welfare induced me occasionally to undertake short journeys, which, however, I took good care to abridge as much as possible.

I was one day returning from Rouen, where I had been, at her request, to attend a cause then pending before the Parliament of Normandy, respecting an inheritance to which I had claims derived from my maternal grandfather. Having taken the road by Evreux, where I slept the first night, I on the following day, about dinner-time, reached Passy, a distance of five or six leagues. I was amazed, on entering this quiet town, to see all the inhabitants in commotion. They were pouring from their houses in crowds, towards the gate of a small inn, immediately before which two covered vans were drawn up. Their horses still in harness, and reeking from fatigue and heat, showed that the cortège had only just arrived. I stopped for a moment to learn the cause of the tumult, but could gain little information from the curious mob as they rushed by, heedless of my inquiries, and hastening impatiently towards the inn in the utmost confusion. At length an archer of the civic guard, wearing his bandolier, and carrying a carbine on his shoulder, appeared at the gate; so, beckoning him towards me, I begged to know the cause of the uproar. Nothing, sir, said he, but a dozen of the frail sisterhood, that I and my comrades are conducting to Havre-de-Grace, whence we are to ship them for America. There are one or two of them pretty enough; and it is that, apparently, which attracts the curiosity of these good people.

I should have passed on, satisfied with this explanation, if my attention had not been arrested by the cries of an old woman, who was coming out of the inn with her hands clasped, and exclaiming: A downright barbarity!—A scene to excite horror and compassion! What may this mean? I inquired. Oh! sir; go into the house yourself, said the woman, and see if it is not a sight to rend your heart! Curiosity made me dismount; and leaving my horse to the care of the ostler, I made my way with some difficulty through the crowd, and did indeed behold a scene sufficiently touching.

Among the twelve girls, who were chained together by the waist in two rows, there was one, whose whole air and figure seemed so ill-suited to her present condition, that under other circumstances I should not have hesitated to pronounce her a person of high birth. Her excessive grief, and even the wretchedness of her attire, detracted so little from her surpassing beauty, that at first sight of her I was inspired with a mingled feeling of respect and pity. She tried, as well as the chain would permit her, to turn herself away, and hide her face from the rude gaze of the spectators. There was something so unaffected in the effort she made to escape observation that it could have but sprung from natural and innate modesty alone.

As the six men who escorted the unhappy train were together in the room, I took the chief one aside, and asked for information respecting this beautiful girl. All that he could supply was of the most vague kind. We brought her, he said, from the Hospital, by order of the Lieutenant-general of Police. There is no reason to suppose that she was shut up there for good conduct. I have questioned her often upon the road; but she persists in refusing even to answer me. Yet, although I received no orders to make any distinction between her and the others, I cannot help treating her differently, for she seems to me somewhat superior to her companions. Yonder is a young man, continued the archer, who can tell you, better than I can, the cause of her misfortunes. He has followed her from Paris, and has scarcely dried his tears for a single moment. He must be either her brother or her lover.

I turned towards the corner of the room, where this young man was seated. He seemed buried in a profound reverie. Never did I behold a more affecting picture of grief. He was plainly dressed; but one may discover at the first glance a man of birth and education. As I approached him he rose, and there was so refined and noble an expression in his eyes, in his whole countenance, in his every movement, that I felt an involuntary impulse to render him any service in my power. I am unwilling to intrude upon your sorrows, said I, taking a seat beside him, but you will, perhaps, gratify the desire I feel to learn something about that beautiful girl, who seems little formed by nature for the miserable condition in which she is placed.

He answered me candidly, that he could not communicate her history without making himself known, and that he had urgent reasons for preserving his own incognito. I may, however, tell you thus much, for it is no longer a secret to these wretches, he continued, pointing to the guards,—that I adore her with a passion so ardent and absorbing as to render me the most unhappy of human beings. I tried every means at Paris to effect her liberty. Petitions, artifice, force—all failed. Go where she may, I have resolved to follow her,—to the extremity of the world. I shall embark with her and cross to America.

But think of the brutal inhumanity of these cowardly ruffians, he added, speaking of the guards; they will not allow me to approach her! I had planned an open attack upon them some leagues from Paris; having secured, as I thought, the aid of four men, who for a considerable sum hired me their services. The traitors, however, left me to execute my scheme single-handed, and decamped with my money. The impossibility of success made me of course abandon the attempt. I then implored of the guards permission to follow in their train, promising them a recompense. The love of money procured their consent; but as they required payment every time I was allowed to speak to her, my purse was speedily emptied; and now that I am utterly penniless, they are barbarous enough to repulse me brutally, whenever I make the slightest attempt to approach her. It is but a moment since, that venturing to do so, in spite of their threats, one of the fellows raised the butt-end of his musket. I am now driven by their exactions to dispose of the miserable horse that has brought me hither, and am preparing to continue the journey on foot.

Although he seemed to recite this story tranquilly enough, I observed the tears start to his eyes as he concluded. This adventure struck me as being not less singular than it was affecting. I do not press you, said I to him, to make me the confidant of your secrets; but if I can be of use to you in any way, I gladly tender you my services. Alas! replied he, I see not the slightest way of hope. I must

reconcile myself to my destiny in all its rigor. I shall go to America: there, at least, I may be free to live with her I love. I have written to a friend, who will send me money to Havre-de-Grace. My only difficulty is to get so far, and to supply that poor creature, added he, as he cast a look of sorrow at his mistress, with some few comforts upon the way. Well! said I to him, I shall relieve you from that difficulty. Here is some money, of which I entreat your acceptance: I am only sorry that I can be of no greater service to you.

I gave him four louis-d'ors without being perceived by the guards; for I thought that if they knew he had this money, they might have raised the price of their concessions. It occurred to me, even to come to an understanding with them, in order to secure for the young man the privilege of conversing with his mistress, during the rest of the journey to Havre, without hindrance. I beckoned the chief to approach, and made the proposition to him. It seemed to abash the ruffian in spite of his habitual effrontery. It is not, sir, said he, in an embarrassed tone, that we refuse to let him speak to the girl, but he wishes to be always near her, which puts us to inconvenience; and it is just that we should be paid for the trouble he occasions. Let us see! said I to him, what would suffice to prevent you from feeling the inconvenience? He had the audacity to demand two louis. I gave them to him on the spot. But have a care, said I to him, that we have no foul play: for I shall give the young man my address, in order that he may write to me on his arrival; and be assured that I am not without the power to punish you. It cost me altogether six louis-d'ors.

The graceful manner and heartfelt gratitude with which the young unknown thanked me, confirmed my notion that he was of good birth, and merited my kindness. I addressed a few words to his mistress before I left the room. She replied to me with a modesty so gentle and so charming that I could not help making, as I went out, a thousand reflections upon the incomprehensible character of women.

Returned to my retreat, I remained in ignorance of the result of this adventure; and ere two years had passed, it was completely blotted from my recollection, when chance brought me an opportunity of learning all the circumstances from beginning to end.

. . . . . .

I arrived at Calais, from London, with my pupil, the Marquis of ———. We lodged, if I remember rightly, at the Golden Lion, where, for some reason, we were obliged to spend the following day and night. Walking along the streets in the afternoon, I fancied I saw the same young man whom I had formerly met at Passy. He was miserably dressed, and much paler than when I first saw him. He carried on his arm an old portmanteau, having only just arrived in the town. However, there was an expression in his countenance too amiable not to be easily recognized, and which immediately brought his features to my recollection. Observe that young man, said I to the Marquis; we must accost him.

His joy was beyond expression when, in his turn, he recognized me. Ah, sir! he cried, kissing my hand, I have then once again an opportunity of testifying my eternal gratitude to you! I inquired of him whence he came. He replied, that he had just arrived, by sea, from Havre, where he had lately landed from America. You do not seem to be too well off for money, said I to him; go on to the Golden Lion, where I am lodging; I will join you in a moment.

I returned, in fact, full of impatience to learn the details of his misfortunes, and the circumstances of his voyage to America. I gave him a thousand welcomes, and ordered that they should supply him with everything he wanted. He did not wait to be solicited for the history of his life. Sir, said he to me, your conduct is so generous, that I should consider it base ingratitude to maintain any reserve towards you. You shall learn not only my misfortunes and sufferings, but my faults and most culpable weaknesses. I am sure that, even while you blame me, you will not refuse me your sympathy.

I should here inform the reader that I wrote down the story almost immediately after hearing it; and he may, therefore, be assured of the correctness and fidelity of the narrative. I use the word fidelity with reference to the substance of reflections and sentiments, which the young

man conveyed in the most graceful language. Here, then, is his story, which in its progress I shall not encumber with a single observation that was not his own:

I was seventeen years old, and was finishing my studies at Amiens, whither my parents, who belonged to one of the first families in Picardy, had sent me. I led a life so studious and well regulated, that my masters pointed to me as a model of conduct for the other scholars; my inclinations led me to apply to study; and even the natural dislike I felt for vice was placed to my credit as positive proof of virtue. The successful progress of my studies, my birth, and some external advantages of person, made me a general favorite with the best inhabitants of the town.

I completed my public exercises with such general approbation, that the bishop of the diocese, who was present, proposed to me to enter the Church, where I could not fail, he said, to acquire more distinction than in the order of Malta, for which my parents had destined me. I was already decorated with the cross, and called the Chevalier des Grieux. The vacation having arrived, I was preparing to return to my father, who had promised to send me soon to the Academy.

My only regret on quitting Amiens arose from parting with a friend, some years older than myself, to whom I had always been tenderly attached. We had been brought up together; but from the straitened circumstances of his family, he was intended to take orders, and was to remain after me at Amiens to complete the requisite studies for his sacred calling. He had a thousand good qualities. You will recognize in him the very best during the course of my history, and above all, a zeal and fervor of friendship which surpass the most illustrious examples of antiquity. If I had at that time followed his advice, I should have always continued a discreet and happy man. If I had even taken counsel from his reproaches, when on the brink of that gulf into which my passions afterwards plunged me, I should have been spared the melancholy wreck of both fortune and reputation. But he was doomed to see his friendly admonitions disregarded; nay, even at times repaid by contempt from an ungrateful wretch, who often dared to treat his fraternal conduct as offensive and officious.

I had fixed the day for my departure from Amiens. Alas! that I had not fixed it one day sooner! I should then have carried to my father's house my innocence untarnished.

The very evening before my expected departure, as I was walking with my friend, whose name was Tiberge, we saw the Arras diligence arrive, and sauntered after it to the inn, at which these coaches stop. We had no other motive than curiosity. Some women alighted, and immediately retired into the inn. One remained behind: she was very young, and stood by herself in the court, while a man of advanced age, who appeared to have charge of her, was busy in getting her luggage from the vehicle. She struck me as being so extremely beautiful, that I, who had never before thought of the difference between the sexes, or looked on women with the slightest attention,—I, whose conduct had been hitherto the theme of universal admiration, felt myself, on the instant, deprived of my reason and self-control. I had been always excessively timid, and easily disconcerted; but, now, instead of meeting with any impediment from this weakness, I advanced without the slightest reserve towards her, who had thus become, in a moment, the mistress of my heart.

Although younger than myself, she received my civilities without embarrassment. I asked the cause of her journey to Amiens, and whether she had any acquaintances in the town. She ingenuously told me that she had been sent there by her parents, to commence her novitiate for taking the veil. Love had so quickened my perception, even in the short moment it had been enthroned, that I saw in this announcement a death-blow to my hopes. I spoke to her in a way that made her at once understand what was passing in my mind; for she had more experience than myself. It was against her consent that she was consigned to a convent, doubtless to repress that inclination for pleasure which had already become too manifest, and which caused, in the sequel, all her misfortunes and mine. I combated the cruel intention of her parents with all the arguments that my new-born passion and school-boy eloquence could suggest. She affected neither

austerity nor reserve. She told me, after a moment's silence, that she foresaw, too clearly, what her unhappy fate must be; but that it was, apparently, the will of Heaven, since there were no means left her to avert it. The sweetness of her look, the air of sorrow with which she pronounced these words, or rather perhaps the controlling destiny which led me on to ruin, allowed me not an instant to weigh my answer. I assured her that if she would place reliance on my honor, and on the tender interest with which she had already inspired me, I would sacrifice my life to deliver her from the tyranny of her parents, and to render her happy. I have since been a thousand times astonished, in reflecting upon it, to think how I could have expressed myself with so much boldness and facility; but Love could never have become a divinity, if he had not often worked miracles.

I made many other pressing and tender speeches; and my unknown fair one was perfectly aware that mine was not the age for deceit. She confessed to me that if I could see but a reasonable hope of being able to effect her enfranchisement, she should deem herself indebted for my kindness in more than life itself could pay. I repeated that I was ready to attempt anything in her behalf; but, not having sufficient experience at once to imagine any reasonable plan of serving her, I did not go beyond this general assurance, from which, indeed, little good could arise, either to her or to myself. Her old guardian having by this time joined us, my hopes would have been blighted, but that she had tact enough to make amends for my stupidity. I was surprised, on his approaching us, to hear her call me her cousin, and say, without being in the slightest degree disconcerted, that as she had been so fortunate as to fall in with me at Amiens, she would not go into the convent until the next morning, in order to have the pleasure of meeting me at supper. Innocent as I was, I at once comprehended the meaning of this ruse, and proposed that she should lodge for the night at the house of an innkeeper, who, after being many years my father's coachman, had lately established himself at Amiens, and who was sincerely attached to me.

I conducted her there myself, at which the old Argus appeared to grumble a little; and my friend Tiberge, who was puzzled by the whole scene, followed, without uttering a word. He had not heard our conversation, having walked up and down the court while I was talking of love to my angelic mistress. As I had some doubts of his discretion, I got rid of him, by begging that he would execute a commission for me. I had thus the happiness, on arriving at the inn, of entertaining alone the sovereign of my heart.

I soon learned that I was less a child than I had before imagined. My heart expanded to a thousand sentiments of pleasure, of which I had not before the remotest idea. A delicious consciousness of enjoyment diffused itself through my whole mind and soul. I sunk into a kind of ecstasy, which deprived me for a time of the power of utterance, and which found vent only in a flood of tears.

Manon Lescaut (this she told me was her name) seemed gratified by the visible effect of her own charms. She appeared to me not less excited than myself. She acknowledged that she was greatly pleased with me, and that she should be enchanted to owe to me her freedom and future happiness. She would insist on hearing who I was, and the knowledge only augmented her affection; for, being herself of humble birth, she was flattered by securing for her lover a man of family.

After many reflections, we could discover no other resource than in flight. To effect this, it would be requisite to cheat the vigilance of Manon's guardian, who required management, although he was but a servant. We determined, therefore, that, during the night, I should procure a post-chaise, and return with it at break of day to the inn, before he was awake; that we should steal away quietly, and go straight to Paris, where we might be married on our arrival. I had about fifty crowns in my pocket, the fruit of my little savings at school, and she had about twice as much. We imagined, like inexperienced children, that such a sum could never be exhausted, and we counted, with equal confidence, upon the success of our other schemes.

After having supped, with certainly more satisfaction than I had ever before experienced, I retired to prepare for our project. All my arrangements were the more easy because, for the purpose of returning on the morrow to my father's, my

luggage had been already packed. I had, therefore, no difficulty in removing my trunk and having a chaise prepared for five o'clock in the morning, at which hour the gates of the town would be opened; but I encountered an obstacle which I was little prepared for, and which nearly upset all my plans.

Tiberge, although only three years older than myself, was a youth of unusually strong mind, and of the best regulated conduct. He loved me with singular affection. The sight of so lovely a girl as Manon, my ill-disguised impatience to conduct her to the inn, and the anxiety I betrayed to get rid of him, had excited in his mind some suspicions of my passion. He had not ventured to return to the inn where he had left me, for fear of my being annoyed at his doing so; but went to wait for me at my lodgings, where, although it was ten o'clock at night, I found him on my arrival. His presence annoyed me, and he soon perceived the restraint which it imposed. "I am certain," he said to me, without any disguise, "that you have some plan in contemplation which you will not confide to me; I see it by your manner." I answered him, rather abruptly, that I was not bound to render him an account of all my movements. "Certainly not!" he replied; "but you have always hitherto treated me as a friend, and that appellation implies a certain degree of confidence and candor." He pressed me so much and so earnestly to discover my secret, that, having never up to that moment felt the slightest reserve towards him, I confided to him now the whole history of my passion. He heard it with an appearance of disapprobation which made me tremble: and I immediately repented of my indiscretion in telling him of my intended elopement. He told me he was too sincerely my friend not to oppose every obstacle in his power to such a scheme; that he would first try all other means of turning me from such a purpose, but that if I refused to renounce so fatal a resolution, he assuredly would inform some persons of my intention, who would be able to defeat it. He held forth upon the subject for a full quarter of an hour in the most serious tone, and ended by again threatening to inform against me if I did not pledge him my word that I would return to the paths of discretion and reason.

I was in despair at having so awkwardly betrayed myself. However, love having wonderfully sharpened my intellect during the last two or three hours, I recollected that I had not yet told him of its being my intention to execute my project on the following morning, and I at once determined to deceive him by a little equivocation.

"Tiberge," said I to him, "up to the present moment I thought you were my friend, and I wished to prove it by the test of confidence. It is true, I am in love; I have not deceived you; but with regard to my flight, that is a project not to be undertaken without deliberation. Call for me to-morrow at nine o'clock; you shall see my mistress, if it be possible, and then judge whether she is not worthy of any risk or sacrifice on my part." He left me with a thousand protestations of friendship.

I employed the night in preparing for the journey, and, on repairing to the inn at early dawn, I found Manon waiting my arrival. She was at her window, which looked upon the street, and, perceiving my approach, she came down and opened the door herself. We took our departure silently, and without creating the least alarm. She merely brought away a small portion of her apparel, of which I took charge. The chaise was in readiness, and we were soon at a distance from the town.

You will learn in the sequel what was the conduct of Tiberge when he discovered that I had deceived him: that his zeal to serve me suffered no diminution, and you will observe to what lengths his devotion carried him. How ought I to grieve, when I reflect on the base ingratitude with which his affection was always repaid!

We made such speed on our journey that before night we reached St. Denis. I rode alongside of the chaise, which gave us little opportunity for conversation, except while changing horses; but when we found ourselves so near Paris, and out of the reach of danger, we allowed ourselves time for refreshment, not having tasted food since we quitted Amiens. Passionately in love as I felt with Manon, she knew how to convince me that she was equally so with me. So little did we restrain our fondness, that we had not even patience to reserve our caresses till we

were alone. The postilions and innkeepers stared at us in wonder, and I remarked that they appeared surprised at such uncontrollable love in children of our age.

Our project of marriage was forgotten at St. Denis.

[The next part of the story is in Paris, where, after leading a life which is quite unfit to relate in our pages, the penalty of shame overtakes the woman, and she is condemned to exile to the Louisiana plantation, on her way to which place the narrator as stated above first met the reckless and unfortunate lovers. We, for reasons indicated, omit the Paris experiences and rejoin them about to embark for the French colony of Louisiana.]

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In spite of the cruellest inflictions of Fate, I derived comfort from her looks, and from the conviction that I now possessed her undivided affection. I had in truth lost all that other men value; but I was the master of Manon's heart, the only possession that I prized. Whether in Europe or in America, of what moment to me was the place of my abode, provided I might live happy in the society of my mistress? Is not the universe the residence of two fond and faithful lovers? Does not each find in the other, father, mother, friends, relations, riches, felicity?

If anything caused me uneasiness, it was the fear of seeing Manon exposed to want. I fancied myself already with her in a barbarous country, inhabited by savages. I am quite certain, said I, there will be none there more cruel than G—— M—— and my father. They will, at least, allow us to live in peace. If the accounts we read of savages be true, they obey the laws of nature: they neither know the mean rapacity of avarice, nor the false and fantastic notions of dignity, which have raised me up an enemy in my own father. They will not harass and persecute two lovers, when they see us adopt their own simple habits. I was therefore at ease upon that point.

But my romantic ideas were not formed with a proper view to the ordinary wants of life. I had too often found that there were necessaries which could not be dispensed with, particularly by a young and delicate woman, accustomed to comfort and abundance. I was in despair at having so fruitlessly emptied my purse, and the little money that now remained was about being forced from me by the rascally imposition of the gendarmes. I imagined that a very trifling sum would suffice for our support for some time in America, where money was scarce, and might also enable me to form some undertaking there for our permanent establishment.

This idea made me resolve on writing to Tiberge, whom I had ever found ready to hold out the generous hand of friendship. I wrote from the first town we passed through. I only alluded to the destitute condition in which I foresaw that I should find myself on arriving at Havre-de-Grace, to which place I acknowledged that I was accompanying Manon. I asked him for only fifty pistoles. You can remit it to me, said I to him, through the hands of the postmaster. You must perceive that it is the last time I can by possibility trespass on your friendly kindness; and my poor unhappy mistress being about to be exiled from her country forever, I cannot let her depart without supplying her with some few comforts, to soften the sufferings of her lot, as well as to assuage my own sorrows.

The gendarmes became so rapacious when they saw the violence of my passion, continually increasing their demands for the slightest favors, that they soon left me penniless. Love did not permit me to put any bounds to my liberality. At Manon's side I was not master of myself; and it was no longer by the hour that time was measured; rather by the duration of whole days. At length, my funds being completely exhausted, I found myself exposed to the brutal caprice of these six wretches, who treated me with intolerable rudeness—you yourself witnessed it at Passy. My meeting with you was a momentary relaxation accorded me by Fate. Your compassion at the sight of my sufferings was my only recommendation to your generous nature. The assistance which you so liberally extended, enabled me to reach Havre, and the guards kept their promise more faithfully than I had ventured to hope.

We arrived at Havre. I went to the post-office; Tiberge had not yet had time to answer my letter. I ascertained the earliest day I might reckon upon his answer: it could not possibly arrive for two days longer; and by an extraordinary fatality, our vessel was to sail on the very morning of the day when the letter might be expected. I cannot give you an idea

of my despair. Alas! cried I, even amongst the unfortunate, I am to be ever the most wretched!

Manon replied: Alas! does a life so thoroughly miserable deserve the care we bestow on ours? Let us die at Havre, dearest Chevalier! Let death at once put an end to our afflictions! Shall we persevere, and go to drag on this hopeless existence in an unknown land, where we shall, no doubt, have to encounter the most horrible pains, since it has been their object to punish me by exile? Let us die, she repeated, or do at least in mercy rid me of life, and then you can seek another lot in the arms of some happier lover.

No, no, Manon, said I, it is but too enviable a lot, in my estimation, to be allowed to share your misfortunes.

Her observations made me tremble. I saw that she was overpowered by her afflictions. I tried to assume a more tranquil air, in order to dissipate such melancholy thoughts of death and despair. I resolved to adopt the same course in future; and I learned by the results, that nothing is more calculated to inspire a woman with courage than the demonstration of intrepidity in the man she loves.

When I lost all hope of receiving the expected assistance from Tiberge, I sold my horse; the money it brought, joined to what remained of your generous gift, amounted to the small sum of forty pistoles; I expended eight in the purchase of some necessary articles for Manon; and I put the remainder by, as the capital upon which we were to rest our hopes and raise our fortunes in America. I had no difficulty in getting admitted on board the vessel. They were at the time looking for young men as voluntary emigrants to the colony. The passage and provisions were supplied gratis. I left a letter for Tiberge, which was to go by the post next morning to Paris. It was no doubt written in a tone calculated to affect him deeply, since it induced him to form a resolution, which could only be carried into execution by the tenderest and most generous sympathy for his unhappy friend.

We set sail; the wind continued favorable during the entire passage. I obtained from the captain's kindness a separate cabin for the use of Manon and myself. He was so good as to distinguish us from the herd of our miserable associates. I took an opportunity, on the second day, of conciliating his attentions, by telling him part of our unfortunate history. I did not feel that I was guilty of any very culpable falsehood in saying that I was the husband of Manon. He appeared to believe it, and promised me his protection; and indeed we experienced, during the whole passage, the most flattering evidences of his sincerity. He took care that our table was comfortably provided; and his attentions procured us the marked respect of our companions in misery. The unwearied object of my solicitude was to save Manon from every inconvenience. She felt this, and her gratitude, together with a lively sense of the singular position in which I had placed myself solely for her sake, rendered the dear creature so tender and impassioned, so attentive also to my most trifling wants, that it was between us a continual emulation of attentions and of love. I felt no regret at quitting Europe; on the contrary, the nearer we approached America, the more did I feel my heart expand and become tranquil. If I had not felt a dread of our perhaps wanting by-and-by the absolute necessaries of life, I should have been grateful to Fate for having at length given so favorable a turn to our affairs.

After a passage of two months, we at length reached the banks of the desired river. The country offered at first sight nothing agreeable. We saw only sterile and uninhabited plains, covered with rushes, and some trees rooted up by the wind. No trace either of men or animals. However, the captain having discharged some pieces of artillery, we presently observed a group of the inhabitants of New Orleans, who approached us with evident signs of joy. We had not perceived the town: it is concealed upon the side on which we approached it by a hill. We were received as persons dropt from the clouds.

The poor inhabitants hastened to put a thousand questions to us upon the state of France, and of the different provinces in which they were born. They embraced us as brothers, and as beloved companions, who had come to share their pains and their solitude. We turned towards the town with them; but we were astonished to perceive, as we advanced, that what we had hitherto heard spoken of as a respect-

able town, was nothing more than a collection of miserable huts. They were inhabited by five or six hundred persons. The governor's house was a little distinguished from the rest by its height and its position. It was surrounded by some earthen ramparts, and a deep ditch.

We were first presented to him. He continued for some time in conversation with the captain; and then advancing towards us, he looked attentively at the women one after another; there were thirty of them, for another troop of convicts had joined us at Havre. After having thus inspected them, he sent for several young men of the colony who were desirous to marry. He assigned the handsomest women to the principal of these, and the remainder were disposed of by lot. He had not yet addressed Manon; but having ordered the others to depart, he made us remain. I learn from the captain, said he, that you are married, and he is convinced by your conduct on the passage that you are both persons of merit and of education. I have nothing to do with the cause of your misfortunes; but if it be true that you are as conversant with the world and society as your appearance would indicate, I shall spare no pains to soften the severity of your lot, and you may on your part contribute towards rendering this savage and desert abode less disagreeable to me.

I replied in the manner which I thought best calculated to confirm the opinion he had formed of us. He gave orders to have a habitation prepared for us in the town, and detained us to supper. I was really surprised to find so much politeness in a governor of transported convicts. In the presence of others he abstained from inquiring about our past adventures. The conversation was general; and in spite of our degradation, Manon and I exerted ourselves to make it lively and agreeable.

At night we were conducted to the lodging prepared for us. We found a wretched hovel composed of planks and mud, containing three rooms on the ground and a loft overhead. He had sent there six chairs and some few necessaries of life.

Manon appeared frightened by the first view of this melancholy dwelling. It was on my account, much more than upon her own, that she distressed herself. When we were left to ourselves, she sat down and wept bitterly. I attempted at first to console her; but when she enabled me to understand that it was for my sake she deplored our privations, and that in our common afflictions she only considered me as the sufferer, I put on an air of resolution, and even of content, sufficient to encourage her.

What is there in my lot to lament? said I; I possess all that I have ever desired. You love me, Manon, do you not? What happiness beyond this have I ever longed for? Let us leave to Providence the direction of our destiny; it by no means appears to me so desperate. The governor is civil and obliging; he has already given us marks of his consideration; he will not allow us to want for necessaries. As to our rude hut and the squalidness of our furniture, you might have noticed that there are few persons in the colony better lodged or more comfortably furnished than we are: and then you are an admirable chemist, added I, embracing her; you transform everything into gold.

In that case, she answered, you shall be the richest man in the universe; for, as there never was love surpassing yours, so it is impossible for man to be loved more tenderly than you are by me. I well know, she continued, that I have never merited the almost incredible fidelity and attachment which you have shown for me. I have often caused you annoyances which nothing but excessive fondness could have induced you to pardon. I have been thoughtless and volatile; and even while loving you, as I have always done to distraction, I was never free from a consciousness of ingratitude. But you cannot believe how much my nature is altered; those tears which you have so frequently seen me shed since quitting the French shore have not been caused by my own misfortunes. Since you began to share them with me I have been a stranger to selfishness: I only wept from tenderness and compassion for you. I am inconsolable at the thought of having given you one instant's pain during my past life. I never cease upbraiding myself with my former inconstancy and wondering at the sacrifices which love has induced you to make for a miserable and unworthy wretch, who could not, with the last drop of her blood, compensate for half the torments she has caused you.

Her grief, the language, and the tone in which she expressed herself made

such an impression that I felt my heart ready to break within me. Take care, said I to her, take care, dear Manon; I have not strength to endure such exciting marks of your affection; I am little accustomed to the rapturous sensations which you now kindle in my heart. O Heaven! cried I, I have now nothing further to ask of you. I am sure of Manon's love. That has been alone wanting to complete my happiness; I can now never cease to be happy: my felicity is well secured.

It is, indeed, she replied, if it depends upon me, and I well know where I can be ever certain of finding my own happiness centred.

With these ideas, capable of turning my hut into a palace worthy of earth's proudest monarch, I lay down to rest. America appeared to my view the true land of milk and honey, the abode of contentment and delight. People should come to New Orleans, I often said to Manon, who wish to enjoy the real rapture of love! It is here that love is divested of all selfishness, all jealousy, all inconstancy. Our countrymen come here in search of gold; they little think that we have discovered treasures of inestimably greater value.

We carefully cultivated the governor's friendship. He bestowed upon me, a few weeks after our arrival, a small appointment which became vacant in the fort. Although not one of any distinction, I gratefully accepted it as a gift of Providence, as it enabled me to live independently of others' aid. I took a servant for myself and a woman for Manon. Our little establishment became settled: nothing could surpass the regularity of my conduct or that of Manon; we lost no opportunity of serving or doing an act of kindness to our neighbors. This friendly disposition, and the mildness of our manners, secured us the confidence and affection of the whole colony. We soon became so respected that we ranked as the principal persons in the town after the governor.

The simplicity of our habits and occupations, and the perfect innocence in which we lived, revived insensibly our early feelings of devotion. Manon had never been an irreligious girl, and I was far from being one of those reckless libertines who delight in adding impiety and sacrilege to moral depravity: all the disorders of our lives might be fairly ascribed to the natural influences of youth and love. Experience had now begun with us to do the office of age; it produced the same effect upon us as years must have done. Our conversation, which was generally of a serious turn, by degrees engendered a longing for virtuous love. I first proposed this change to Manon. I knew the principles of her heart; she was frank and natural in all her sentiments, qualities which invariably predisposed to virtue. I said to her that there was but one thing wanting to complete our happiness: it is, said I, to invoke upon our union the benediction of Heaven. We have both of us hearts too sensitive and minds too refined to continue voluntarily in the wilful violation of so sacred a duty. It signifies nothing our having lived while in France in such a manner, because there it was as impossible for us not to love as to be united by a legitimate tie; but in America, where we are under no restraint, where we owe no allegiance to the arbitrary distinctions of birth and aristocratic prejudice, where besides we are already supposed to be married, why should we not actually become so—why should we not sanctify our love by the holy ordinances of religion? As for me, I added, I offer nothing new in offering you my hand and my heart; but I am ready to ratify it at the foot of the altar.

This speech seemed to inspire her with joy. Would you believe it, she replied, I have thought of this a thousand times since our arrival in America? The fear of annoying you has kept it shut up in my breast. I felt that I had no pretensions to aspire to the character of your wife.

Ah, Manon! said I, you should very soon be a sovereign's consort, if I had been born to the inheritance of a crown. Let us not hesitate; we have no obstacle to impede us: I will this day speak to the governor on the subject and acknowledge that we have in this particular hitherto deceived him. Let us leave, added I, to vulgar lovers the dread of the indissoluble bonds of marriage;[1] they would not fear them if they were assured, as we are, of the continuance of those of love. I left Manon enchanted by this resolution.

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[1] Some say that Love, at sight of human ties,
Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies.

I am persuaded that no honest man could disapprove of this intention in my present situation; that is to say, fatally enslaved as I was by a passion which I could not subdue, and visited by compunction and remorse which I ought not to stifle. But will any man charge me with injustice or impiety if I complain of the rigor of Heaven in defeating a design that I could only have formed with a view of conciliating its favor and complying with its decrees? Alas! do I say defeated? nay, punished as a new crime. I was patiently permitted to go blindly along the high road of vice; and the cruellest chastisements were reserved for the period when I was returning to the paths of virtue. I now fear that I shall have hardly fortitude enough left to recount the most disastrous circumstances that ever occurred to any man.

I waited upon the governor, as I had settled with Manon, to procure his consent to the ceremony of our marriage. I should have avoided speaking to him or to any other person upon the subject if I had imagined that his chaplain, who was the only minister in the town, would have performed the office for me without his knowledge; but not daring to hope that he would do so privately, I determined to act ingenuously in the matter.

The governor had a nephew named Synnelet, of whom he was particularly fond. He was about thirty; brave, but of a headstrong and violent disposition. He was not married. Manon's beauty had struck him on the first day of our arrival; and the numberless opportunities he had of seeing her during the last nine or ten months had so inflamed his passion that he was absolutely pining for her in secret. However, as he was convinced, in common with his uncle and the whole colony, that I was married, he put such a restraint upon his feelings, that they remained generally unnoticed; and he lost no opportunity of showing the most disinterested friendship for me.

He happened to be with his uncle when I arrived at the government house. I had no reason for keeping my intention a secret from him, so that I explained myself without hesitation in his presence. The governor heard me with his usual kindness. I related to him a part of my history, to which he listened with evident interest; and when I requested his presence at the intended ceremony, he was so generous as to say that he must be permitted to defray the expenses of the succeeding entertainment. I retired perfectly satisfied.

In an hour after the chaplain paid me a visit. I thought he was come to prepare me by religious instruction for the sacred ceremony; but, after a cold salutation, he announced to me in two words that the governor desired I would relinquish all thoughts of such a thing, for that he had other views for Manon.

Other views for Manon! said I, as I felt my heart sink within me; what views, then, can they be, chaplain?

He replied, that I must be of course aware that the governor was absolute master here; that Manon, having been transported from France to the colony, was entirely at his disposal; that hitherto he had not exercised his right, believing that she was a married woman; but that now, having learned from my own lips that it was not so, he had resolved to assign her to M. Synnelet, who was passionately in love with her.

My indignation overcame my prudence. Irritated as I was, I desired the chaplain instantly to quit my house, swearing at the same time that neither governor, Synnelet, nor the whole colony together, should lay hands upon my wife, or mistress, if they chose so to call her.

I immediately told Manon of the distressing message I had just received. We conjectured that Synnelet had warped his uncle's mind after my departure, and that it was all the effect of a premeditated design. They were questionless the stronger party. We found ourselves in New Orleans, as in the midst of the ocean, separated from the rest of the world by an immense interval of space. In a country perfectly unknown, a desert, or inhabited, if not by brutes, at least by savages quite as ferocious, to what corner could we fly? I was respected in the town, but I could not hope to excite the people in my favor to such a degree as to derive assistance from them proportioned to the impending danger; money was requisite for that purpose, and I was poor. Besides, the success of a popular commotion was uncertain; and if we failed in the attempt, our doom would be inevitably sealed.

I revolved these thoughts in my mind; I mentioned them in part to Manon; I

found new ones, without waiting for her replies; I determined upon one course, and then abandoned that to adopt another; I talked to myself, and answered my own thoughts aloud; at length I sunk into a kind of hysterical stupor that I can compare to nothing, because nothing ever equalled it. Manon observed my emotion, and, from its violence, judged how imminent was our danger; and, apprehensive more on my account than on her own, the dear girl could not even venture to give expression to her fears.

After a multitude of reflections, I resolved to call upon the governor, and appeal to his feelings of honor, to the recollection of my unvarying respect for him, and the marks he had given of his own affection for us both. Manon endeavored to dissuade me from this attempt; she said, with tears in her eyes, You are rushing into the jaws of death; they will murder you—I shall never again see you—I am determined to die before you. I had great difficulty in persuading her that it was absolutely necessary that I should go, and that she should remain at home. I promised that she should see me again in a few moments. She did not foresee, nor did I, that it was against herself the whole anger of heaven, and the rabid fury of our enemies, was about to be concentrated.

I went to the fort; the governor was there with his chaplain. I supplicated him in a tone of humble submission that I could have ill brooked under other circumstances. I invoked his clemency by every argument calculated to soften any heart less ferocious and cruel than a tiger's.

The barbarian made to all my prayers but two short answers, which he repeated over and over again. Manon, he said, was at his disposal, and he had given a promise to his nephew. I was resolved to command my feelings to the last; I merely replied, that I had imagined he was too sincerely my friend to desire my death, to which I would infinitely rather consent than to the loss of my mistress.

I felt persuaded, on quitting him, that it was folly to expect anything from the obstinate tyrant, who would have damned himself a hundred times over to please his nephew. However, I persevered in restraining my temper to the end, deeply resolved, if they persisted in such flagrant injustice, to make America the scene of one of the most horrible and bloody murders that even love had ever led to.

I was, on my return home, meditating upon this design, when Fate, as if impatient to expedite my ruin, threw Synnelet in my way. He read in my countenance a portion of my thoughts. I before said he was brave. He approached me.

Are you not seeking me? he inquired. I know that my intentions have given you mortal offence, and that the death of one of us is indispensable; let us see who is to be the happy man.

I replied that such was unquestionably the fact, and that nothing but death could end the difference between us.

We retired about one hundred paces out of the town. We drew: I wounded and disarmed him at the first onset. He was so enraged, that he peremptorily refused either to ask his life or renounce his claims to Manon. I might have been perhaps justified in ending both by a single blow; but noble blood ever vindicates its origin. I threw him back his sword. Let us renew the struggle, said I to him, and remember that there shall be now no quarter. He attacked me with redoubled fury. I must confess that I was not an accomplished swordsman, having had but three months' tuition at Paris. Love, however, guided my weapon, Synnelet pierced me through and through the left arm; but I caught him whilst thus engaged, and made so vigorous a thrust that I stretched him senseless at my feet.

In spite of the triumphant feeling that victory, after a mortal conflict, inspires, I was immediately horrified by the certain consequences of this death. There could not be the slightest hope of either pardon or respite from the vengeance I had thus incurred. Aware as I was of the affection of the governor for his nephew, I felt perfectly sure that my death would not be delayed a single hour after his should become known. Urgent as this apprehension was, it still was by no means the principal source of my uneasiness. Manon, the welfare of Manon, the peril that impended over her, and the certainty of my being now at length separated from her, afflicted me to such a degree, that I was incapable of recognizing the place in which I stood. I regretted Synnelet's death: instant suicide seemed the only remedy for my woes.

However, it was this very thought that quickly restored me to my reason, and enabled me to form a resolution. What, said I to myself, die, in order to end my pain! Then there is something I dread more than the loss of all I love! No, let me suffer the cruelest extremities in order to aid her; and when these prove of no avail, fly to death as a last resource!

I returned towards the town; on my arrival at home, I found Manon half dead with fright and anxiety: my presence restored her. I could not conceal from her the terrible accident that had happened. On my mentioning the death of Synnelet and my own wound, she fell in a state of insensibility into my arms. It was a quarter of an hour before I could bring her again to her senses.

I was myself in a most deplorable state of mind; I could not discern the slightest prospect of safety for either of us. Manon, said I to her, when she had recovered a little, what shall we do? Alas, what hope remains to us? I must necessarily fly. Will you remain in the town? Yes, dearest Manon, do remain; you may possibly still be happy here; while I, far away from you, may seek death and find it amongst the savages, or the wild beasts.

She raised herself in spite of her weakness, and taking hold of my hand to lead me towards the door: Let us, said she, fly together; we have not a moment to lose; Synnelet's body may be found by chance, and we shall then have no time to escape. But, dear Manon, replied I, to what place can we fly? Do you perceive any resource? Would it not be better that you should endeavor to live on without me; and that I should go and voluntarily place my life in the governor's hands?

This proposal had only the effect of making her more impatient for our departure. I had presence of mind enough, on going out, to take with me some strong liquors which I had in my chamber, and as much food as I could carry in my pockets. We told our servants, who were in the adjoining room, that we were going to take our evening walk, as was our invariable habit; and we left the town behind us more rapidly than I had thought possible from Manon's delicate state of health.

Although I had not formed any resolve as to our future destination, I still cherished a hope, without which I should have infinitely preferred death, to my suspense about Manon's safety. I had acquired a sufficient knowledge of the country, during nearly ten months which I had now passed in America, to know in what manner the natives should be approached. Death was not the necessary consequence of falling into their hands. I had learned a few words of their language, and some of their customs, having had many opportunities of seeing them.

Besides this sad resource, I derived some hopes from the fact, that the English had, like ourselves, established colonies in this part of the New World. But the distance was terrific. In order to reach them, we should have to traverse deserts of many days' journey, and more than one range of mountains so steep and vast as to seem almost impassable to the strongest man. I nevertheless flattered myself that we might derive partial relief from one or other of these sources: the savages might serve us as guides, and the English receive us in their settlements.

We journeyed on as long as Manon's strength would permit, that is to say, about six miles; for this incomparable creature, with her usual absence of selfishness, refused my repeated entreaties to stop. Overpowered at length by fatigue, she acknowledged the utter impossibility of proceeding further. It was already night: we sat down in the midst of an extensive plain, where we could not even find a tree to shelter us. Her first care was to dress my wound, which she had bandaged before our departure. I in vain entreated her to desist from exertion: it would have only added to her distress if I had refused her the satisfaction of seeing me at ease and out of danger, before her own wants were attended to. I allowed her therefore to gratify herself, and in shame and silence submitted to her delicate attentions.

But when she had completed her tender task, with what ardor did I not enter upon mine! I took off my clothes and stretched them under her, to render more endurable the hard and rugged ground on which she lay. I protected her delicate hands from the cold by my burning kisses and the warmth of my sighs. I passed the livelong night in watching over her as she slept, and praying Heaven to refresh her with soft and undisturbed repose. You

can bear witness, just and all-seeing God! to the fervor and sincerity of those prayers, and thou alone knowest with what awful rigor they were rejected.

You will excuse me, if I now cut short a story which it distresses me beyond endurance to relate. It is, I believe, a calamity without parallel. I can never cease to deplore it. But although it continues, of course, deeply and indelibly impressed on my memory, yet my heart seems to shrink within me each time that I attempt the recital.

We had thus tranquilly passed the night. I had fondly imagined that my beloved mistress was in a profound sleep, and I hardly dared to breathe lest I should disturb her. As day broke, I observed that her hands were cold and trembling; I pressed them to my bosom in the hope of restoring animation. This movement roused her attention, and making an effort to grasp my hand, she said, in a feeble voice, that she thought her last moments had arrived.

I at first took this for a passing weakness, or the ordinary language of distress; and I answered with the usual consolations that love prompted. But her incessant sighs, her silence, and inattention to my inquiries, the convulsed grasp of her hands, in which she retained mine, soon convinced me that the crowning end of all my miseries was approaching.

Do not now expect me to attempt a description of my feelings, or to repeat her dying expressions. I lost her—I received the purest assurances of her love even at the very instant that her spirit fled. I have not nerve to say more upon this fatal and disastrous event.

My spirit was not destined to accompany Manon's. Doubtless, Heaven did not as yet consider me sufficiently punished, and therefore ordained that I should continue to drag on a languid and joyless existence. I willingly renounced every hope of leading a happy one.

I remained for twenty-four hours without taking my lips from the still beauteous countenance and hands of my adored Manon. My intention was to await my own death in that position; but at the beginning of the second day, I reflected that, after I was gone, she must of necessity become the prey of wild beasts. I then determined to bury her, and wait my own doom upon her grave. I was already, indeed, so near my end from the combined effect of long fasting and grief, that it was with the greatest difficulty I could support myself standing. I was obliged to have recourse to the liquors which I had brought with me, and these restored sufficient strength to enable me to set about my last sad office. From the sandy nature of the soil there was little trouble in opening the ground. I broke my sword and used it for the purpose; but my bare hands were of greater service. I dug a deep grave, and there deposited the idol of my heart, after having wrapped around her my clothes to prevent the sand from touching her. I kissed her ten thousand times with all the ardor of the most glowing love, before I laid her in this melancholy bed. I sat for some time upon the bank intently gazing on her, and could not command fortitude enough to close the grave over her. At length, feeling that my strength was giving way, and apprehensive of its being entirely exhausted before the completion of my task, I committed to the earth all that it had ever contained most perfect and peerless. I then lay myself with my face down upon the grave, and closing my eyes with the determination never again to open them, I invoked the mercy of Heaven, and ardently prayed for death.

You will find it difficult to believe that, during the whole time of this protracted and distressing ceremony, not a tear or a sigh escaped to relieve my agony. The state of profound affliction in which I was, and the deep settled resolution I had taken to die, had silenced the sighs of despair, and effectually dried up the ordinary channels of grief. It was thus impossible for me, in this posture upon the grave, to continue for any time in possession of my faculties.

After what you have listened to, the remainder of my own history would ill repay the attention you seem inclined to bestow upon it. Synnelet having been carried into the town and skilfully examined, it was found that, so far from being dead, he was not even dangerously wounded. He informed his uncle of the manner in which the affray had occurred between us, and he generously did justice to my conduct on the occasion. I was sent for; and as neither of us could be found, our flight was immediately suspected. It was then too late to attempt

to trace me, but the next day and the following one were employed in the pursuit.

I was found, without any appearance of life, upon the grave of Manon: and the persons who discovered me in this situation, seeing that I was almost naked and bleeding from my wounds, naturally supposed that I had been robbed and assassinated. They carried me into the town. The motion restored me to my senses. The sighs I heaved on opening my eyes and finding myself still amongst the living, showed that I was not beyond the reach of art: they were but too successful in its application.

I was immediately confined as a close prisoner. My trial was ordered; and as Manon was not forthcoming, I was accused of having murdered her from rage and jealousy. I naturally related all that had occurred. Synnelet, though bitterly grieved and disappointed by what he heard, had the generosity to solicit my pardon: he obtained it.

I was so reduced, that they were obliged to carry me from the prison to my bed, and there I suffered for three long months under severe illness. My aversion from life knew no diminution. I continually prayed for death, and obstinately for some time refused every remedy. But Providence, after having punished me with atoning rigor, saw fit to turn to my own use its chastisements and the memory of my multiplied sorrows. It at length deigned to shed upon me its redeeming light, and revived in my mind ideas worthy of my birth and my early education.

My tranquillity of mind being again restored, my cure speedily followed. I began only to feel the highest aspirations of honor, and diligently performed the duties of my appointment, whilst expecting the arrival of the vessels from France, which were always due at this period of the year. I resolved to return to my native country, there to expiate the scandal of my former life by my future good conduct. Synnelet had the remains of my dear mistress removed into a more hallowed spot.

It was six weeks after my recovery that, one day, walking alone upon the banks of the river, I saw a vessel arrive, which some mercantile speculation had directed to New Orleans. I stood by whilst the passengers landed. Judge my surprise on recognizing Tiberge amongst those who proceeded towards the town. This ever-faithful friend knew me at a distance, in spite of the ravages which care and sorrow had worked upon my countenance. He told me that the sole object of his voyage had been to see me once more, and to induce me to return with him to France; that on receipt of the last letter which I had written to him from Havre, he started for that place, and was himself the bearer of the succor which I solicited; that he had been sensibly affected on learning my departure, and that he would have instantly followed me, if there had been a vessel bound for the same destination; that he had been for several months endeavoring to hear of one in the various seaport towns, and that, having at length found one at St. Malo which was weighing anchor for Martinique, he embarked, in the expectation of easily passing from thence to New Orleans; that the St. Malo vessel having been captured by Spanish pirates and taken to one of their islands, he had contrived to escape; and that, in short, after many adventures, he had got on board the vessel which had just arrived, and at length happily attained his object.

I was totally unable adequately to express my feelings of gratitude to this generous and unshaken friend. I conducted him to my house, and placed all I possessed at his service. I related to him every circumstance that had occurred to me since I left France; and in order to gladden him with tidings which I knew he did not expect, I assured him that the seeds of virtue which he had in former days implanted in my heart, were now about to produce fruit, of which even he should be proud. He declared to me, that this gladdening announcement more than repaid him for all the fatigue and trouble he had endured.

We passed two months together at New Orleans whilst waiting the departure of a vessel direct to France; and having at length sailed, we landed only a fortnight since at Havre-de-Grace. On my arrival I wrote to my family. By a letter from my elder brother, I there learned my father's death, which, I dread to think, the disorders of my youth might have hastened. The wind being favorable for Calais, I embarked for this port, and am now going to the house of one of my

relations who lives a few miles off, where my brother said that he should anxiously await my arrival.

BINGEN ON THE RHINE.

A soldier of the Legion lay dying in Algiers,
There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth of woman's tears;
But a comrade stood beside him, while his life-blood ebbed away,
And bent, with pitying glances, to hear what he might say.
The dying soldier faltered, and he took that comrade's hand,
And he said, "I nevermore shall see my own, my native land;
Take a message, and a token, to some distant friends of mine,
For I was born at Bingen,—at Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my brothers and companions, when they meet and crowd around,
To hear my mournful story, in the pleasant vineyard ground,
That we fought the battle bravely, and when the day was done,
Full many a corpse lay ghastly pale beneath the setting sun;
And, mid the dead and dying, were some grown old in wars,—
The death-wound on their gallant breasts, the last of many scars;
And some were young, and suddenly beheld life's morn decline,—
And one had come from Bingen,—fair Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my mother that her other son shall comfort her old age;
For I was still a truant bird, that thought his home a cage.
For my father was a soldier, and even as a child
My heart leaped forth to hear him tell of struggles fierce and wild;
And when he died, and left us to divide his scanty hoard,
I let them take whate'er they would,—but kept my father's sword;
And with boyish love I hung it where the bright light used to shine,
On the cottage wall at Bingen,—calm Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my sister not to weep for me, and sob with drooping head,
When the troops come marching home again with glad and gallant tread,
But to look upon them proudly, with a calm and steadfast eye,
For her brother was a soldier, too, and not afraid to die;
And if a comrade seek her love, I ask her in my name
To listen to him kindly, without regret or shame,
And to hang the old sword in its place (my father's sword and mine)
For the honor of old Bingen,—dear Bingen on the Rhine.

"There's another,—not a sister; in the happy days gone by
You'd have known her by the merriment that sparkled in her eye;
Too innocent for coquetry,—too fond for idle scorning,—
O friend! I fear the lightest heart makes sometimes heaviest mourning!
Tell her the last night of my life (for, ere the moon be risen,
My body will be out of pain, my soul be out of prison),—
I dreamed I stood with *her*, and saw the yellow sunlight shine
On the vine-clad hills of Bingen,—fair Bingen on the Rhine.

"I saw the blue Rhine sweep along,—I heard, or seemed to hear,
The German songs we used to sing, in chorus sweet and clear;
And down the pleasant river, and up the slanting hill,
The echoing chorus sounded, through the evening calm and still;
And her glad blue eyes were on me, as we passed, with friendly talk,
Down many a path beloved of yore, and well-remembered walk!

And her little hand lay lightly, confidingly in mine,—
But we'll meet no more at Bingen,—loved Bingen on the Rhine."

His trembling voice grew faint and hoarse,—his grasp was childish weak,—
His eyes put on a dying look,—he sighed and ceased to speak;
His comrade bent to lift him, but the spark of life had fled,—
The soldier of the Legion in a foreign land is dead!
And the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly she looked down
On the red sand of the battle-field, with bloody corpses strewn;
Yes, calmly on that dreadful scene her pale light seemed to shine,
As it shone on distant Bingen,—fair Bingen on the Rhine. CAROLINE E. S. NORTON.[1]

THE CHARIOT RACE AT ANTIOCH.

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[**Lewis Wallace,** an American novelist and diplomatist, was born in Fountain county, Indiana, in 1827, being son of Governor Wallace, of that State. He served in the Mexican war as lieutenant, practiced law, became a member of the State Senate, and adjutant-general at the beginning of the civil war. He was a major-general in the Union army, commanding a brigade at Fort Donelson, and an army corps in Virginia. From 1881 to 1885 General Wallace was U. S. Minister to Turkey. He wrote *The Fair God* (1873), and *Ben-Hur* (1880), a graphic picture of life in Judea in the guise of fiction, which has had a remarkable popularity. From the latter we make extract.]

About three o'clock, speaking in modern style, the programme was concluded except the chariot race. The editor, wisely considerate of the comfort of the people, chose that time for a recess. At once the *vomitoria* were thrown open, and all who could hastened to the portico outside where the restaurateurs had their quarters. Those who remained yawned, talked, gossiped, consulted their tablets, and, all distinctions else forgotten, merged into but two classes—the winners, who were happy, and the losers, who were grum and captious.

Now, however, a third class of spectators, composed of citizens who desired only to witness the chariot-race, availed themselves of the recess to come in and take their reserved seats; by so doing they thought to attract the least attention and give the least offence. Among these were Simonides and his party, whose places were in the vicinity of the main entrance on the north side, opposite the consul.

As the four stout servants carried the merchant in his chair up the aisle, curiosity was much excited. Presently some one called his name. Those about caught it and passed it on along the benches to the west; and there was hurried climbing on seats to get sight of the man about whom common report had coined and put in circulation a romance so mixed of good fortune and bad that the like had never been known or heard of before.

Ilderim was also recognized and warmly greeted; but nobody knew Balthasar or the two women who followed him closely veiled. The people made way for the party respectfully, and the ushers seated them in easy speaking distance of each other down by the balustrade overlooking the arena. In providence of comfort, they sat upon cushions and had stools for foot-rests.

The women were Iras and Esther.

Upon being seated, the latter cast a frightened look over the circus, and drew the veil closer about her face; while the Egyptian, letting her veil fall upon her shoulders, gave herself to view, and gazed at the scene with the seeming unconsciousness of being stared at, which, in a woman, is usually the result of long social habitude.

The new-comers generally were yet making their first examination of the great spectacle, beginning with the consul and his attendants, when some workmen ran in and commenced to stretch a chalked rope across the arena from balcony to balcony in front of the pillars of the first goal.

About the same time, also, six men came in through the Porta Pompæ and took post, one in front of each occupied stall; whereat there was a prolonged hum of voices in every quarter.

"See, see! The green goes to number four on the right; the Athenian is there."

"And Messala—yes, he is number two."

[1] See *Biog.*, Vol. I., p. 278.

PROF. F. C. ADEMOLLA, PINX.

"The Corinthian—"

"Watch the white! See, he crosses over, he stops; number one it is—number one on the left."

"No, the black stops there, and the white at number two."

"So it is."

These gate-keepers, it should be understood, were dressed in tunics, colored like those of the competing charioteers; so when they took their stations, everybody knew the particular stall in which his favorite was at that moment waiting.

"Did you ever see Messala?" the Egyptian asked Esther.

The Jewess shuddered as she answered no. If not her father's enemy, the Roman was Ben-Hur's.

"He is as beautiful as Apollo."

As Iras spoke, her large eyes brightened and she shook her jewelled fan. Esther looked at her with the thought, "Is he then, so much handsomer than Ben-Hur?" Next moment she heard Ilderim say to her father, "Yes, his stall is number two on the left of the Porta Pompæ;" and, thinking it was of Ben-Hur he spoke, her eyes turned that way. Taking but the briefest glance at the wattled face of the gate, she drew the veil close and muttered a little prayer.

Presently Sanballat came to the party.

"I am just from the stalls, O sheik," he said, bowing gravely to Ilderim, who began combing his beard, while his eyes glittered with eager inquiry. "The horses are in perfect condition."

Ilderim replied simply, "If they are beaten I pray it be by some other than Messala."

Turning then to Simonides, Sanballat drew out a tablet, saying, "I bring you also something of interest. I reported, you will remember, the wager concluded with Messala last night, and stated that I left another which, if taken, was to be delivered to me in writing to-day before the race began. Here it is."

Simonides took the tablet and read the memorandum carefully. "Yes," he said, "their emissary came to ask me if you had so much money with me. Keep the tablet close. If you lose, you know where to come; if you win"—his face knit hard—"if you win—ah, friend, see to it! See the signers escape not; hold them to the last shekel. That is what they would with us."

"Trust me," replied the purveyor.

"Will you not sit with us?" asked Simonides.

"You are very good," the other returned; "but if I leave the consul, young Rome yonder will boil over. Peace to you; peace to all."

At length the recess came to an end.

The trumpeters blew a call at which the absentees rushed back to their places. At the same time some attendants appeared in the arena, and climbing upon the division wall, went to an entablature near the second goal at the west end, and placed upon it seven wooden balls; then returning to the first goal, upon an entablature there they set up seven other pieces of wood hewn to represent dolphins.

"What shall they do with the balls and fishes, O sheik?" asked Balthasar.

"Hast thou never attended a race?"

"Never before; and hardly know I why I am here."

"Well, they are to keep the count. At the end of each round run thou shalt see one ball and one fish taken down."

The preparations were now complete, and presently a trumpeter in gaudy uniform arose by the editor, ready to blow the signal of commencement promptly at his order. Straightway the stir of the people and the hum of their conversation died away. Every face near by, and every face in the lessening perspective, turned to the east, as all eyes settled upon the gates of the six stalls which shut in the competitors.

The unusual flush upon his face gave proof that even Simonides had caught the universal excitement. Ilderim pulled his beard fast and furious.

"Look now for the Roman," said the fair Egyptian to Esther, who did not hear her, for, with close-drawn veil and beating heart, she sat watching for Ben-Hur.

The structure containing the stalls, it should be observed, was in form of the segment of a circle, retired on the right so that its central point was projected forward, and midway the course, on the starting side of the first goal. Every stall consequently was equally distant from the starting-line or chalked rope above mentioned.

The trumpet sounded short and sharp; whereupon the starters, one for each chariot, leaped down from behind the pillars of the goal, ready to give assistance

if any of the four proved unmanageable. Again the trumpet blew, and simultaneously the gate-keepers threw the stalls open.

First appeared the mounted attendants of the charioteers, five in all, Ben-Hur having rejected the service. The chalked line was lowered to let them pass, then raised again. They were beautifully mounted, yet scarcely observed as they rode forward; for all the time the tramping of eager horses, and the voices of drivers scarcely less eager, were heard behind in the stalls, so that one might not look away an instant from the gaping doors.

The chalked line up again, the gate-keepers called their men, instantly the ushers on the balcony waved their hands, and shouted with all their strength, "Down! down!"

As well have whistled to stay a storm.

Forth from each stall, like missiles in a volley from so many great guns, rushed the six fours; and up the vast assemblage arose, electrified and irrepressible, and, leaping upon the benches, filled the Circus and the air above it with yells and screams. This was the time for which they had so patiently waited! this the moment of supreme interest treasured up in talk and dreams since the proclamation of the games!

"He is come—there—look!" cried Iras, pointing to Messala.

"I see him," answered Esther, looking at Ben-Hur.

The veil was withdrawn. For an instant the little Jewess was brave. An idea of the joy there is in doing an heroic deed under the eyes of a multitude came to her, and she understood ever after how, at such times, the souls of men, in frenzy of performance, laugh at death or forget it utterly.

The competitors were now under view from nearly every part of the Circus, yet the race was not begun; they had first to make the chalked line successfully. The line was stretched for the purpose of equalizing the start. If it were dashed upon, discomfiture of man and horses might be apprehended; on the other hand, to approach it timidly was to incur the hazard of being thrown behind in the beginning of the race; and that was certain forfeit of the great advantage always striven for—the position next the division wall on the inner side of the course.

This trial, its perils and consequences, the spectators knew thoroughly; and if the opinion of old Nestor, uttered what time he handed the reins to his son, were true—

> "It is not strength, but art obtained the prize,
> And to be swift is less than to be wise—"

All on the benches might well look for warning of the winner to be now given, justifying the interest with which they breathlessly watched for the result.

The arena swam in a dazzle of light; yet each driver looked first thing for the rope, then for the coveted inner line. So, all six aiming at the same point and speeding furiously, a collision seemed inevitable; nor that merely. What if the editor, at the last moment, dissatisfied with the start, should withhold the signal to drop the rope? Or if he should not give it in time?

The crossing was about two hundred and fifty feet in width. Quick the eye, steady the hand, unerring the judgment required. If now one look away! or his mind wander! or a rein slip! And what attraction in the *ensemble* of the thousands over the spreading balcony! Calculating upon the natural impulse to give one glance—just one—in sooth of curiosity or vanity, malice might be there with an artifice; while friendship and love, did they serve the late result, might be as deadly as malice.

The divine last touch in perfecting the beautiful is animation. Can we accept the saying, then these latter days, so tame in pastime and dull in sports, have scarcely anything to compare to the spectacle offered by the six contestants. Let the reader try to fancy it; let him first look down upon the arena, and see it glistening in its frame of dull-gray granite walls; let him then, in this perfect field, see the chariots, light of wheel, very graceful, and ornate as paint and burnishing can make them; Messala's rich with ivory and gold; let him see the drivers, erect and statuesque, undisturbed by the motion of the cars, their limbs naked, and fresh and ruddy with the healthful polish of the baths—in their right hands goads, suggestive of torture dreadful to the thought—in their left hands, held in careful separation, and high, that they may not interfere with view of the steeds, the reins passing taut from the fore ends of the

carriage poles; let him see the fours, chosen for beauty as well as speed; let him see them in magnificent action, their masters not more conscious of the situation and all that is asked or hoped from them—their heads tossing, nostrils in play, now distent, now contracted—limbs too dainty for the sand which they touch but to spurn—limbs slender, yet with impact crushing as hammers, every muscle of the rounded bodies instinct with glorious life, swelling, diminishing, justifying the world in taking from them its ultimate measure of force; finally, along with chariots, drivers, horses, let the reader see the accompanying shadows fly, and with such distinctness as the picture comes he may share the satisfaction and deeper pleasure of those to whom it was a thrilling fact, not a feeble fancy. Every age has its plenty of sorrows; Heaven help where there are no pleasures!

The competitors having started each on the shortest line for the position next the wall, yielding would be like giving up the race; and who dared yield? It is not in common nature to change a purpose in mid-career; and the cries of encouragement from the balcony were indistinguishable and indescribable: a roar which had the same effect upon all the drivers.

The fours neared the rope together. Then the trumpeter by the editor's side blew a signal vigorously. Twenty feet away it was not heard. Seeing the action, however, the judges dropped the rope, and not an instant too soon, for the hoof of one of Messala's horses struck it as it fell. Nothing daunted, the Roman shook out his long lash, loosed the reins, leaned forward, and, with a triumphant shout, took the wall.

"Jove with us! Jove with us!" yelled all the Roman faction, in a frenzy of delight.

As Messala turned in, the bronze lion's head at the end of his axle caught the fore-leg of the Athenian's right-hand trace-mate, flinging the brute over against its yoke-fellow. Both staggered, struggled, and lost their headway. The ushers had their will at least in part. The thousand held their breath with horror; only up where the consul sat was there shouting.

"Jove with us!" screamed Drusus, frantically.

"He wins! Jove with us!" answered his associates, seeing Messala speed on.

Tablet in hand, Sanballat turned to them; a crash from the course below stopped his speech, and he could not but look that way.

Messala having passed, the Corinthian was the only contestant on the Athenian's right, and to that side the latter tried to turn his broken four; and then, as ill-fortune would have it, the wheel of the Byzantine, who was next on the left, struck the tail-piece of his chariot, knocking his feet from under him. There was a crash, a scream of rage and fear, and the unfortunate Cleanthes fell under the hoofs of his own steeds; a terrible sight, against which Esther covered her eyes.

On swept the Corinthian, on the Byzantine, on the Sidonian.

Sanballat looked for Ben-Hur, and turned again to Drusus and his coterie.

"A hundred sestertii on the Jew!" he cried.

"Taken!" answered Drusus.

"Another hundred on the Jew!" shouted Sanballat.

Nobody appeared to hear him. He called again; the situation below was too absorbing, and they were too busy shouting, "Messala! Messala! Jove with us!"

When the Jewess ventured to look again, a party of workmen were removing the horses and broken car; another party were taking off the man himself; and every bench on which there was a Greek was vocal with execrations and prayers for vengeance. Suddenly she dropped her hands; Ben-Hur, unhurt, was to the front, coursing freely forward along with the Roman! Behind them, in a group, followed the Sidonian, the Corinthian, and the Byzantine.

The race was on, the souls of the racers were in it; over them bent the myriads.

. . . . . .

When the dash for position began, Ben-Hur, as we have seen, was on the extreme left of the six. For a moment, like the others, he was half blinded by the light in the arena; yet he managed to catch sight of his antagonists and divine their purpose. At Messala, who was more than an antagonist to him, he gave one searching look. The air of passionless hauteur characteristic of the fine patrician face was there as of old, and so was the Italian beauty, which the helmet

rather increased; but more—it may have been a jealous fancy, or the effect of the brassy shadow in which they were at the moment cast, still the Israelite thought he saw the soul of the man as through a glass darkly, cruel, cunning, desperate; not so excited as determined—a soul in a tension of watchfulness and fierce resolve. In a time not longer than was required to turn to his four again, Ben-Hur felt his own resolution harden to a like temper. At whatever costs, at all hazards, he would humble this enemy! Prize, friends, wagers, honor—everything that can be thought of as a possible interest in the race was lost in the one deliberate purpose. Regard for life even should not hold him back. Yet there was no passion, on his part; no blinding rush of heated blood from heart to brain and back again; no impulse to fling himself upon Fortune; he did not believe in Fortune; far otherwise. He had his plan, and confiding in himself, he settled to the task never more observant, never more capable. The air about him seemed to glow with renewed and perfect transparency.

When not half way across the arena, he saw that Messala's rush would, if there were no collision, and the rope fell, give him the wall; that the rope would fall, he ceased as soon to doubt; and, further, it came to him, a sudden flash-like insight, that Messala knew it was to be let drop at the last moment (pre-arrangement with the editor could safely reach that point in the contest); and it suggested, what more Roman-like than for the official to lend himself to a countryman who, besides being so popular, had also so much at stake? There could be no other accounting for the confidence with which Messala pushed his four forward the instant the competitors were prudentially checking their fours in front of the obstruction—no other except madness.

It is one thing to see a necessity and another to act upon it. Ben-Hur yielded the wall for the time. The rope fell, and all the fours but his sprang into the course under the urgency of voice and lash. He drew head to the right, and, with all the speed of his Arabs, darted across the trails of his opponents, the angle of movement being such as to lose the least time and gain the greatest possible advance. So, while the spectators were shivering at the Athenian's mishap, and the Sidonian, Byzantine, and Corinthian were striving, with such skill as they possessed, to avoid involvement in the ruin, Ben-Hur swept around and took the course neck and neck with Messala, though on the outside. The marvellous skill shown in making the change thus from the extreme left across to the right without appreciable loss did not fail the sharp eyes upon the benches; the Circus seemed to rock and rock again with prolonged applause. Then Esther clasping her hands in glad surprise; then Sanballat, smiling, offered his hundred sestertii a second time without a taker; and then the Romans began to doubt, thinking Messala might have found an equal, if not a master, and that in an Israelite!

And now, racing together side by side, a narrow interval between them, the two neared the second goal.

The pedestal of the three pillars there, viewed from the west, was a stone wall in the form of a half-circle, around which the course and opposite balcony were bent in exact parallelism. Making this turn was considered in all respects the most telling test of a charioteer; it was, in fact, the very feat in which Orestes failed. As an involuntary admission on the part of the spectators, a hush fell over all the Circus, so that for the first time in the race the rattle and clang of the cars plunging after the tugging steeds were distinctly heard. Then it would seem Messala observed Ben-Hur, and recognized him; and at once the audacity of the man flamed out in an astonishing manner.

"Down Eros, up Mars!" he shouted, whirling his lash with practiced hand—"Down Eros, up Mars!" he repeated, and caught the well-doing Arabs of Ben-Hur a cut the like of which they had never known.

The blow was seen in every quarter, and the amazement was universal. The silence deepened; upon the benches behind the consul the boldest held his breath, waiting for the outcome. Only a moment thus: then, involuntarily, down from the balcony, as thunder falls, burst the indignant cry of the people.

The four sprang forward affrighted. No hand had ever been laid upon them except in love; they had been nurtured ever so tenderly; and as they grew, their confidence in man became a lesson to men

beautiful to see. What should such dainty natures do under such an indignity but leap as from death?

Forward they sprang as with one impulse, and forward leaped the car. Past question every experience is serviceable to us. Where got Ben-Hur the large hand and mighty grip which helped him now so well? Where but from the oar with which so long he fought the sea? And what was the spring of the floor under his feet to the dizzy eccentric lurch with which in the old time the trembling ship yielded to the beat of staggering billows, drunk with their power? So he kept his place, and gave the four free rein, and called to them in soothing voice, trying merely to guide them round the dangerous turn; and before the fever of the people began to abate, he had back the mastery. Nor that only: on approaching the first goal he was again side by side with Messala, bearing with him the sympathy and admiration of every one not a Roman. So clearly was the feeling shown, so vigorous its manifestation, that Messala, with all his boldness, felt it unsafe to trifle further.

As the cars whirled around the goal, Esther caught sight of Ben-Hur's face—a little pale, a little higher raised, otherwise calm, even placid.

Immediately a man climbed on the entablature at the west end of the division wall, and took down one of the conical wooden balls. A dolphin on the east entablature was taken down at the same time. In like manner, the second ball and second dolphin disappeared. And then the third ball and third dolphin.

Three rounds concluded: still Messala held the inside position; still Ben-Hur moved with him side by side; still the other competitors followed as before. The contest began to have the appearance of one of the double races which became so popular in Rome during the latter Cæsarean period—Messala and Ben-Hur in the first, the Corinthian, Sidonian, and Byzantine in the second. Meantime the ushers succeeded in returning the multitude to their seats, though the clamor continued to run the rounds, keeping, as it were, even pace with the rivals in the course below. In the fifth round the Sidonian succeeded in getting a place outside of Ben-Hur, but lost it directly.

The sixth round was entered upon without change of relative position. Gradually the speed had been quickened—gradually the blood of the competitors warmed with the work. Men and beasts seemed to know alike that the final crisis was near, bringing the time for the winner to assert himself.

The interest which from the beginning had centred chiefly in the struggle between the Roman and the Jew, with an intense and general sympathy for the latter, was fast changing to anxiety on his account. On all the benches the spectators bent forward motionless, except as their faces turned following the contestants. Ilderim quit combing his beard, and Esther forgot her fears.

"A hundred sestertii on the Jew!" cried Sanballat to the Romans under the consul's awning.

There was no reply.

"A talent—or five talents, or ten; choose ye!"

He shook his tablets at them defiantly.

"I will take thy sestertii," answered a Roman youth, preparing to write.

"Do not so," interposed a friend.

"Why?"

"Messala hath reached his utmost speed. See him lean over his chariot-rim, the reins loose as flying ribbons. Look then at the Jew."

The first one looked.

"By Hercules!" he replied, his countenance falling. "The dog throws all his weight on the bits. I see, I see! If the gods help not our friend he will be run away with by the Israelite. No, not yet. Look! Jove with us, Jove with us!"

The cry, swelled by every Latin tongue, shook the *velaria* over the consul's head.

If it were true that Messala had attained his utmost speed, the effort was with effect; slowly but certainly he was beginning to forge ahead. His horses were running with their heads low down; from the balcony their bodies appeared actually to skim the earth; their nostrils showed blood-red in expansion; their eyes seemed straining in their sockets. Certainly the good steeds were doing their best. How long could they keep the pace? It was but the commencement of the sixth round. On they dashed. As they neared the second goal Ben-Hur turned in behind the Roman's car.

The joy of the Messala faction reached its bound: they screamed and howled

and tossed their colors; and Sanballat filled his tablets with wagers of their tendering.

Malluch, in the lower gallery over the Gate of Triumph, found it hard to keep his cheer. He had cherished the vague hint dropped to him by Ben-Hur of something to happen in the turning of the western pillars. It was the fifth round, yet the something had not come; and he had said to himself the sixth will bring it; but, lo! Ben-Hur was hardly holding a place at the tail of his enemy's car.

Over in the east end Simonides' party held their peace. The merchant's head was bent low. Ilderim tugged at his beard and dropped his brows till there was nothing of his eyes but an occasional sparkle of light. Esther scarcely breathed. Iras alone appeared glad.

Along the home-stretch—sixth round—Messala leading, and next him Ben-Hur, and so close it was the old story:

"First flew Eumelus on Pheretian steeds;
With those of Tros bold Diomed succeeds;
Close on Eumelus' back they puff the wind,
And seem just mounting on his ear behind;
Full on his neck he feels the sultry breeze,
And hovering o'er, their stretching shadow sees."

Thus to the first goal and round it. Messala, fearful of losing his place, hugged the stony wall with perilous clasp; a foot to the left, and he had been dashed to pieces; yet, when the turn was finished, no man, looking at the wheel-tracks of the two cars, could have said here went Messala, there the Jew. They left but one trace behind them. As they whirled by, Esther saw Ben-Hur's face again, and it was whiter than before.

Simonides, shrewder than Esther, said to Ilderim the moment the rivals turned into the course: "I am no judge, good sheik, if Ben-Hur be not about to execute some design. His face hath that look."

To which Ilderim answered: "Saw you how clean they were and fresh? By the splendor of God, friend, they have not been running! But now watch!"

One ball and one dolphin remained on the entablatures, and all the people drew a long breath, for the beginning of the end was at hand.

First the Sidonian gave the scourge to his four, and, smarting with fear and pain, they dashed desperately forward, promising for a brief time to go to the front. The effort ended in promise. Next the Byzantine and Corinthian each made the trial with the like result, after which they were practically out of the race. Thereupon, with a readiness perfectly explicable, all the factions except the Romans joined hope in Ben-Hur and openly indulged their feeling.

"Ben-Hur! Ben-Hur!" they shouted, and the blent voices of the many rolled overwhelmingly against the consular stand.

From the benches above him as he passed the favor descended in fierce injunctions.

"Speed thee, Jew!"

"Take the wall now."

"On! Loose the Arabs! Give them rein and scourge!"

"Let him not have the turn on thee again. Now or never!"

Over the balustrade they stooped low, stretching their hands imploringly to him.

Either he did not hear, or could not do better, for half-way round the course, and he was still following; at the second goal even still no change.

And now, to make the turn, Messala began to draw in his left-hand steeds, an act which necessarily slackened their speed. His spirit was high; more than one altar was richer of his vows; the Roman genius was still president. On the three pillars only six hundred feet away were fame, increase of fortune, promotion and a triumph ineffably sweetened by hate, all in store for him! That moment Malluch, in the gallery, saw Ben-Hur lean forward over his Arabs and give them the reins. Out flew the many-folded lash in his hand; over the backs of the startled steeds it writhed and hissed, and hissed and writhed again and again; and though it fell not there were both sting and menace in its quick report; and as the man passed thus from quiet to resistless action, his face suffused, his eyes gleaming, along the reins he seemed to flash his will; and instantly not one, but the four as one, answered with a leap that landed them alongside the Roman's car. Messala, on the perilous edge of the goal, heard, but dared not look to see what the awakening portended. From the people he received no sign. Above the noises of the race there was but one voice, and that was Ben-Hur's. In

the old Aramaic, as the sheik himself, he called to the Arabs.

"On, Atair! On, Rigel! What, Antares! dost thou linger now? Good horse—oho, Aldebaran! I hear them singing in the tents. I hear the children singing and the women—singing of the stars, of Atair, Antares, Rigel, Aldebaran, victory!—and the song will never end. Well done! Home to-morrow, under the black tent—home! On, Antares! The tribe is waiting for us, and the master is waiting! 'Tis done! 'tis done! Ha, ha! We have overthrown the proud. The hand that smote us is in the dust. Ours the glory! Ha, ha!—steady! The work is done—soho! Rest!"

There had never been anything of the kind more simple, seldom anything so instantaneous.

At the moment chosen for the dash, Messala was moving in a circle round the goal. To pass him Ben-Hur had to cross the track, and good strategy required the movement to be in a forward direction, that is on a like circle limited to the least possible increase. The thousands on the benches understood it all: they saw the signal given—the magnificent response; the four close outside Messala's outer wheel, Ben-Hur's inner wheel behind the other's car—all this they saw. Then they heard a crash loud enough to send a thrill through the Circus, and, quicker than thought, out over the course a spray of shining white and yellow flinders flew. Down on its right side toppled the bed of the Roman's chariot. There was a rebound as of the axle hitting the hard earth; another and another; then the car went to pieces, and Messala, entangled in the reins, pitched forward headlong. To increase the horror of the sight by making death certain, the Sidonian, who had the wall next behind, could not stop or turn out. Into the wreck full speed he drove; then over the Roman, and into the latter's four, all mad with fear. Presently out of the turmoil, the fighting of horses, the resound of blows, the murky cloud of dust and sand, he crawled in time to see the Corinthian and Byzantine go on down the course after Ben-Hur, who had not been an instant delayed.

The people arose, and leaped upon the benches, and shouted, and screamed. Those who looked that way caught glimpses of Messala, now under the trampling of the fours, now under the abandoned cars. He was still; they thought him dead; but far the greater number followed Ben-Hur in his career. They had not seen the cunning touch of the reins by which, turning a little to the left, he caught Messala's wheel with the iron-shod point of his axle and crushed it; but they had seen the transformation of the man, and themselves felt the heat and glow of his spirit, the heroic resolution, the maddening energy of action with which by look, word, and gesture, he so suddenly inspired his Arabs. And such running! It was rather the long leaping of lions in harness; but for the lumbering chariot it seemed the four were flying. When the Byzantine and the Corinthian were half-way down the course Ben-Hur turned the first goal.

And the race was WON!

The consul arose, the people shouted themselves hoarse, the editor came down from his seat and crowned the victors.

The fortunate man among the boxers was a low-browed, yellow-haired Saxon, of such brutalized face as to attract a second look from Ben-Hur, who recognized a teacher with whom he himself had been a favorite at Rome. From him the young Jew looked up and beheld Simonides and his party on the balcony. They waved their hands to him. Esther kept her seat, but Iras arose and gave him a smile and a wave of her hand—favors not the less intoxicating to him because we know, O reader, they would haye fallen to Messala had he been the victor.

The procession was then formed, and, 'midst the shouting of the multitude which had had its will, passed out of the Gate of Triumph.

And the day was over.

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE.

[**George P. Morris** was born in Pennsylvania in 1802. He was widely known as a journalist, but especially for the many excellent songs which he wrote, and which are familiar to all Americans and Englishmen. He died in 1864. We here quote one of his best known songs.]

Woodman, spare that tree!
Touch not a single bough!
In youth it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now.

'Twas my forefather's hand
That placed it near his cot;
There, woodman, let it stand,
Thy ax shall harm it not!

That old familiar tree,
Whose glory and renown
Are spread o'er land and sea,
And wouldst thou hew it down?
Woodman, forbear thy stroke!
Cut not its earth-bound ties;
O, spare that aged oak,
Now towering to the skies!

When but an idle boy
I sought its grateful shade;
In all their gushing joy
Here too my sisters played.
My mother kissed me here;
My father pressed my hand—
Forgive this foolish tear,
But let that old oak stand!

My heart-strings round thee cling,
Close as thy bark, old friend!
Here shall the wild-bird sing,
And still thy branches bend.
Old tree! the storm still brave!
And, woodman, leave the spot;
While I've a hand to save,
Thy ax shall harm it not.

INTIMACY.

[**Mary Abigail Dodge** ("Gail Hamilton," *pseud.*), an American author, born at Hamilton, Mass., in 1838. She began literary work by contributing to periodicals. She is the author of several volumes of essays: *What Think ye of Christ* (1877), and *Our Common School System* (1880). From *Country Living and Thinking* we extract.]

There is no such thing as knowing a man intimately. Every soul is, for the greater part of its mortal life, isolated from every other. Whether it dwell in the Garden of Eden or the Desert of Sahara, it dwells alone. Not only do we jostle against the street-crowd unknowing and unknown, but we go out and come in, we lie down and rise up, with strangers. Jupiter and Neptune sweep the heavens not more unfamiliar to us than the worlds that circle our own hearthstone. Day after day, and year after year, a person moves by your side; he sits at the same table; he reads the same books; he kneels in the same church. You know every hair of his head, every trick of his lips, every tone of his voice; you can tell him far off by his gait. Without seeing him, you recognize his step, his knock, his laugh. "Know him?" "Yes, I have known him these twenty years." No, you don't know him. You know his gait, and hair, and voice. You know what preacher he hears, what ticket he voted, and what were his last year's expenses; but you don't know *him*. He sits quietly in his chair, but he is in the temple. You speak to him; his soul comes out into the vestibule to answer you, and returns—and the gates are shut; therein you cannot enter. You were discussing the state of the country; but when you ceased, he opened a postern-gate, went down a bank, and launched on a sea over whose waters you have no boat to sail, no star to guide. You have loved and reverenced him. He has been your concrete of truth and nobleness. Unwittingly you touch a secret spring, and a Blue-Beard chamber stands revealed. You give no sign; you meet and part as usual; but a Dead Sea rolls between you two forevermore.

It must be so. Not even to the nearest and dearest can one unveil the secret place where his soul abideth, so that there shall be no more any winding ways or hidden chambers; but to your indifferent neighbor, what blind alleys, and deep caverns, and inaccessible mountains! To him who "touches the electric chain wherewith you're darkly bound," your soul sends back an answering thrill. One little window is opened, and there is short parley. Your ships speak to each other now and then in welcome, though imperfect communication; but immediately you strike out again into the great shoreless sea, over which you must sail forever alone. You may shrink from the far-reaching solitudes of your heart, but no other foot than yours can tread them save those,

"That eighteen hundred years ago, were nailed,
For our advantage, to the bitter cross."

Be thankful that it is so—that only His

eye sees whose hand formed. If we could look in, we should be appalled at the vision. The worlds that glide around us are mysteries too high for us. We cannot attain to them. The naked soul is a sight too awful for man to look at and live.—*Country Living and Country Thinking.*

THE STORY OF ALI BABA, AND THE FORTY THIEVES.

[*Arabian Nights' Entertainments*, a well-known and very popular collection of Eastern tales, first made known to Europe by Anthony Galland, a French orientalist, under the title of *Les Mille et Une Nuits* (The Thousand and One Nights), 12 vols. (Paris, 1704–17). The work speedily became popular, and was translated into all the European tongues. Improved and more complete editions have since appeared. The best-known English translation is that by Edward William Lane, which was published in 1839, but which, though highly appreciated by scholars and orientalists, has failed to supersede the older version in popularity. These tales had long existed in the East before they became known to Europeans. Several manuscript copies of the original Arabic text are known to exist, and four editions of it have been published. It is supposed they are of varied origin: the most beautiful and fanciful being Indian; the tender and sentimental love-tales Persian; and the witty and humorous stories Arabian; but all have been altered and adapted to suit the tastes of the town populations of Arabia, to whom the stories were told. The story that forms the union of the tales is, that the Sultan Shahriar, exasperated by the faithlessness of his bride, made a law that every one of his future wives should be put to death the morning after marriage. At length, Sheherazade, the daughter of the grand vizier, by the charm of her stories, induced the sultan to defer her execution from day to day, till a thousand and one nights had passed away. By this time Sheherazade was the mother of three children, whom she led before the throne of her husband, and so induced him to spare her life. There have recently been two new editions of *The Arabian Nights* published in England—the first (Payne) newly translated from the Cairo edition, and the other, Sir Richard Burton's, from the Smyrna edition. Neither of these editions is fit for family reading. We therefore copy from Lane's edition.]

In a town in Persia there lived two brothers, called Cassim and Ali Baba. Their father had left the little substance he had between them; but they were not equally fortunate. Cassim married a wife who had a large fortune, and became a wealthy and considerable merchant. Ali Baba married a woman as poor as himself. His whole substance consisted of three asses, which he used to drive to a neighboring forest, and loaded with wood, which he sold in the town, earning thereby a hard maintenance for his family.

One day, when Ali Baba was in the forest, and had just cut wood enough to load his asses, he saw at a distance a cloud of dust, which seemed to approach toward him. He observed it attentively, and distinguished a large body of horsemen. As they drew near he began to apprehend they might be thieves; he therefore climbed a tree, from whence he could see all that passed without being discovered.

The troop came directly to the spot where Ali Baba had taken shelter. He counted forty of them. They dismounted and fed their horses; then, taking off their portmanteaus, they arranged themselves under the conduct of one who seemed to be their commander. They were in fact a gang of banditti, who made that place their rendezvous. The captain, traversing among the shrubs, said, "Sesame" (which is a kind of corn), "open!" Immediately a door opened in an adjoining rock, when the captain and his troop went in, and the door shut again.

The thieves stayed some time within the rock; and Ali Baba, who feared he should be surprised if he attempted to escape, sat very patiently in the tree till they came out again. The captain came out first, and stood at the door till they had all passed him, when he said, "Shut, Sesame!" The door closed immediately. Every man then mounted his horse, and the captain, putting himself at their head, they rode off together.

Ali Baba stayed in the tree as long as he could see the least trace of the dust they raised. He then descended, and presently found out the door, and, remembering the words the captain had used, he said, "Open, Sesame!" when the door flew wide open. He entered the cavern, which he found spacious, and well lighted from the top of the rock. The door shut after him, but as he knew how to open it he was noways alarmed. He found in the cavern a great store of rich merchandise, and such an immense quantity of gold and silver as convinced him that the cavern must have been the repository of robbers for several generations.

He removed as many bags of gold close

to the door as he thought his three asses could carry; then, pronouncing the spell, the door opened, and he loaded them, covering his treasure with a few green boughs. When he got home he drove his asses into a little yard, and, removing the boughs, he carried the bags into his house.

When Ali Baba's wife found the bags were full of money she was alarmed, fearing lest their poverty should have betrayed him to rob somebody. He pacified her by relating the story of his good fortune. He then emptied the bags on the floor, which raised such a heap of gold as delighted her. Ali Baba charged her to be prudent and secret. He resolved to bury most of his treasure, and to emerge from his apparent poverty by degrees, but his wife disappointed his prudent purpose. In the playfulness of her fancy she would count the gold, but finding that business likely to be very tedious, resolved to measure it. She went, therefore, to Cassim's house, who lived just by, to borrow a small measure.

Cassim's wife was curious to know what sort of corn Ali Baba had got. She went to another room to fetch the measure, and before she brought it to her, she rubbed the bottom all over with suet. Ali Baba's wife went home, and filled the measure so often with the gold that she was very much pleased with the amount. When she had done she carried back the measure, and delivered it to the wife of Cassim, without observing a piece of gold which stuck to the bottom of it.

When Cassim's wife saw the piece of gold her heart sunk within her. "What!" exclaimed she, "has Ali Baba money so plenty as to measure it? he whom we have always despised for his poverty! how has he obtained his wealth? will he not now retort our contempt, and outfigure us?" She tormented herself with these reflections till her husband came home, to whom she related the story, and produced the measure with the piece of gold.

Cassim joined his wife in her narrow and envious ideas. Instead of rejoicing at his brother's change of fortune, he now as unjustly hated him as he had before cruelly neglected and despised him. After passing the night in that uneasiness which base passions ever excite, he arose early in the morning and went to Ali Baba. "Brother," said he, "you are very reserved in your affairs. You pretend to be miserably poor, yet have gold in such abundance that you measure it!" He then showed him the piece of gold sticking at the bottom of the measure.

Ali Baba saw it was impossible to keep his secret from his brother; he therefore frankly related his adventure to him, and offered him half the gold to conceal it. "No!" replied Cassim, haughtily, "I will know where this treasure is, and the means of coming at it, that I may go to it when I please; if you do not agree to this, I will inform the magistrate of the affair, when you will be well off if you escape with the loss of your newly gotten wealth." Ali Baba knew this would be the case if Cassim informed against him; he therefore complied without murmuring; described the spot to his brother very exactly, and told him the words he must use to gain admission.

Cassim, having obtained this information, prepared to avail himself of it with great diligence. He purchased ten mules, and had large panniers made to fit them exactly; and the next morning he set off before daybreak, resolving to be beforehand with his brother, and to secure all the treasure to himself. He readily found the rock and the door; and when he had pronounced the words, "Open, Sesame," the door flew open, and he entered the cavern. He was agreeably surprised to find the riches in it exceed his most sanguine expectation. He spent some time in feasting his eyes with the treasure, after which he removed as many bags of gold to the door as he thought his mules could carry, and regretted that he had not brought a larger number; but when he wished to open the cavern, his thoughts were so full of the great riches he should possess, that he could not recollect the necessary word. Instead of Sesame, he said "Open, Barley," and was much alarmed to find the door continue shut. He named several other sorts of grain to as little purpose. He walked about the cave several hours, with all the horrors of approaching death, which he knew must befall him if the thieves found him there. Regardless of the treasure that surrounded him, he passed his time in lamenting his unjust treatment of his brother, and in fruitless attempts to call to mind the fatal word, which, the more he tried to remem-

ber, was the more absent from his recollection.

At length the thieves arrived, and seeing Cassim's mules straggling about, they were alarmed. While some of them searched the rock, others, with the captain at their head, drew their sabres, went directly to the door, and speaking the proper words, it opened. Cassim, who heard the trampling of the horses, never doubted of the coming of the thieves, or of his own certain destruction. He resolved to make one effort to escape. He stood ready at the door, and no sooner heard the word "Sesame," than he sprang out briskly, and threw the captain down, but the other thieves with their sabres presently dispatched him.

When they entered the cave they found all the bags which Cassim had brought to the door to load his mules with. They easily judged that when he was in he could not get out again, but they could not conceive how it was possible for him to get there at all. They agreed to cut the body into quarters, and hang them up within the door of the cave, to terrify any other person from a like attempt. Having settled this and their other affairs, they again took horse, and rode in pursuit of booty as usual.

In the meantime Cassim's wife became very uneasy at his absence. She passed the night in the utmost distress, condemning her own impertinent curiosity, and dreading the evils which her heart foreboded had befallen her husband.

As soon as it was light she went to Ali Baba. Her haughty spirit was now subdued by grief and fear. She told him in tears that Cassim had set out for the cavern early the preceding morning, and was not yet returned; she, therefore, besought his advice and assistance. Ali Baba readily gave her both. He requested her to compose herself, and to keep the whole affair a profound secret, and he set off immediately for the cavern to seek for his brother.

As he drew near the rock he was much shocked to see blood spilled at the door. When he had pronounced the words, and the cavern became open, he was still more affected at seeing the quarters of Cassim hung up on each side. Ali Baba determined to pay him the last duties, notwithstanding his unbrotherly behavior. He wrapped up the quarters in some fine stuffs which he found in the cave, and loaded one of his asses with them, but put upon the other two as many bags of gold as they could carry; and, having covered the whole with wood, he entered the town in the evening, drove the two asses laden with gold into his own little yard, and led the other to the house of his late brother.

Cassim had a young slave named Morgiana, who was remarkable for her abilities. Quick, artful, and much attached to her master and mistress, she had on many occasions discovered great talents and fidelity. To this slave Ali Baba first related the catastrophe which had befallen her master, and, leaving the body to her disposal, he went into the house to condole with his sister-in-law.

Cassim's wife saw by his countenance that he brought fatal tidings. Having first adjured her to hear him in silence, he then told her everything that had happened. When she had indulged her grief for some time, he proposed to her that she should become his wife. "I have now," said he, "sufficient wealth for us all; my wife has a regard for you, and I am sure will not be jealous; and you can noways dispose of yourself more to your comfort." The widow let him see that she was not averse to this proposal. He then took his leave and returned home.

Morgiana, meanwhile, went to a dealer in medicines, and bought an essence usually given in cases of great extremity; and being asked who it was for, replied, weeping, "It was for her dear master, who had been suddenly taken ill, and they had scarce any hopes of his recovery." Having thus sent abroad the news of Cassim's being dangerously ill, she prepared the next morning to bury him.

There was an old cobbler in another part of the town, who was remarkable for opening his stall every morning before daybreak. To him Morgiana went at that time, and putting a piece of gold in his hand, bade him take his sewing-tackle and follow her. Mustapha (which was his name) was a merry old fellow; and finding he was so well paid beforehand, he jumped up to go with her, saying very pleasant things on the occasion.

When they had proceeded a little way, Morgiana told him it was necessary to blindfold him. The cobbler objected to this. "I was afraid," said he, "your pay

was too good to be earned easily. You want me to do something against my conscience and honor." "God forbid!" replied Morgiana, putting another piece of gold into his hand; "come along with me, and fear nothing."

The other piece of gold set everything to rights with the cobbler's honor. He submitted to be blindfolded; in which situation he was led to the room where Cassim's body lay. "Sew me these quarters together quickly," said Morgiana, "and I have another piece of gold in store for you." Mustapha obeyed, and having done the business, was conducted back by Morgiana in the same manner he came, before any of the inhabitants of the town were stirring.

The body was then put into a coffin, and when the people of the mosque, whose business it is to wash the dead, offered to perform their duty, they were told it was already done. Everything passed without the least suspicion. In a few days, Ali Baba removed his goods to the house of his brother's widow, taking care to convey the gold thither by night; and his marriage with his brother's widow (which is common in our religion) was made public.

While this was passing in the town, the thieves had returned to their cavern, and found that Cassim's body and some of their gold had been taken away. "It is plain," said the captain to his companions, "that we are discovered, and that our secret is known to another besides him we put to death. We must lay aside every enterprise to detect this intruder; we must risk every danger to effect it, or our riches, the reward of so many gallant excursions, will be insensibly pilfered from us."

The thieves agreed to this proposal. "I expected no less," said the captain, "from your courage and bravery; nor do I fear but by judicious management we shall cut off our enemy before he has revealed our secret to any other person, which he will scarcely do soon. Let one of us disguise himself as a traveller, and go into the town. He must try if he can hear of any one having been cruelly murdered. If he succeeds, let him find out the house where it happened, and then return to us. But more to insure wariness than to guard against treachery, let us agree that, whoever goes, if he brings us a false or imperfect report, he shall pay for his inattention with his head."

Without waiting for the suffrages of his companions, one of the party started up and said, "I submit myself to this law, and think it an honor to expose my life by taking such a commission upon me. Only remember, that if I do not succeed, that I neither wanted courage nor good-will to serve my troop."

The brave fellow received the thanks and applause of the captain and his comrades. Next morning he entered the town by break of day, and coming to Mustapha's stall, who was at work, the robber entered into conversation with him, and observed that he must have good eyes to see to work so early. "Good eyes," replied Mustapha, testily; "yes, yes; my eyes are good enough, I assure you. It was but very lately I sewed a dead body together, which had been cut in quarters, in a place where I had less light than I have here."

The robber was overjoyed to find he was so soon likely to succeed in his inquiry. He asked Mustapha many questions, and at last, putting a piece of gold into the old man's hand, he requested he would earn that by showing him the house where he performed the task he had mentioned.

The cobbler accepted the gold, but said, "I cannot show you the house, as I was conducted to it blindfolded." "Well," replied the robber, "let me blind your eyes, and do you proceed as nearly as you can in the same direction; and as every one ought to be paid, if you will gratify me, I will give you another piece of gold."

Mustapha wanted no further entreaty. He let the robber blind him at the end of the street, and went on till he came to the door of Cassim's house, where Ali Baba now lived; when, stopping, he said, "I think I went no further than here." The robber, before he pulled off the bandage, marked the door with a piece of chalk; after which he dismissed Mustapha, and prepared to make a private inquiry after the owner of the habitation.

He learned that the late possessor died suddenly, and that Ali Baba, who a very little before was miserably poor, had married the widow, and was become wealthy; but not by this marriage, as he had given Cassim's son all his father's property. From these circumstances the robber was at no loss to conclude that Cassim was the person who was slain, and that Ali Baba

was the other possessor of their secret. He returned to his companions with exultation; he related to them his good fortune; and they, with many praises, congratulated him and each other.

In the evening, the captain and the spy set forward for the town. The whole troop followed in separate parties well armed, and met in the great square, to act as their leader should direct; but when the two former came to the street where Ali Baba lived, the robber could not distinguish the house; for Morgiana, having taken notice of the mark on her master's door, thought it had a particular appearance; she therefore took a piece of chalk, and marked the doors of all their neighbors so exactly like it, that it was impossible to distinguish one from another. The design being thus rendered abortive, the thieves returned to the cavern, where their unfortunate comrade, being condemned by their unanimous suffrages, was put to death.

But as so much light had been obtained by the first adventure, and as the cutting off of their enemy was of so much concern to them all, another of the troop, flattering himself that he should succeed better, undertook the dangerous business. By renewing the inquiry, he easily found out the house, which he marked with red chalk in a part remote from sight, and returned with confidence to his companions. Nothing escaped the watchfulness of Morgiana. The former affair had alarmed her; and when she saw the red mark, she repeated the former caution, and marked every house in the street in the same manner. The second spy, therefore, was as unsuccessful as the first. The troop, once more disappointed, returned to their cavern, and put their other comrade to death, agreeably to the law they had all consented to.

The captain, grieved for the loss of his two gallant companions, resolved to undertake the affair himself.

Having found out Ali Baba's house, he did not fix any mark upon it, but took so much notice of it, that it was impossible he could mistake it. He then returned to his companions, and laid before them a scheme to cut off their adversary without noise or danger.

The troop approved their captain's proposal. They provided many large jars, some of which they filled with oil; and having bought stout mules in the adjoining villages, the captain put his troop into the other jars, and placing them on panniers on the backs of mules, drove them, toward evening, into the town.

Going immediately to Ali Baba's house, he found him sitting at the door, enjoying the cool of the evening. The pretended oil-merchant requested Ali Baba that he would receive him for that night, as he was a stranger and knew not where to go. His request was readily granted. The servants unloaded the mules, and took care of them; and Ali Baba received his treacherous guest with the hospitality becoming a good Mussulman.

Before they retired to rest, Ali Baba told Morgiana that he would bathe early in the morning, and directed her to have his bathing-clothes and some broth ready. This obliged her to sit up after her master and his guest had retired; and the latter hearing it, resolved to lie down in his clothes, and not give the signal while Morgiana was stirring, for fear of a disappointment.

It happened, while she was busy, that her lamp grew dull, and having no oil in the house, she recollected the jars in the yard, from whence she resolved to supply herself. Upon opening the first she came to, the thief within said, softly, "Is it time?" to which Morgiana, with admirable presence of mind, replied, "Not yet; but presently!" She then examined all the jars, and found there were in them seven-and-thirty armed men, a few jars only being filled with oil.

Morgiana soon concluded who these men were. She hastily called up another slave, named Abdallah, and bringing several jars of oil into the kitchen, they heated a part of it boiling-hot. This she poured into one of the jars, by that means killing the thief that was concealed in it. She did so till she had destroyed all the seven-and-thirty thieves, when she put out her fire and went to bed.

The captain had waited with great impatience for her doing so. As soon as all was quiet, he went to his window and threw stones at the jars, which was the signal agreed on for his companions to release themselves. Finding none of them stir, he began to be uneasy, and repeated the signal two or three times. He then became impatient and alarmed; and hastening down to the jars, he opened one of them. The steam of the boiling oil soon

informed him of the fate of his friends. He had the resolution to open every jar, in hopes that some of them might have escaped, but in vain: they were all dead. The captain was so enraged at the failure of his design, and at the loss of so many brave fellows, that he would certainly have sacrificed his own life in a public attack on Ali Baba, had not hopes of more complete vengeance darted into his mind, and encouraged him to make his escape.

In the morning, Morgiana acquainted her master with what had happened. Ali Baba, grateful for such important services, gave her her freedom, and a large sum of money; but she was so much attached to the family, that she continued to live with them, and superintend the other slaves in their business.

The captain of the thieves returned to the forest in a transport of rage and despair. When he arrived at the cavern, the loneliness of the place seemed frightful to him: "Where are you, my brave lads!" cried he, "my old companions? how unhappy to lose you by a fate so base! had you died with your sabres in your hands, I should not have been inconsolable. Where shall I get so gallant a troop again? But first let me sacrifice the wretch to whom I owe this fatal misfortune." He then endeavored to compose his mind, that he might the more safely and effectually execute his revenge on Ali Baba.

The captain suffered several weeks to pass by before he set about the scheme he had planned for the destruction of his enemy. By this means he hoped Ali Baba's vengeance would relax, and he himself should be more cool in his measures. He passed much of his time in the town, where he learned that Cassim's son, now adopted by Ali Baba, had a very considerable shop.

He also took a shop, which he plentifully supplied from the cavern with all sorts of rich stuffs. He appeared as a merchant, and having a large assortment of valuable goods, was treated by everybody with respect. Young Cassim was among those who sought the regard of the new merchant, and soon became his declared favorite. He loaded the young man with civilities, often made him small presents, and invited him continually to dine and sup with him.

As young Cassim did not keep house, he had no opportunity to return these obligations. He therefore introduced the stranger to Ali Baba, who received him very cordially. When evening drew on, the captain appeared desirous to take his leave; but his host, who was much taken with his pleasant manner, pressed him to stay to supper. After some excuses, the pretended merchant said, "I would accept your friendly invitation, but I eat no salt in any of my food." "Well," replied Ali Baba, "we will have the supper dressed without any."

When Morgiana received this direction, she was much dissatisfied. "Who is this difficult man," said she, "that eats no salt?" "Be not displeased with him for that," replied Ali Baba; "he is my son's friend, and an honest man."

Though Morgiana obeyed her master, and sent up supper as he desired, she was still uneasy at the request his new guest had made; she therefore carried in one of the dishes herself on purpose to look at him. The moment she entered the room she knew him, notwithstanding his disguise, and examining him pretty closely, she saw a dagger under his garment. "I am not surprised," thought she, "that this wretch, who is my master's greatest enemy, will eat no salt with him, since he intends to assassinate him; but I will prevent him."

Accordingly, as soon as supper was removed, she entered the room dressed like a dancer, with a silver girdle, to which hung a poniard of the same metal. She played on a tabor, and danced several dances with great spirit. At length, drawing the poniard, she pointed with it to a little chink in the side of the tabor, where spectators generally give their gratuity to those who dance for a livelihood; and going to Ali Baba, he put in a piece of gold, as did his son. She then drew near the visitor, and, while he was putting his hand in his purse, plunged the poniard into his bosom.

Ali Baba and his son cried out against her for this violent act; but she soon called to their recollection the pretended oil-merchant, and showed the arms he had concealed. The unfortunate robber confirmed her testimony, by lamenting, before he expired, amidst his execrations and despair, that he was the last of the forty thieves to whom the cavern had belonged.

Ali Baba received with due gratitude

this further instance of Morgiana's attachment; and Cassim was so much pleased with her spirit and good sense, that he took her to wife. The whole treasure in the cavern became now safely the property of Ali Baba. He taught his son the secret, which he handed down to posterity; and using this good fortune with moderation, they lived in great honor, serving the chief offices of the city.

ALL'S WELL.

[**Thomas Dibdin,** born in England, in 1771, was a prolific writer of plays and songs. He died in 1841.]

FROM "THE BRITISH FLEET."

Deserted by the waning moon,
When skies proclaim night's cheerless noon,
On tower, or fort, or tented ground
The sentry walks his lonely round;
And should a footstep haply stray
Where caution marks the guarded way,
"Who goes there? Stranger, quickly tell!"
"A friend!" "The word?" "Good night;"
all's well.

Or sailing on the midnight deep,
When weary messmates soundly sleep,
The careful watch patrols the deck,
To guard the ship from foes or wreck;
And while his thoughts oft homewards veer,
Some friendly voice salutes his ear,—
"What cheer? brother, quickly tell;
Above,—below." Good night; all's well.

THY WILL BE DONE.

[**Anna Cora Mowatt-Ritchie** was born in 1819, at Bordeaux, France. She resided in America the greater part of her life, and, after a brilliant career in literary and theatrical circles, died in 1870.]

Thy will be done! O heavenly King,
I bow my head to Thy decree,
Albeit my soul not yet may wing
Its upward flight, great God, to Thee!—

Though I must still on earth abide,
To toil and groan and suffer here,
To seek for peace on sorrow's tide,
And meet the world's unfeeling jeer.

When heaven seemed dawning on my view,
And I rejoiced my race was run,
Thy righteous hand the bliss withdrew,
And still I say, "Thy will be done!"

And though the world can never more
A world of sunshine be to me,
Though all my fairy dreams are o'er,
And Care pursues where'er I flee,—

Though friends I loved the dearest, best,
Were scattered by the storm away,
And scarce a hand I warmly pressed
As fondly presses mine to-day,—

Yet must I live—must live for those
Who mourn the shadow on my brow,
Who feel my hand can soothe their woes,
Whose faithful hearts I gladden now.

Yes, I will live—live to fulfil
The noble mission scarce begun,
And, pressed with grief, to murmur still,
"All-Wise, All-Just, Thy will be done!"

HILDA'S LITTLE HOOD.

[**Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen** was born in Norway, 1848, came to America in 1869, and became co-editor of a Norwegian newspaper in Chicago. He has contributed much to periodical literature. We extract the following gem from his volume of poems, *Idylls of Norway*.]

In sooth I have forgotten, for it is long ago,
And winters twelve have hid it beneath their shrouds of snow;
And 'tisn't well, the parson says, o'er bygone things to brood,
But, sure, it was the strangest tale, this tale of Hilda's hood.

For Hilda was a merry maid, and wild as wild could be,
Among the parish maidens was none so fair as she;
Her eyes they shone with wilful mirth, and like a golden flood
Her sunny hair rolled downward from her little scarlet hood.

I once was out a-fishing, and, though sturdy at the oar,
My arms were growing weaker, and I was far from shore;
And angry squalls swept thickly from out the lurid skies,
And every landmark that I knew was hidden from mine eyes.

The gull's shrill shriek above me, the sea's strong bass beneath,
The numbness grew upon me with its chilling touch of death,
And blackness gathered round me; then through the night's dark shroud
A clear young voice came swiftly as an arrow cleaves the cloud.

It was a voice so mellow, so bright and warm and round,
As if a beam of sunshine had been melted into sound;
It fell upon my frozen nerves, and thawed the springs of life;
I grasped the oar and strove afresh; it was a bitter strife.

The breakers roared about me, but the song took bolder flight,
And rose above the darkness like a beacon in the night;
And swift I steered and safely, struck shore, and by God's rood,
Through gloom and spray I caught the gleam of Hilda's scarlet hood.

The moon athwart the darkness broke a broad and misty way,
The dawn grew red beyond the sea and sent abroad the day;
And loud I prayed to God above to help me, if He would,
For deep into my soul had pierced that gleam from Hilda's hood.

I sought her in the forest, I sought her on the strand,
The pine-trees spread their dusky roof, bleak lay the glittering sand,
Until one Sabbath morning at the parish church I stood,
And saw, amid a throng of maids, the little scarlet hood.

Then straight my heart ran riot, and wild my pulses flew;
I strove in vain my flutter and my blushes to subdue;
"Why, Eric!" laughed a roguish maid, "your cheeks are red as blood;"
"It is the shine," another cried, "from Hilda's scarlet hood."

I answered not, for 'tis not safe to banter with a girl;
The trees, the church, the belfry danced about me in a whirl;
I was as dizzy as a moth that flutters round the flame;
I turned about, and twirled my cap, but could not speak for shame.

But that same Sabbath evening, as I sauntered o'er the beach,
And cursed that foolish heart of mine for choking up my speech,
I spied, half wrapped in shadow at the margin of the wood,
The wavy mass of sunshine that broke from Hilda's hood.

With quickened breath on tiptoe across the sand I stepped;
Her face was hidden in her lap, as though she mused or slept;
The hood had glided backward o'er the hair that downward rolled,
Like some large petal of a flower upon a stream of gold.

"Fair Hilda," so I whispered, as I bended to her ear;
She started up and smiled at me without surprise or fear.
"I love you, Hilda," said I; then in whispers more subdued:
"Love me again, or wear no more that little scarlet hood."

"Why, Eric," cried she, laughing, "how can you talk so wild?
I was confirmed last Easter, half maid and half a child,
But since you are so stubborn—no, no; I never could—
Unless you guess what's written in my little scarlet hood."

"I cannot, fairest Hilda," quoth I with mournful mien,
While with my hand I gently, and by the maid unseen,
Snatched from the clustering wavelets the brightly flaming thing,
And saw naught there but stitches small, crosswise meandering.

"There's nothing in your hood, love," I cried with heedless mirth.
"Well," laughed she, "out of nothing God made both heaven and earth;
But since the earth to you and me as heritage was given,
I'll only try to make for you a little bit of heaven."

THE NATIVES OF TAHITI.

[**Guillaume Louis Figuier** (born 1819), a distinguished chemist and scientific writer, was born at Montpellier, France, and educated in his native town under his uncle, Pierre Oscar Figuier, professor in the School of Pharmacy. He has been a constant contributor to various scientific papers, and was for some time scientific editor of *La Presse*, and subsequently of *La France*. Amongst his scientific works we may mention: *Exposition et Histoire des Principales Découvertes scientifiques modernes* (1851–53), *Histoire des Merveilleux dans les Temps modernes* (1859–60), *Le Lendemain de la Mort, ou la Vie future selon la Science* (1872), *Les Races Humaines* (1871). Most of his works have been translated into English and other European languages. From the latter work we extract.]

Tahiti and the whole group of the Society Islands are almost exclusively inhabited by the same branch of the Malaysio-Polynesian race.

The natives of Tahiti are all, with scarcely an exception, very fine men. Their limbs are at once vigorous and graceful, the muscular projections being everywhere enveloped by a thick cellular tissue, which rounds away any too prominent development of their frames. Their countenances are marked by great sweetness, and an appearance of good nature; their heads would be of the European type but for the flatness of the nostrils, and the too great size of the lips; their hair is black and thick, and their skin of light copper-color and very varying in intensity of hue. It is smooth and soft to the touch, but emits a strong, heavy smell, attributable, in a great measure, to incessant rubbings with cocoa-nut oil. Their step wants confidence, and they become easily fatigued. Dwelling on a soil where alimentary products, once abundantly sown, harvest themselves without labor or effort, the Tahitians have preserved soft effeminate manners, and a certain childishness in their ideas.

The seductive attractions of Tahitian women have been very charmingly painted by Bougainville, Wallis, and Cook, but Lesson assures us, on the contrary, that they are extremely ugly, and that a person would hardly find in the whole island thirty passable faces, according to our ideas of beauty. He adds, that after early youth all the females become disgusting, by reason of a general flabbiness, which is all the greater because it usually succeeds considerable stoutness. There is room for believing that the good looks of the race have deteriorated in consequence of contagious diseases since the first European navigators landed in this island. A very fortunate inheritance is the magnificence of its vegetation and the mildness of its temperature.

Tahitian girls before marriage have full legs, small hands, large mouths, flattened nostrils, prominent cheek-bones, and fleshy lips; their teeth are of the finest enamel, and their well-shaped prominent eyes, shaded by long, fringed lashes, and sheltered by broad black eye-brows, beam with animation and fire. Too early marriages and suckling, however, very soon destroy any charms which they may possess. Their skin is usually of a light copper-color, but some are remarkable for their whiteness, particularly the wives of the chiefs.

Family ties are very strong among the Tahitians. They have great love for their children, speak to them with gentleness, never strike them, and taste nothing pleasing without offering them some of it.

The women manufacture cloth, weave mats or straw hats, and take care of the house. The men build the huts, hollow canoes, plant trees, gather fruits, and cook the victuals in under-ground ovens. Essentially indolent, the Tahitians generally go to bed at twilight.

All the members of the family live huddled together in the same room, on mats spread upon the ground; chiefs, alone, reposing upon similar textures stretched on frames. The siesta is also one of their

habits, and they invariably sleep for three hours after noon.

Their ordinary drink is pure water. They have an unrestrained fancy for European garments, and seek by every imaginable means to get themselves coats, hats, silk cravats, and especially shirts. But as they do not possess sufficient of our manufactures to dress themselves completely in our style, they frequently exhibit a sort of motley attire. The women when within-doors are almost naked; some pieces of cloth, skilfully arranged and half-covering their bosoms, form a kind of tunic, while their feet are bare. They have a great liking for chaplets of flowers, and bright blossoms of the *Hibiscus Rosa sinensis*, or China rose, adorn their foreheads. They pass through the lobe of their ears the long tube of the white and perfumed corolla of the *gardenia*, and protect their faces from the fiery rays of the sun with small leaves of the cocoa-tree.

The chief employment of the Tahitians is the manufacture of cloth. By very simple means they form fabrics from various barks, with which they clothe themselves in a manner as ingenious as it is comfortable. The paper-mulberry tree, the bread tree, the *Hibiscus tiliaceus*, etc., are the plants of which they generally use the inner bark. They dye these stuffs with the red juice extracted from the fruit of a species of fig-tree, or in canary-yellow.

Their garments are not the only things which these people embellish in brilliant colors and with different patterns. They have a passionate love for tattooing, but, nevertheless, do not bear a single device on their faces. The parts on which they trace indelible marks are the legs, arms, thighs, and breast. Everything leads to the conclusion that tattooing, which is forbidden by the missionaries under the severest penalties, was, and is doubtless still, the symbol of each individual's functions, and the emblazonment of the armorial bearings of families, for its designs are always varied.

The Tahitians of former days constructed canoes ornamented with very carefully executed emblematic carvings, but since iron tools have taken the place of their imperfect implements, they do not give signs of the same pains in adorning their workmanship. Their ancient weapons are also greatly neglected since they have acquired fire-arms. Heretofore, they had long spears with pointed ends, slings formed from the husk of the cocoa-nut, basalt axes of perfect shape, and files made out of the rasp-like skin of a skate-fish.

They have a passionate love for dancing. The instrument they use for beating the measure is a drum, the cylinder of which consists of a trunk of a tree scooped very thin. The dog-skins which constitute the drum-head are stretched by ribbons of bark. They blow with the nose into a little reed flute having three holes at its open end, and one only at that which is furnished with a diaphragm, and produce deep, monotonous tones from it.

The Tahitians are hospitable, and display great civility in guiding travellers in the middle of the woods, and in their mountains. Christianity has modified their habits a little. They attend the Protestant churches because they are obliged to do so, but they have little religion. Among themselves property is sacred; that of strangers is, however, eagerly coveted and frequently appropriated.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON ON BURNS.

[From the account of the Boston Celebration of the Burns Centenary, January 25, 1859, we cite the remarks of Mr. Emerson, as reported for the journals of the day.]

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN :—

I do not know by what untoward accident it has chanced, and I forbear to inquire, that, in this accomplished circle, it should fall to me, the worst Scotsman of all, to receive your commands, and at the latest hour too, to respond to the sentiment just offered, and which indeed makes the occasion. But I am told there is no appeal, and I must trust to the inspirations of the theme to make a fitness which does not otherwise exist. Yet, sir, I heartily feel the singular claims of the occasion. At the first announcement, from I know not whence, that the 25th of January was the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Robert Burns, a sudden consent warmed the great English race, in all its kingdoms, colonies, and states, all over the

world, to keep the festival. We are here to hold our parliament with love and poesy, as men were wont to do in the Middle Ages. Those famous parliaments might or might not have had more stateliness, and better singers than we,—though that is yet to be known,—but they could not have better reason. I can only explain this singular unanimity in a race which rarely acts together, but rather after their watchword, Each for himself,—by the fact that Robert Burns, the poet of the middle class, represents in the minds of men to day that great uprising of the middle class against the armed and privileged minorities, that uprising which worked politically in the American and French Revolutions, and which, not in governments so much as in education and social order, has changed the face of the world.

In order for this destiny, his birth, breeding, and fortunes were low. His organic sentiment was absolute independence, and resting as it should on a life of labor. No man existed who could look down on him. They that looked into his eyes saw that they might look down the sky as easily. His muse and teaching was common-sense, joyful, aggressive, irresistible. Not Latimer, not Luther struck more telling blows against false theology than did this brave singer. The Confession of Augsburg, the Declaration of Independence, the French Rights of Man, and the *Marseillaise*, are not more weighty documents in the history of freedom than the songs of Burns. His satire has lost none of its edge. His musical arrows yet sing through the air. He is so substantially a reformer that I find his grand, plain sense in close chain with the greatest masters,—Rabelais, Shakespeare in comedy, Cervantes, Butler, and Burns. If I should add another name, I find it only in a living countryman of Burns.

He is an exceptional genius. The people who care nothing for literature and poetry care for Burns. It was indifferent—they thought who saw him—whether he wrote verse or not: he could have done anything else as well. Yet how true a poet he is! And the poet, too, of poor men, of gray hodden and the guernsey coat and the blouse. He has given voice to all the experiences of common life; he has endeared the farm-house and cottage, patches and poverty, beans and barley; ale, the poor man's wine; hardship; the fear of debt; the dear society of weans and wife, of brothers and sisters, proud of each other, knowing so few and finding amends for want and obscurity in books and thoughts. What a love of nature, and, shall I say it? of middle class nature. Not like Goethe, in the stars, or like Byron, in the ocean, or Moore, in the luxurious East, but in the homely landscape which the poor see around them,—bleak leagues of pasture and stubble, ice and sleet and rain and snow-choked brooks; birds, hares, field-mice, thistles and heather, which he daily knew. How many "Bonny Doons" and "John Anderson my jo's," and "Auld Lang Synes," all around the earth have his verses been applied to! And his love-songs still woo and melt the youths and maids; the farm-work, the country holiday, the fishing-cobble, are still his debtors to-day.

And as he was thus the poet of the poor, anxious, cheerful, working humanity, so had he the language of low life. He grew up in a rural district, speaking a *patois* unintelligible to all but natives, and he has made the Lowland Scotch a Doric dialect of fame. It is the only example in history of a language made classic by the genius of a single man. But more than this. He had that secret of genius to draw from the bottom of society the strength of its speech, and astonish the ears of the polite with these artless words, better than art, and filtered of all offence through his beauty. It seemed odious to Luther that the devil should have all the best tunes; he would bring them into the churches; and Burns knew how to take from fairs and gypsies, blacksmiths and drovers, the speech of the market and street, and clothe it with melody. But I am detaining you too long. The memory of Burns,—I am afraid heaven and earth have taken too good care of it to leave us anything to say. The west winds are murmuring it. Open the windows behind you, and hearken for the incoming tide, what the waves say of it. The doves perching always on the eaves of the Stone Chapel opposite, may know something about it. Every home in broad Scotland keeps his fame bright. The memory of Burns—every man's, every boy's and girl's head carries snatches of his songs, and they say them by heart,

and, what is strangest of all, never learned them from a book, but from mouth to mouth. The wind whispers them, the birds whistle them, the corn, barley, and bulrushes hoarsely rustle them, nay, the music-boxes, at Geneva, are framed and toothed to play them; the hand-organs of the Savoyards in all cities repeat them, and the chimes of bells ring them in the spires. They are the property and the solace of mankind.

LEES FROM THE CUP OF LIFE.

[**Julia Ward Howe**, a distinguished author and poetess, was born in New York, 1819. She wrote many fine poems, of which the following is an excellent example.]

Once I was sad and well could weep,
  Now I am wild and I will laugh:
Pour out for me libations deep,
  The blood of trampled grapes I'll quaff,
And mock at all who idly mourn,
  And smite the beggar with his staff.

Oh, let us hold carousal dread
  Over our early pleasures gone!
Youth is departed, love is dead,
  Oh, woe is me that I was born!
Yet fill the cup, pass round the jest,
  Methinks I could laugh grief to scorn.

'Tis well to be a thing alone,
  For whom no creature cares or grieves,
To build on desert sands a throne,
  And spread a couch on wintry leaves,
Ruthless and hopeless, worn and wise,
  The fool, the imbecile, believes.

Make me a song whose sturdy rhyme
  Shall bid defiance bold to Woe.
Thou caitiff wretch, come down to me;
  See, at thy gate my trump I blow,
And armed with rude indifference,
  To thee my scornful glove I throw!

Ah me! unequal, bootless fight!
  Ah, cuirass, that betrays my trust!
Sorrow's stern angel bears a dart
  Fatal to all of mortal dust;
He is a spirit, I of clay;
  He cannot die; alas, I must!

THE HIRELING NURSE.

[**Luigi Tansillo**, an Italian poet, was born about 1510; died 1568.]

What ceaseless dread a mother's breast alarms,
Whilst her loved offspring fills another's arms!
Fearful of ill, she starts at every noise,
And hears, or thinks she hears, her children's
  cries;
Whilst, more imperious grown from day to
  day,
The greedy nurse demands increase of pay.
Vexed to the heart with anger and expense,
You hear, nor murmur at, her proud pretence;
Compelled to bear the wrong with semblance
  mild,
And soothe the hireling as she soothes your
  child.
But not the dainties of Lucullus' feast
Can gratify the nurse's pampered taste;
Nor, though your babe, in infant beauty
  bright,
Spring to its mother's arms with fond delight,
Can all its gentle blandishments suffice
To compensate the torments that arise
From her to whom its early years you trust,
Intent on spoil, ungrateful, and unjust.

Were modern truths inadequate to show
That to your young a sacred debt you owe,
Not hard the task to lengthen out my rhymes
With sage examples drawn from ancient times.
Of Rome's twin founders oft the bard has
  sung,
For whom the haggard wolf forsook her
  young:
True emblem she of all the unnatural crew
Who to another give their offspring's due.
But say, when, at a Saviour's promised birth,
With secret gladness throbbed the conscious
  earth,
Whose fostering care his infant wants re-
  pressed?
Who laved his limbs, and hushed his cares to
  rest?
She, at whose look the proudest queen might
  hide
Her gilded state, and mourn her humbled
  pride:
She all her bosom's sacred stores unlocked,
His footsteps tended, and his cradle rocked;

Or, whilst the altar blazed with rites divine,
Assiduous led him to the sacred shrine:
And, sure, the example will your conduct guide,
If true devotion in your hearts preside.

But whence these sad laments, these mournful sighs,
That all around in solemn breathings rise?
The accusing strains, in sounds distinct and clear,
Wake to the sense of guilt your startled ear.
Hark in dread accents Nature's self complain,
Her precepts slighted, and her bounties vain!
See, sacred Pity, bending from her skies,
Turns from the ungenerous deed her dewy eyes!
Maternal fondness gives her tears to flow
In all the deeper energy of woe;
Whilst Christian Charity, enshrined above,
Whose name is mercy and whose soul is love,
Feels the just hatred that your deeds inspire,
And where she smiled in kindness burns with ire.
See, true Nobility laments his lot,
Indignant of the foul, degrading blot;
And Courtesy and Courage o'er him bend,
And all the virtues that his state attend!
But whence that cry that steals upon the sense?
'Tis the low wail of injured innocence;
Accents unformed, that yet can speak their wrongs
Loud as the pleadings of a hundred tongues.
See in dread witness all creation rise,
The peopled earth, deep seas, and circling skies;
Whilst conscience, with consenting voice within,
Becomes accomplice and avows the sin!

Translated by W. Roscoe.

ETERNITY.

[**Daniele Wülffer** was born in 1617 and died in 1685. The first seven stanzas of this striking poem are from the old Catholic Hymn-Book, of Cologne, 1625. The remainder was added by Wülffer, a clergyman of Nürenberg.]

"LYRA GERMANICA."

Eternity! Eternity!
How long art thou, Eternity.
And yet to thee Time hastes away,
Like as a war-horse to the fray,
Or swift as couriers homeward go,
Or ship to port, or shaft from bow.
Ponder, O Man, Eternity!

Eternity! Eternity!
How long art thou, Eternity!
For even as on a perfect sphere
End nor beginning can appear,
Even so, Eternity, in thee
Entrance nor Exit can there be.
Ponder, O Man, Eternity!

Eternity! Eternity!
How long art thou, Eternity!
A circle infinite art thou,
Thy centre an Eternal Now,
Never, we name thy outward bound,
For never end therein is found.
Ponder, O Man, Eternity!

Eternity! Eternity!
How long art thou, Eternity!
A little bird with fretting beak
Might wear to naught the loftiest peak,
Though but each thousand years it came,
Yet thou wert then, as now, the same.
Ponder, O Man, Eternity!

Eternity! Eternity!
How long art thou, Eternity!
As long as God is God, so long
Endure the pains of hell and wrong,
So long the joys of heaven remain·
O lasting joy, O lasting pain!
Ponder, O Man, Eternity!

Eternity! Eternity!
How long art thou, Eternity!
O Man, full oft thy thoughts should dwell
Upon the pains of sin and hell,
And on the glories of the pure,
That both beyond all time endure.
Ponder, O Man, Eternity!

Eternity! Eternity!
How long art thou, Eternity!
How terrible art thou in woe,
How fair where joys forever glow!
God's goodness sheddeth gladness here,
His justice there wakes bitter fear.
Ponder, O Man, Eternity!

Eternity! Eternity!
How long art thou, Eternity!
They who lived poor and naked rest
With God forever rich and blest,

And love and praise the highest good,
In perfect bliss and gladsome mood.
Ponder, O Man, Eternity!

Eternity! Eternity!
How long art thou, Eternity!
A moment lasts all joy below,
Whereby man sinks to endless woe,
A moment lasts all earthly pain,
Whereby an endless joy we gain.
Ponder, O Man, Eternity!

Eternity! Eternity!
How long art thou, Eternity!
Who ponders oft on thee is wise,
All fleshly lusts shall he despise,
The world finds place with him no more;
The love of vain delights is o'er.
Ponder, O Man, Eternity!

Eternity! Eternity!
How long art thou, Eternity!
Who marks thee well would say to God,
Here, judge, burn, smite me with thy rod,
Here let me all thy justice bear,
When time of grace is past, then spare!
Ponder, O man, Eternity!

Eternity! Eternity!
How long art thou, Eternity!
Lo, I, Eternity, warn thee,
O Man, that oft thou think on me,
The sinner's punishment and pain,
To them who love their God, rich gain!
Ponder, O Man, Eternity!

HARK THE GLAD SOUND.

[**Philip Doddridge, D. D.,** a well-known religious writer, was born 1702, and died 1751.]

Hark, the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long;
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song! . . . .

He comes, the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eyelids of the blind
To pour celestial day.

He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasures of his grace
To enrich the humble poor. . . .

Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And Heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

THE PARADISE OF TEARS.

[**Niclas Muller,** a printer by trade, born 1809, at Langenau, near Ulm, went, after the German revolution of 1848, to New York, where he died August 14th, 1875.]

Beside the River of Tears, with branches low,
And bitter leaves, the weeping willows grow;
The branches stream like the disheveled hair
Of women in the sadness of despair.

On rolls the stream with a perpetual sigh;
The rocks moan wildly as it passes by;
Hyssop and wormwood border all the strand,
And not a flower adorns the dreary land.

Then comes a child, whose face is like the sun,
And dips the gloomy waters as they run,
And waters all the region, and behold
The ground is bright with blossoms manifold.

Where fall the tears of love the rose appears,
And when the ground is bright with friendship's tears,
Forget-me-not, and violets, heavenly blue,
Spring glittering with the cheerful drops like dew.

The souls of mourners, all whose tears are dried,
Like swans, come gently floating down the tide.
Walk up the golden sands by which it flows,
And in that Paradise of Tears repose.

There every heart rejoins its kindred heart;
There, in a long embrace that none may part,
Fulfilment meets desire, and that fair shore
Beholds its dwellers happy evermore.

Translated by W. C. BRYANT.

FALLING STARS.

[**Friedrich von Sallet,** born April 20th, 1812, at Neisse, was from 1829 to 1838 lieutenant in the Prus-

sian army, and died February 21st, 1843. Of his principal and most popular work, *Laienevangelium*, the late Charles T. Brooks prepared an English translation.]

Oh, know ye not the meaning
When swiftly earthward flies
Some silver star, whose beaming
Refulgent, lit the skies?

Yon stars, above us shining,
With light so wondrous fair,
Bright wreaths of glory twining
Ten thousand angels are.

As God to these hath given
The sleeping world in charge,
Around the walls of heaven
With watchful eyes they march;

And when on earth below them
Some struggling soul they see,
With all its wounds would show them
And in humility,

For heavenly help is pleading,
And rest from earthly woe,
Thou'lt see an angel speeding
On starry wings below!

Upon the mourner's pillow
Celestial glory beams;
He stills the raging billow,
He soothes the heart with dreams!

This is the holy meaning
When swiftly earthward flies
Some silver star, whose beaming
Refulgent, lit the skies!

Translated by CHARLES W. HUBNER.

THE FEDERAL CONSTELLATION.

"As far as I can see, the American Constitution is the most wonderful work ever struck off at one time by the brain and purpose of man."—GLADSTONE.

"We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, and are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." Round this doctrine of the Declaration of Independence as its central sun the constellation of States revolves. The equality of the citizen is decreed by the fundamental law. All acts, all institutions, are based upon this idea. There is not one shred of privilege, hence no classes. The American people are a unit. Difference of position in the State, resulting from birth, would be held to insult the citizen. One and all they stand Brutus-like and

> "Would brook
> The eternal devil to keep his state
> As easily as a king."

Government of the people, for the people, and by the people is their political creed. The vote of an Emerson or a Lincoln weighs no more than that of the poorest negro. The President has not a privilege which is not the birthright of every other citizen. The people are not levelled down, but levelled up to the full dignity of equal citizenship beyond which no man can go.

The first voice of the people may not be always the voice of God. Indeed, sometimes it does seem to be very far from it; but the second voice of the people—their sober-second thought—comes nearest to it of any tribunal, much nearer than the voice of any class, even that of the most highly educated, has ever come in any government under the sun. Hence there is no voice in all America which has the faintest authority when the ballot speaks.

It has often been objected to this republican theory of the State that under it a dead level of uniformity must exist. The informed traveller, who knows life in America, can be relied upon to dispel this delusion and to certify that nowhere in all the world is society more exclusive or more varied than in republican America. Certainly it is far less so in Britain. The difference is that while in monarchical countries birth and rank tend to override personal characteristics, republican society is necessarily founded upon real character and attainment. "Natural selection" has freer play. Congenial persons associate with each other, uninfluenced by birth or rank since neither exist. Nor has wealth of itself nearly so great an influence in society in America as in Britain. It is impossible, in the nature of things, that it should have, because it is much more easily acquired, and, what is much more telling, much more easily lost. The law of acquisition is indeed as free to act in the Republic as in the Monarchy, but

then the law of dispersion is also allowed full force in the former, where primogeniture and entail are unknown and the transfer of land is easy. There are but three generations in America from shirt sleeves to shirt sleeves. Under such conditions an aristocracy of wealth is impossible. The "almighty dollar" is just like the restless pig which Paddy could not count, because it would not stand still long enough in one place to be counted. Wealth cannot remain permanently in any class if economic laws are allowed free play.

The Federal constellation is composed of thirty-eight stars, the States, and eleven nebulæ, the Territories, which are rapidly crystallizing into form. The galaxy upon the national flag has grown during the century from thirteen to thirty-eight stars, and "the cry is still they come." Every decade new stars are coming into view, and ere long the entire cluster of nebulæ will be added to the Federal constellation. They are to come forth as the new star in Andromeda came in the fullness of time. A new State sweeps into the Federal constellation every now and then like

> "A star new-born, that drops into its place,
> And which, once circling in its placid round,
> Not all the tumult of the earth can shake."

The question arises, "How is it possible to govern successfully under one head, not this nation, but this great continent of nations?" The answer is, "Through the federal or home rule system alone is it possible." Each of these thirty-eight States is sovereign within its own borders. Each has its own constitution, its own parliament consisting of House and Senate, its own president, courts and judges, militia, etc., etc. All the rights of a sovereign State belong to it, except such as it has expressly delegated in common with sister States to the central authority, the National Government at Washington.

One provision ensures solidity. Should a dispute arise between a State and the central government as to what powers are or are not delegated, the decision of the Supreme Court of the nation is final and binding upon all. The theory is that all their internal affairs are matters for the States to deal with and determine, all external affairs are for the nation; all local matters are for the States, all general matters for the nation. The division is easily made and maintained. The Constitution defines it in a few clauses by stating what the National Government has charge of, as seen in section eight (appendix). Any powers not here expressly delegated to the nation remain in the States, to be exercised in any manner they choose.

The Supreme Court of the nation stands ready to inform States or nations of their respective powers. With the exception of the claim made in the interest of the slave-power, that a State had the right to secede from the Union, no serious question between State and nation has ever arisen. It is difficult to see how any can arise, since that has been definitely decided in the negative. The integrity of the nation having been assured, all other questions must be of trifling import and readily adjustable by the Supreme Court, which has proclaimed the nation to be "an indestructible Union of indestructible States."

The differentiations shown in the laws of the various States, which have resulted from the perfect freedom or home rule accorded them in their internal affairs, prove that the political institutions best suited to each community are thereby ensured, since they must necessarily be healthful growths of the body politic. Genuine outbirths of the people themselves, and therefore certain to receive their cordial and unwavering support, the number and extent of these differences in laws are surprising. The customs and habits of cold, cultured, old Massachusetts find expression in laws not best adapted for tropical, agricultural new Texas, just as the laws of England would be found less desirable for Scotland or Ireland than those which have been evolved by these communities, and which would be still more freely evolved by home rule, under their slightly different environments.

These stars, the American States, revolve each upon its own axis, within its own orbit, each according to its own laws, some faster, some slower, one at one angle and one at another, but around the central sun at Washington they thread the great national orbit under equal conditions, and constitute parts of one great

whole. Here, then, we have the perfection of federal or home rule in its fullest and greatest development. The success of the American Union proves that the freest self-government of the parts produces the strongest government of the whole.

Let us proceed to note, in the order of their importance, the various branches of the National Government. We begin, of course, with the

SUPREME COURT OF THE NATION.

Beyond and before, and higher than House, or Senate, or President, stands this final arbiter, sole umpire, judge of itself. More than once Lord Salisbury has said that he envied his transatlantic brethren their Supreme Court. Speaking at Edinburgh on November 23, 1882, he said: "I confess I do not often envy the United States, but there is one feature in their institutions which appears to me the subject of the greatest envy—their magnificent institution of a Supreme Court. In the United States, if Parliament passes any measure inconsistent with the Constitution of the country, there exists a court which will negative it at once, and that gives a stability to the institutions of the country which, under the system of vague and mysterious promises here, we look for in vain." He is right, and as he becomes more conversant with the results of political institutions founded upon the equality of the citizen, as I trust he may do, he will, in my opinion, find reason to envy many other of these more highly developed and in reality deeply conservative institutions, as much as that which now excites his admiration. The powers of the Supreme Court seem at first sight almost too vast to intrust to any small body of men; but it is to be noted that these powers are limited by the fact that it can neither make nor execute laws, nor originate anything. It only decides disputes as to existing laws, should such be properly brought before it, and its judgments are in all cases confined rigorously to the points submitted. It cannot interfere beforehand with any act of the government, nor with any act of the President, but can decide only whether such acts or orders are or are not constitutional, and the reasons for such decision must be publicly stated. Thus limited, its decision is final. Unless and until decided to be unconstitutional all acts of Congress or of the President are valid.

As may be inferred, the mere knowledge on the part of legislative bodies that their acts are subject to the decision of the Supreme Court, keeps them strictly within constitutional bounds. There is no use, even were there the disposition, to enact any law which is not reasonably certain to be sustained. Therefore the regulative power of the court upon great questions remains practically in abeyance. The power is there, which is all that is required. The questions bearing upon State relations, which it is called upon to decide, are few, and generally of minor importance. As, however, all causes which involve considerable sums between citizens of different States can be appealed to this court, it is kept busily engaged upon matters of large pecuniary interest, but of no political consequence.

The court consists of nine judges, who hold office during life, subject, however, to impeachment by Congress for misbehavior or removal for inability to serve. Vacancies are filled by nominations made by the President to the Senate for confirmation, no appointment being complete until confirmed by the Senate. The salary of the judges is $10,000 (£2,000) per annum, and the Chief Justice receives $500 (£100) more. They can retire at seventy years of age upon full pay during life. What pittances! I hear my monarchical friends exclaim. Perhaps so, but does any court in the world command greater respect than this Supreme Court? Are abler, purer lawyers, men clearer in their great office, to be found elsewhere? Certainly not. Even my Lord Salisbury regrets that there is not such a tribunal in Britain. When I see the quiet dignity of the Supreme Court Judges in Washington, their plain living, free from vulgar ostentation, their modest but refined homes, and think how far beyond pecuniary considerations their aspirations are, how foreign to their elevated natures are the coarser phases of position in modern society, I cannot but conclude that it would be most unfortunate if the emoluments of their positions should ever be made so great as in themselves to constitute a temptation, as they are in Britain. The American judge in the Supreme Court has no compeer. The pomp and parade which surround the entrance of a

judge in Britain, the sordid pecuniary prize which he has secured by the appointment, his gilt coach, and all the tinsel of feudalistic times which is allowed still to survive under the idea that it adds to his dignity, but which borders upon the ridiculous in these days of general refinement—all this tinsel would seem most unfitting to the republican judge, detracting, not adding to, the inherent dignity of his great position.

The Supreme Court sits in Washington; but each of the nine judges visits for a part of the year one of the nine circuits into which the country is divided, and assists the circuit judges. The circuits are again divided into districts, each of which has its own court and judge. These are all national courts, the judges of which are approved by the Senate upon the nomination of the President, and hold office during life or good behavior. The whole forms the national judiciary, to which every citizen has the right of appeal in any cause involving the citizens or corporations of another State. We come next to the

LEGISLATIVE DEPARTMENT.

This consists of two Houses, a House of Representatives and a Senate, which meet at Washington twice a year upon fixed dates, March and December. The House is composed of three hundred and twenty-five Representatives. Every State sends members in exact proportion to its population as shown by each decadal census. The number of members is not regularly increased. The number of population to each Representative is raised; thus in 1870 every one hundred and thirty-eight thousand inhabitants returned a member; in 1880 it required one hundred and fifty-four thousand. After a census is taken the population is divided by number of members, the quota required to return a member being thus ascertained. Each State is then informed of the number due to it, and arranges its electoral districts accordingly. Thus every ten years electoral power is fairly, because equally, adjusted to the satisfaction of all. By so simple an automatic device the question of representation is removed from politics, and settled forever upon the rock of fair and equal representation. It never can be settled in a free State until equal electoral districts are reached. Educated man demands equality, nor can he rest until he has obtained it. This secured, he becomes quiet and contented. Representatives hold office for two years, their term expiring with each Congress on the fourth of March of every second year. As members are always eligible for re-election, and as the practice is to return men of ability from term to term, the new House is always under the guidance of experienced legislators. Members are paid $5,000 (£1,000) per year and travelling expenses.

The power of the purse is as tenaciously held by the House in Washington as in London; all money bills originate in it by express provision of the Constitution. Alike in this, the two Houses present an entirely different appearance; on entering the House at Washington the visitor is struck by the contrast. Instead of the uncomfortable benches at Westminster and the lack of all facilities for reading or writing, the newer House presents its members all sitting in good easy chairs, at separate desks, like so many good boys at school; they are busily at work with their correspondence, or consulting books of reference. Pages answer their call. They attend to their legislative duties when fresh during the day. When a division is called, instead of wasting twenty minutes, and requiring every member to get up and walk past tellers, the business is done in a few minutes without disturbance; the clerk calls the roll of names alphabetically, and each member nods or shakes his head, or call out "aye" or "no." A record is kept, and result announced, and business proceeds. How simple! Business is not often obstructed in the House. When an orator exhausts its patience he is made to sit down by the call for the question, and unless he gets a majority in favor of hearing him further, he is ruled out. Yet neither party complains that this rule has worked serious injury; no party seeks to change it. It has not prevented full discussion, and it has enabled the House to transact business properly.

Next in order follows that one American institution which has received the unqualified approval of every man who has given an opinion upon the subject. I never heard even a British Tory utter a word in its disparagement. I cannot im-

agine what a man could say except in praise of the

UNITED STATES SENATE.

Proud, indeed, may the man be who can style himself "Senator." To this august body each of the States sends two members, six years being the term of office. These are elected by the legislatures of the States, and hence reflect the popular desire. Senators are, of course, the adherents of one or other political party, as it obtains sway in the various States. As the terms of service are so arranged that only one-third of the Senators retire, unless re-elected, every two years, the tendency is for the Senate to respond somewhat less promptly than the Lower House to the changes of public opinion.

The Senate has large powers; all laws must be passed by it as well as by the House. No treaty with a foreign power is valid without its approval by a two-third vote; all ambassadors and agents to foreign powers must be approved by it. Much has been said about the patronage of the President; but he cannot appoint a postmaster unless the nominee is passed upon and confirmed by this august tribunal. It has been said by more than one political writer that the American Senate is the ideal second chamber of the world. Some assert that it is the only second chamber which possesses real power and is permanently fixed in the hearts of the masses. It is certainly regarded in America as a great promotion to be elevated from the House to the Senate, and it is none the less certain that the entire nation regards the Senate with pride and affection. All officials in America being paid, the salary of a Senator is the same as that of a Representative, $5,000 (£1,000) per year and travelling expenses.

Lord Salisbury will be envying this American institution as well as the Supreme Court ere long, mark you, for his own second chamber gives unmistakable evidence of decay, and in good time he may even come to see that an elected President is preferable to a hereditary ruler. We cannot despair of his reaching finally to the full measure of the political equality of the citizen, since he begins so well with the chief American institution, the Supreme Court.

Here is indeed a lucky hit. Since these words were written a member of Parliament sends me confirmation of this prophecy. This hopeful student of republican institutions, my Lord Salisbury, has said in a recent speech:

"The Americans, as you know, have a Senate. I wish we could institute it in this country. Marvellous in efficiency and strength!"

So, another American institution envied! Truly this former Saturday Reviewer is a more promising pupil than Mr. Gladstone himself, and almost equal to Lord Rosebery. Nothing easier, my lord, than to get a copy of the American Senate. The secret of its marvellous strength and efficiency is an open one. You know it well. The Senate springs from and rests upon the suffrages of the people. There is not a trace of hereditary poison in its veins to steal away its power. In an elective assembly such as this, a man of real power like Lord Salisbury would be twice the man he is when leading a set of hereditary accidents.

Having already obtained Lord Salisbury's endorsement of the Supreme Court and the Senate, I am encouraged to go a step further and commend for his approval the institution he should next endorse, a Parliament of duly paid members elected by equal electoral districts for a fixed term of two years. Until this is secured the government of Britain must remain exposed to every passing gust of popular emotion, and hence exercise no steadying effect in periods of excitement. A British ministry does not govern, but bows to the clamor it should withstand. And upon my British readers let me once more impress the truth that in all the elements of true conservatism, in all that goes to make up a strong government, a power competent to maintain justice and to defeat attacks upon the rights or property of others, and when necessary, to keep the ship of state with its head against the wildest hurricane, the American system, as I must compliment Lord Salisbury upon being one of the first European statesmen to discover, is infinitely beyond the monarchical. The man who knows both well, and has property in both lands, may be trusted to tell his inquirers that his republican title gives him much the less uneasiness. This is further demonstrated by the highest

place being accorded by the world to the American national debt.

WAR AND TREATY-MAKING POWER.

In two vital respects the powers of the executives of the old and new English lands differ. First, no treaty with a foreign power is binding until ratified by the Senate. Indeed, as we have seen, no Minister can be appointed to a foreign power until approved by this chamber. This vote of the Senate has several times kept the administration from entering into injudicious arrangements. Even General Grant and his cabinet committed themselves to the acquisition of San Domingo. Recently the late administration was led into a very questionable treaty with Spain. The temptation for a few men, and especially for one man, to characterize his administration by some brilliant stroke calculated to dazzle the populace at the moment, or to appeal to the national vanity, is a source of real danger in all popular governments. Not what is permanently valuable, but what is presently telling, is apt to be considered. Against this danger, for which the monarchical system has no provision whatever, the republican opposes the cool, deliberate decision of an impersonal judge, the Senate. No man's "glory" is brightened or dimmed by the decision. What is for the lasting good of the nation is thought of—not what will bring temporary popularity to a cabinet or save a ministry. It must surely be a prejudiced mind which does not feel that the advantage is here upon the side of the younger land.

The second vital difference is even of deeper import than that just recited. In the Republic, war can be declared only by the two Houses of Congress, approved by the President. Before the sword can be drawn both branches of the legislature must be wrought up to the pitch of this extreme and momentous act. The House, the Senate, and the Executive in the person of the President, must consider, discuss, and decide the question under surroundings of the deepest solemnity, and with the nation—the world—anxiously looking on. Every Representative of the people, and every Senator, may speak in his place and record his vote for or against. Public attention is thus fixed and concentrated upon the crisis, and public discussion enlightens the people. Time, precious time, which ever cools the passions of men and works for peace, is thus gained, and every official, every member of the legislature, publicly assumes the fearful responsibility of engaging in the slaughter of his fellow men. If ever war be proclaimed by the Republic, which God forbid, since all her paths are peace, it will not be the act of one branch or another of the government, but the solemn public act of all, legislative and executive. Contrast this with monarchical countries, in which a few excited partisans, sometimes only one or two real actors, who sit in a close cabinet chamber, commit the people to criminal war—sometimes to prolong their own tenure of office, or to promote some party end.

My American readers may not be aware of the fact that, while in Britain an act of Parliament is necessary before works for a supply of water or a mile of railway can be constructed, six or seven men can plunge the nation into war, or, what is perhaps equally disastrous, commit it to entangling alliances without consulting Parliament at all. This is the most pernicious, palpable effect flowing from the monarchical theory, for these men do this in "the king's name," who is in theory still a real monarch, although in reality only a convenient puppet, to be used by the cabinet at pleasure to suit their own ends. Next to the sapping of the roots of true manhood in the masses, by decreeing their inferiority to other men at birth, this is the most potent evil which exists to-day in the British Constitution, and it is chargeable solely to the monarchical system. It does not rank with the first evil, however, being mainly material, while the other is of the spirit, injury to which is the gravest misfortune which can befall a nation. But this vital truth not one of the so-called "practical" statesmen of Britain sees or will consider, or, perhaps what is nearer the truth, will venture to tell. Not one of them, apparently, has a soul above cheap corn, which is worshipped as the highest good. Indignities to the spirit of the masses, by which manhood is impaired, they seem to argue, may safely pass unnoted, so long as their bodies are fed. And yet better, far better, for a nation that its food for the body should be dear, and equal citizenship be the birthright of the soul. "We have

many evils to remedy in our political system a million times greater than the Monarchy," once said to me a prominent statesman and possible prime minister. I looked pitifully upon him, his eyes blinded with the dust of conflict and his mind so absorbed with trifling party results that he could neither think nor see an inch before his face, much less study cause and effect. Could he do so, surely he would realize the truth that in the royal family, as in a nest, lie the origin of all the political evils which afflict his native land and which he deplores; all that this able, earnest, patriotic man is laboring to remove is only the legitimate spawn of this one royal family institution, and is never to be met with except where a royal family exists to breed it. Resolve that the head of the State shall be elected at intervals and thus found government upon the true idea—the political equality of the citizen—and all the political wrongs of the few against the many fall as if by magic. Were I in public life in Britain I should be ashamed to waste my energies against the House of Lords, Church and State, primogeniture and entail, and all the other branches of monstrous system; I should strike boldly at the royal family, the root of the upas tree from which spring all these wrongs.

Surely the Democracies of Europe have no question to consider more vitally important than the war power. How many useless wars in the past would have been avoided had the republican method prevailed! How many in the future would be prevented by its prompt adoption! The masses are ever more pacific than their rulers, ever more kindly disposed to those of their clay in other nations, than the rulers are to theirs. The people do not share the jealousies of their rulers. If the war power lay in the hands of the representatives of the people in Europe, as it does in America, there would be fewer wars.

The position of the Republic upon this question of war is still further advanced by the fact that both political parties, by special clauses in their declaration of principles, have pronounced in favor of peaceful arbitration of international differences. Thus, before America can have recourse to arms, no matter what party be in power, her adversary must first be offered arbitration and decline it. We envy not the nation which shocks the moral sense of mankind by refusing this olive branch of peace when presented.

Of all the desirable political changes which it seems to me possible for this generation to effect, I consider it by far the most important for the welfare of the race that every civilized nation should be pledged, as the Republic is, to offer peaceful arbitration to its opponent before the senseless, inhuman work of human slaughter begins; and for all the just and good measures by which the Republic has won my love, next to that by which she has made me her own citizen, and hence the peer of any man, kaiser, pope, or king, thus effacing from my brow the insult inflicted upon me by my native land at birth, which deemed me unworthy the privileges accorded to others—next to that, for which I will fight for her, if need be die for her, and must adore her forever—I thank the Republic for her position in regard to international murder, which still passes by the name of war.

THE EXECUTIVE POWER. THE PRESIDENT.

The executive power is lodged in a President, who for four years, the term of his office, is the most powerful ruler in the world. He is not only first civil magistrate, but he is commander-in-chief of the army and navy, and of all the military forces of the nation, including the militia of the States whenever called upon by him. More soldiers would respond to his call than to that of any other ruler in the world. The number of men who in case of war might be enrolled in the militia approaches seven millions, almost every able man of whom would consider it his duty to shoulder his musket and march at the word of his commander-in-chief, the President. What are French, or German, or Russian hosts compared to this of the Democracy? Even man for man, as soldiers, they would not compare with the educated Republican. But this great army costs the States but little; it is always engaged in the pursuits of peace, and only to be called upon should emergency arise. The President's control over the forces is not merely nominal; it is real. When the most popular general in the army, during the Civil War, had fought his way to victory, and had the enemy at his feet, it was feared that unsatisfactory terms for his surrender might be made. The following telegram was

therefore sent, which, though bearing the signature of the Secretary of War, was written without blot or erasure by President Lincoln himself. I have seen the telegram :

"WASHINGTON, March 3, 1865, 12 P. M.
"LIEUTENANT-GENERAL GRANT:

"The President directs me to say to you that he wishes you to have no conference with General Lee, unless it be for the capitulation of General Lee's army, or on some other minor or purely military matter. He instructs me to say that you are not to decide, discuss, or confer upon any political question. Such questions the President holds in his own hands, and will submit them to no military conferences or conventions. Meanwhile you are to press to the utmost your military advantages. EDWIN M. STANTON,
"*Secretary of War.*"

The General, of course, obeyed. Only a few days later General Sherman, just fresh from his "March to the Sea," entered into a convention with General Johnston which had political bearings. A telegram was promptly sent to General Grant instructing him to cancel General Sherman's agreement, and this was done. Suppose, if any one can suppose so lamentable an abdication of duty, that in a weak moment the American Government had sent a Gordon to arrange terms of peace, and that he disobeyed his instructions or had presumed to declare war upon his own account! In the President's opinion a simple order like the foregoing would scarcely have met the case. He would have had the insubordinate arrested, court-martialled, cashiered, and probably shot—no, not shot, but consigned for life to some lunatic asylum. President Lincoln could have court-martialled General Grant, or General Grant when President could have court-martialled General Sherman, or either President dismissed either general when at the height of that general's power, or arrested him, as Richelieu did his conspiring general, "at the head of his legions," without raising a murmur of popular dissent. The people would have reserved their judgment till the next election, and probably have enthusiastically approved, as indeed the British will approve if they ever see it—such a display of masterful power over all others by their elected Chief of the State.

No soldier has ever dreamed of questioning the supreme authority of the President, nor has the nation ever shown the slightest jealousy of its exercise. Why should it, since the President is not above its reach, but is only its own duly appointed agent for a specified term; when that expires he transfers his powers to his successor and seeks again the ranks of private citizenship. One returns to Congress as the representative of his district, another resumes the practice of law, a third becomes a farmer. Neither sinecure, place, nor pension is bestowed upon an ex-President. He has been supremely honored by his fellow-citizens. He has in turn done his duty. The obligation is upon his side, and he remains profoundly grateful for the distinction conferred upon him. The State owes officials little; they owe the State much. Such is the Republican idea.

The salary of the President is now $50,000 per annum (£10,000). An official residence is provided for him at Washington, and a country house within a few miles of that city. At stated times for some hours each week the President receives such respectfully dressed and well-ordered people as choose to call upon him. Being the servant of the people in a country where all citizens are equal, the humblest has the same right to call upon him and shake his hand as the most distinguished, he being as much the servant of the one as of the other. By many such significant customs the powerful President is reminded of what it would indeed be impossible for any one in the land to forget, that the sovereignty of the Republic resides not in the servants of the State but in the citizen, in every one of whom rests an equal share of it. The feelings and desires of the citizen it therefore behooves all officials to consider.

The President selects of his own will and without interference the members of his Cabinet, as the British Prime Minister does. They are removable at pleasure. The President being his own prime minister, the Cabinet officers are of equal rank. One difference between the two countries in regard to the Cabinet is that, while the British Cabinet sit in one or the other House and communicate orally with it, in America the members of the Cabinet

do not appear in person before the legislature, but report to it in writing. This is, however, simply a matter of convenience; there is nothing but custom to prevent them from appearing and making their statements in person, although they could not take any part in the proceedings of the legislature. At first the President appeared and addressed Congress at the beginning of each session, but the plan of placing before it a written message as often as deemed necessary has been preferred. The people would not favor a change to the British practice, for the separation of the executive and legislative departments is held to be of much importance. Either House can call at all times upon the President for information upon any question connected with affairs, but as the call has to meet the approval of the House, the government is freed from the petty annoyances which it is in the power of any injudicious member to inflict under the British system of nightly questioning. The President, in like manner, has free access to Congress, and, indeed, it is his duty to report to it from time to time upon all matters of which, in his opinion, Congress should be advised. He is also invited to recommend measures for its acceptance.

The President represents the nation in its relations with foreign countries, and receives all ambassadors. It is he alone who has the power to pardon offences against the laws of the United States. He also has a veto power over the acts of Congress, which, however, is invalid should the measure vetoed be passed again by a two-thirds vote in both Houses. He is eligible for re-election, and several have been elected for two terms, or eight years in all, as Washington was, but he having declined re-election for a third term lest the office should seem too permanent, it has become the custom not to elect beyond two terms.

The Americans have indeed shown wonderful sagacity in the selection of their Presidents. Considered as a body, it would be impossible to equal them in character, ability, education, or manners, by any body of men ever born, appointed, or elected to any other station. They furnish a striking contrast to the occupants or heirs of thrones in every particular. When Britain was disgraced by its George III., the Republic had Washington; and until Queen Victoria ascended the throne the comparison had certainly always been in favor of the Republic.

It is the fashion in all things to praise the past and claim that "there were giants in those days," but it is nevertheless true, in my opinion, that the Presidents of the Republic in our own times have been worthy successors even to Washington, Adams, and Jefferson of the past. Grant has a firm place in history among men possessed of great ability. Garfield's career from a poor school teacher to the Presidency is exceedingly difficult to parallel, while the political genius of Lincoln has never been surpassed. It is always well to remember that there are giants in our own days too.

The election of the President and Vice-President is not by a direct vote of the people but by a vote of the States in an electoral assembly in which each State has as many votes as it has Senators and Representatives in Congress, that is, in proportion to its population. It has been claimed as an advantage of the Monarchy that, having a permanent head of the State, the excitement and expense of a general election every four years is avoided. But, it may be answered, the hereditary head of Britain is not a political head at all. An automaton would do just as well, for it could certainly be used as a model to set the fashions in clothes, and probably could be made to lay foundation-stones, or open fancy bazaars with little less careful coaching and attention than it is generally necessary to bestow upon the live figurehead; besides it would be much less expensive. The real ruler of Britain is elected just as often as a President of the Republic is, for it is a curious fact that Parliaments last an average of four years, which is the Presidential term. Even as I now write, the appeal is being made to the British people, Gladstone or Salisbury, as clearly as in the late Presidential election it was Cleveland or Blaine. It is a fiction, therefore, that the Monarchy has any advantage, if it would be an advantage, which I dispute, over the Republic in this respect, for they are situated precisely alike; they each elect a ruler every four years. The excitement and expense of a general election is far greater in the Monarchy than in the Republic, and in both equally the head is

elected. Besides this, Members of Congress are elected by the States along with the Presidential ticket, just as Members of Parliament are elected when Gladstone or Salisbury is chosen. So that in one sense the election of the President costs nothing whatever, as State elections have to be held whether a President is to be elected or not, and voting for the electoral ticket when voting for Representatives involves no additional expense. Of course, more money is spent in Presidential years, but this is the personal contribution of zealous partisans and not a charge upon the State. It will surprise Britons to know that no sums comparable to what they spend on political contests are ever spent by the Americans. The total sum expended by the national committees of all the parties, even in the last exciting Presidential contests, did not exceed $600,000 (£120,000).

The republican election, moreover, is conducted with far less riot and disturbance than unfortunately characterizes the appeal to the electorate in older England. An American is surprised and shocked at the rowdyism often shown at public meetings in Britain. He is accustomed to have both sides granted a respectful hearing. I have never seen any public meeting in America broken up by gangs of the opposite side, nor a public man denied a hearing. In this respect the example of the younger political community might well be followed by the elder. When the people of Britain, however, obtain their full political rights, there will be less exciting questions to discuss than those which now press for solution, and political gatherings will then be more peaceably conducted. It must not be forgotten that when a vital issue like slavery was under discussion in America the right of free speech was often violently assailed, as it still is in Britain.

When the surroundings of the President and the royal ruler are contrasted, republican simplicity stands out in strong relief. The President walks about as an ordinary citizen, wholly unattended, and travels, as a rule, upon ordinary trains; arrives in New York and registers at a hotel without previous announcement. Beyond a brief mention of the fact in the next morning's papers nothing is published about him. As I write he has gone to Buffalo, the city of his former residence, in order to cast his vote at the election for Governor of the State of New York. It will weigh just as much as and no more than that of the mechanics or laborers whom he will find surrounding the polling-booth. Although, go where he may, he will be met with quiet evidences of universal and sincere deference as President, there will be no parade, no cheers. The equipages of the President in Washington have frequently been so common as not to rank with those of the wealthy residents, and never in any instance have they been the richest or best. All the Presidents have been poor men. I have known three of them so well as to state, of my own knowledge, that they left office without means enough upon which to live respectably. Of every American President it may be said as it was said of Pitt: "Dispensing for years the favors of the State, he lived without ostentation and died poor." They have all left office poor and pure.

One turns from the dignified, simple life of the republican ruler to that of the nominal head of Britain, feeling that there he meets a coarser and less finely developed civilization. The parade and vulgar ostentation which surrounds at every turn the nominal ruler of the parent land is indeed in striking contrast. The cost to the State is as ten thousand to six hundred thousand pounds. The entire family, mother and his "sisters and his cousins and his aunts," are supported, and bands of retainers who are supposed to dignify the throne. The state processions strike an American as grotesque masquerades, and the official coaches in which royalty moves about provoke the inquiry, "What circus has come to town?" One instinctively looks inside for the clown. This much for the crowned king. But the contrast is not all in favor of the Republic, for when the real ruler, the uncrowned king of Britain, is compared with his fellow-ruler here, than the palm for true dignity cannot be awarded to America. Nothing can exceed the simplicity of the surroundings of the prime minister of that great empire. His salary is only one-half that of the President. His official residence is a shabby, dingy, old brick house, instead of the noble Executive Mansion standing in its own park at Washington; it is simply No. 10 Downing Street, and is as shabbily furnished as a

New York boarding-house. Mr. Gladstone lives and Mr. Disraeli lived as sensibly as our Presidents, and set just as healthful an example, which, however, counts for little in Britain, since the Prime Minister is not, like the President, the first personage in society. Indeed, when the Liberal Party is in power the Prime Minister can scarcely be said, in one sense, to be in society at all. He is proscribed, and has no influence upon it. But his day approaches; the Democracy will soon require that the man who has the people of England at his back shall no longer tolerate a king before his face. Wherever he appears in Britain, as in America, he will take precedence. "He shall stand BEFORE kings." The children of the Prince of Wales (the Prince himself, if he be unwise), and the children of all of the present dukes and lords of the empire are no longer to follow in the train of the pretender but in that of the only real, the elected king. It is so in the Republic, and what is here is to be yonder. What America does to-day, Britain reaches in the next generation. We must reverse the old proverb, "as the old cock crows the young one learns;" now-a-days, it is the young cock which leads the crowing. The old one does the learning. Room, then, and first place for the elected monarch of Triumphant Democracy in Britain!

We have now passed in review the three branches of government, judicial, legislative, and executive, for which the Constitution provides. The ease with which this instrument has not only done the work over the country for which it was originally designed, but with which it has without repeated change quietly enveloped in its operation a combination of forty-nine different political communities, occupying an area of three million square miles, and comprising most of the English-speaking race—this is not to be spoken of without wonder. With one exception—the dispute as to the right of a State to withdraw from the Union—a serious difficulty has never arisen. It seems as if there could be no limit to its powers of absorption. The whole world could to-day come into the American Union as equal States, and develop peacefully, each after its own fashion, no man being less a Briton, a Frenchman, a German, a Russian, or a Chinaman, but all becoming possessed of a new title, proudest of all, "citizen of the world." This wonderful Constitution stipulates for a republican form of government. All the Democracy has to do is to discard hereditary rulers as useless, dangerous, and therefore to be abolished. Sure is it that they have deluged the world with wars, put man against his fellow, and sought no end but their own aggrandizement. Not less sure, that they must ever stand in the way of the brotherhood of the race which it is the mission of Democracy to foster.

How easily within our grasp, fellow-citizens of the world, seems the day when

> "The drum shall beat no longer,
> And the battle-flags be furled,
> In the parliament of man,
> The federation of the world."

We may not look, however, for quite so wide and complete a Union. Oceans divide the races, and this fact will keep them apart, for permanent political aggregations must ever be conterminous; but as far as the continents of the world are concerned there is no insuperable obstacle to their union each into one nation upon the federal system. The American continent is evidently destined to be so ruled. The European continent is slowly consolidating, for there are but five great powers to-day instead of the hundreds of small ones which existed before the Napoleonic era. A league of peace to which each continent will send delegates to decide international differences is not quite so far in the future as may at first sight appear. This would remove from the world its greatest stain —war between man and man.

To all communities who are tending towards further consolidations and to every man who can truthfully exclaim,

> "My benison with those
> Who would make good of ill and friends of foes,"

we commend a close study of that great work of triumphant Democracy, which Mr. Gladstone has pronounced "the most wonderful work ever struck off at one time by the brain and purpose of man" —the profoundly conservative and yet radically republican American Constitution.

ANDREW CARNEGIE.

THE VISIT TO THE TAJ.

Speaking generally, the palaces and tombs of Agra are far finer than I had imagined them to be, and the relief experienced in getting away from the plaster shams of Lucknow—cheap magnificence—to genuine grandeur at Agra, can be easily imagined.

Our train having been delayed in reaching Agra, we had arrived too late to visit Taj by moonlight, and in deference to the strong remonstrance of every one we have met here we have not yet attempted to see the wonder. "Oh! don't think, please don't think of seeing the Taj to the very last, because if you do everything else will seem so coarse," has been in substance the exclamation of every friend. But now we are through with all else, and we start, two o'clock P. M., February 14th, 1879. Vandy has just come to announce that our carriage is ready. Good-bye! Am I to be disappointed? Of course I am. I have made up my mind to that, and having just had tiffin, and drank a whole pint of bitter beer, I feel myself quite competent to criticise the Taj with the best of them, and especially well fitted just now to stand no nonsense. We met an American who was travelling as a matter of duty, and had found, as far as travel was concerned, I suspect, that he belonged to the class represented by the grumbler in Paradise, whose "halo didn't fit his head exactly." He had found nothing in India, he said, but a lot of rubbish, but checked himself at once, "except the Taj. Now, that building—that is perfectly satisfactory"—as if he had ordered a suit of clothes from his tailor and had nothing to find fault with. On the other hand, I have just come across a statement "that stern men, overpowered by the sight of it, have been known to burst into tears." It is this miracle of inanimate matter we are now to see. But here comes Vandy again. "Come on, Andrew; carriage waiting." I'm off—particulars in our next.

Friday Night, February 14th, 1879.

We have seen it, but I am without the slightest desire to burst into rapturous adjectives. Do not expect me to attempt a description of it, or to try to express my feelings. There are some subjects too sacred for analysis, or even for words, and I now know that there is a human structure so exquisitely fine, or unearthly, as to lift it into this holy domain. Let me say little about it; only tell you that, lingering until the sun went down, we turned in the noble gateway which forms a frame through which you see the Taj in the distance, with only the blue sky in the background, around and above it, and there took our last fond, sad farewell, as the shades of night were wrapping the lovely jewel in their embrace, as if it were a charge too sweetly precious not to be safely enveloped in night's black mantle, till it could again shine forth at the dawn in all its beauty to adorn the earth. Full in its face we gazed. How kindly it seemed to look upon us! And, as one parts for the last time from one whose eye glistens at his glance, we turned never to look upon the Taj again, hiding our eyes as the carriage rolled away, lest by any mischance a partial view should intrude to mar the perfect image our mind has grasped to tarry with us forever. We had been so deliciously sad, and at the same time so thrillingly but yet so solemnly happy for hours, and now came pain alone, the inevitable finale to all our joys on earth—the parting forever. But till the day I die, amid mountain streams or moonlight strolls in the forest, wherever and whenever the mood comes, when all that is most sacred, most elevated, and most pure recur to shed their radiance upon the tranquil mind, there will be found among my treasures the memory of that lovely charm—the Taj.

We had engaged to meet some friends at the club as we drove homeward, but was it any wonder that neither of us remembered this until the stoppage of the carriage at our hotel awoke us from our reveries? What was to be done? Vandy's reply expressed our condition exactly: "Go out to enjoy myself when I feel that I want to go and put on mourning! I couldn't do it." And we didn't. Our friends will please accept this intimation.

. . . . . .

The Taj is built of a light, creamy marble, so that it does not chill one as pure, cold, white marble does. It is warm and sympathetic as a woman. One great critic has finely called the Taj a feminine structure. "There is nothing masculine about it," says he; "its charms are all feminine." This creamy marble is inlaid

with fine black marble lines, the entire Koran in Arabic letters it is said, being thus inscribed.

The following description is condensed from Ferguson: "The enclosure, which includes an inner and an outer court, the whole about a third of a mile wide extends along the banks of the Jumna River one-third of a mile. The principal gateway, opening into the outer court, is a hundred and forty feet high by a hundred and ten feet wide. The mausoleum stands in the centre of a raised marble platform, eighteen feet high and exactly three hundred and thirteen feet square. At each angle of this terrace rises a minaret, a hundred and twenty-three feet high, and of exquisite proportions. 'more beautiful, perhaps,' says Ferguson, 'than any other in India.' The mausoleum itself is a square of one hundred and eighty-six feet, with the corners cut off to the extent of about thirty-four feet. In the centre is the principal dome, fifty-eight feet in diameter and eighty feet high, and at each angle is a smaller dome surmounting a two-story apartment, about twenty-seven feet in diameter.

The light to the central apartment is admitted through double screens of white marble trellis-work of the most exquisite designs. In any climate but that of India this would produce darkness within, but here, in a building constructed wholly of white marble, it serves to temper the glare of the blinding light. No words can express the chastened beauty of that dim religious light, the ceaseless effect of the whitest specklike sparkling now and then upon the brilliant stones of which the graceful mosaics, vines, and flowers are composed. Twenty thousand workmen are said to have been employed upon this marvel for twenty-one years. I would think the time, and labor, and money bestowed upon it well spent had it been twenty times—aye, a hundred times—as great. There is no price too dear to pay for perfection.

The mosaics of the interior are exquisitely graceful. Flowers and fruits are represented by precious stones, formerly genuine stones, but those having been stolen by the Jats and others, have been replaced by glass, colored to represent the originals. The sweetest echo in the known world answers to a call at the side of this tomb. Of course the architect could not have had this attraction in view when he planned the structure, and the natives who throng this unique gem of architecture do well to ascribe this apparent voice from heaven to the continual presence and approval of the good gods who like to linger over the tomb of true lovers.

The guide steps forward without a word of warning, and raises the cry, "Great is God, and Mohammed is his prophet! Allah! Allah!" At first three distinct musical notes are heard in the echo; I mean different notes upon the musical scale, as distinct from each other as do, sol, do. These reverberate round the dome, and ascend until they reach the smaller dome, where they reunite and escape from the temple as one note. Some readers may recall the echo in the baptistery at Pisa as we lift when we heard this new delight in the Taj, but that echo compares with this, well, say as the Taj compares to Milan Cathedral—and now I repent me for comparing the Taj to any other material structure. It is not proper to do so. We shall say, as the piano compares with the organ.

If I am ever sentenced to hard labor for life for some unlawful outburst of my wild republicanism, I will make one request as I throw myself upon the mercy of the court. Let me be transported to India, and allowed to perform my daily task in beautifying and preserving the Taj. This would be a labor of love, and I should not be unhappy with my idol to worship, doing my part to hand it down untarnished to future generations.

The Taj is really a very large temple, yet such is its grace, its exquisite proportions, its unappreciable charm, it never occurs to the beholder that it is of such great size. It is neither big nor little, nor heavy nor light—it is simply perfect. You can't tell why it is perfect, and you don't want to. You stand and look at the gem through the great gateway which serves as a frame for the picture, for the Taj is directly in front of the arch, probably five hundred yards distant. A narrow walk, lined on both sides with the choicest Indian plants, leads to it, but it is many minutes before you can be induced to advance. Never before have you gazed upon stone and lime which you deemed worthy of being called beautiful. All you have seen becomes mean, coarse, material;

this alone is entirely worthy. There is grace and beauty brought down to us from above, the realization of the ideal; it really seems an inspiration. Vandy and I separated instinctively without a word. You want to be with the Taj alone, for it leads you captive, and invites to secret communion. I wandered around many hours, gazing at every turn, deliciously, not joyously happy; there was no disposition to cross over a melody, nor any bracing quality in my thoughts—not a trace of the heroic—but I was filled with happiness, which seemed to fall upon me gently as the snow-flakes fall, as the zephyr comes when laden with sweet odors. I sat down at length in the garden in full view of the Taj, but had not rested long before an Englishman approached, and, something in our faces telling that we were both in the blissful state and the worshipful mood, he came and sat down quietly, without speaking a word, but with a slight and slow nod of recognition, and broke out without one word of introduction—partly as if talking to himself—as follows:

"I stayed away from this in England as long as I could. It is seven years since I was here before. I have been here for two weeks wandering about the grounds; I must tear myself away to-morrow, and my great grief is, that I know that I cannot take and carry with me a perfect image of *that*—and so I may have to return again." I said that my feeling was the reverse, for I felt that its image could never leave me. He envied me that, he said. I have often regretted that I did not get the name and address of this worthy devotee, but under the spell of the spirit neither he nor I cared much for other companionship; but should this ever meet his eye, surely he will address me, and perhaps we may shake hands in silence over the memory of our idol.

It began to grow dark at length, and I thought of finding Vandy, to tell him—for no apology seemed necessary—that I could not possibly resist the spell which had carried me away even from him all the afternoon. I was at once relieved, for I found him in the archway. He was first to speak. "A. C.," he said, "I'm very sorry. I know I ought to have looked for you long ago, but really I could not leave this spot. Look! there is no place like this." So it was all right. When one is called upward by the spirit, even the dearest of humanity must be left behind. But Vandy was in the right place, certainly, for one to take his farewell. If ever an inanimate object spoke to man, the Taj did to me when I said farewell; the tear was not alone in the eye of the beholder as he took his last fond look, for that spiritual face of the Taj seemed to beam kindly in return. It said—yes, smile, reader, if you will—I know it said, "This is not farewell, for we understand each other." There never is a farewell between souls completely sympathetic. They live forever in the bonds of a sacred friendship which separation cannot break.—*Round the World.*

ANDREW CARNEGIE.

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